Saturday Review

October 16, 1965 25¢

EDUCATION

Why teachers fail

By B.F. SKINNER

An old grad returns to Chicago

By JOHN GUNTHER

Do school boards take education seriously?

By JOHN WALLACE and PHIL[illegible]ER

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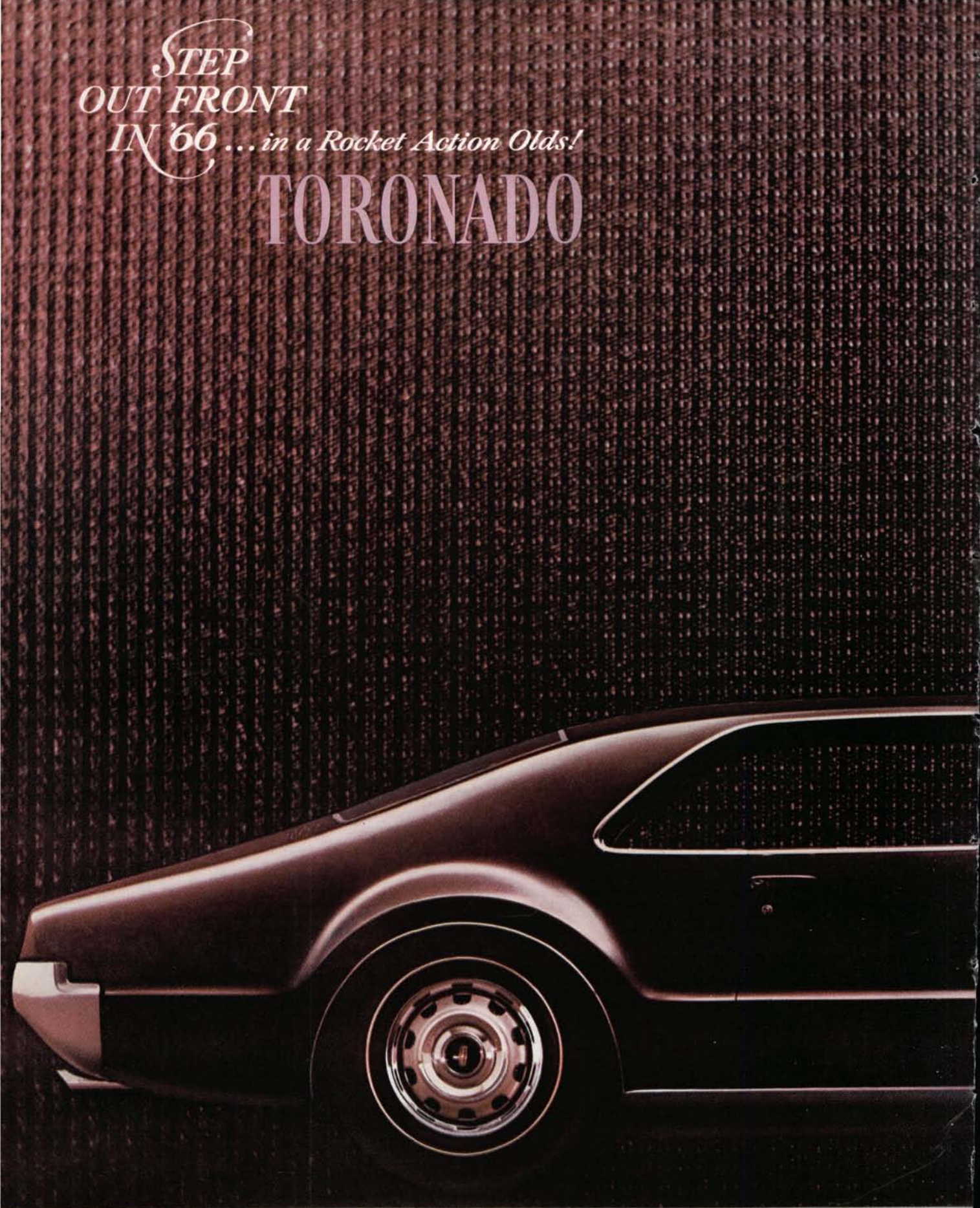

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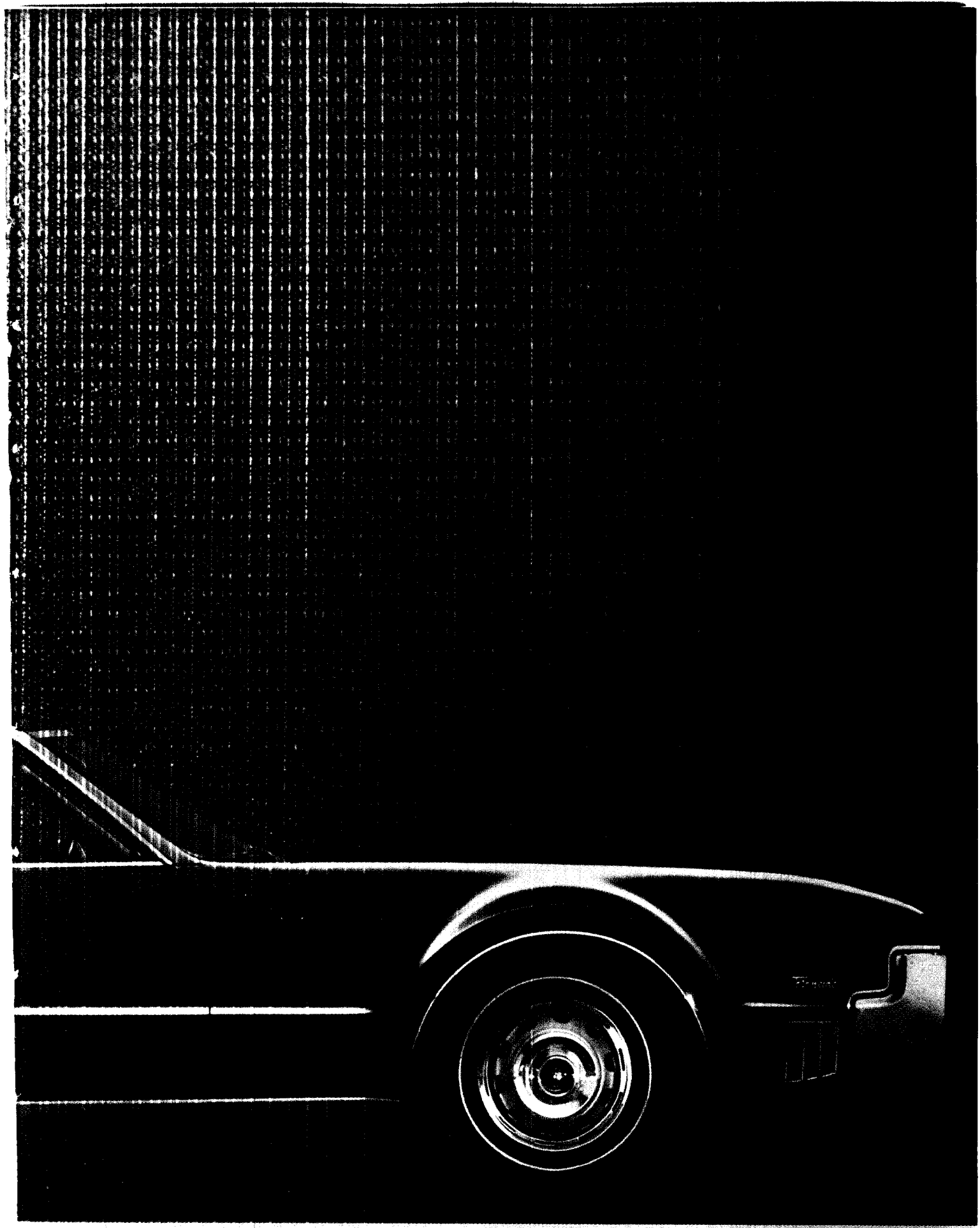

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Begin with the sports pages. Who are your son's sports heroes? The best way for him to get to know them better is to make a daily habit of reading about their triumphs.

Show him how to keep track of team standings.

Next, read him some of the sports columns and let *him* read to you. Do it the day after the game and his interest will be keen. He'll be anxious to get the *story* of the game that mere statistics can't tell him.

And, before you know it, he'll be filling *you* in on *all* of the details.

Once the sports page has become a steady diet, it'll be easy for your youngster to start exploring the other sections of the newspaper.

New discoveries

He'll discover front-page stories of space flights, hurricanes and lunar landings. These accounts will start his imagination humming.

Take him on a trip to the library. Here's where he can get the "whole story" on the pet subjects he's discovered in the newspaper. Here's where he learns to *explore*. And here he starts to become the *reader* he'll need to be in high school and college.

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Saturday Review

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October 16, 1965

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Saturday Review published weekly by Saturday Review, Inc., 380 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y. 10017. Chairman of the Board, J. R. Cominsky; President, Norman Cousins; Vice President and Treasurer, Nathan Cohn; Vice President and Secretary, W. D. Patterson; Advertising Director, Robert A. Burghardt; Manager of Advertising Sales, Harry T. Morris; Circulation Director, R. F. Goodman; Circulation Consultant, Bert Garmise; Assistant to the Publisher, Marion Urmy; Advertising Promotion Manager, William Donald Garson. Subscription $8 a year. Member Audit Bureau of Circulations. Vol. XLVIII, No. 42, October 16, 1965. Second-class postage paid at New York, N. Y. and at additional mailing offices. Indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature." © 1965 by Saturday Review, Inc. All rights reserved under the Berne and Pan-American Copyright Conventions. Reproduction in whole or in part of any article, without permission is prohibited. Printed in the United States of America. Unsolicited manuscripts cannot be returned unless accompanied by a properly addressed envelope bearing sufficient postage. **Send all remittances and correspondence about subscriptions, undelivered copies, and changes of addresses to Subscription Department, SATURDAY REVIEW, 380 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y. 10017.**

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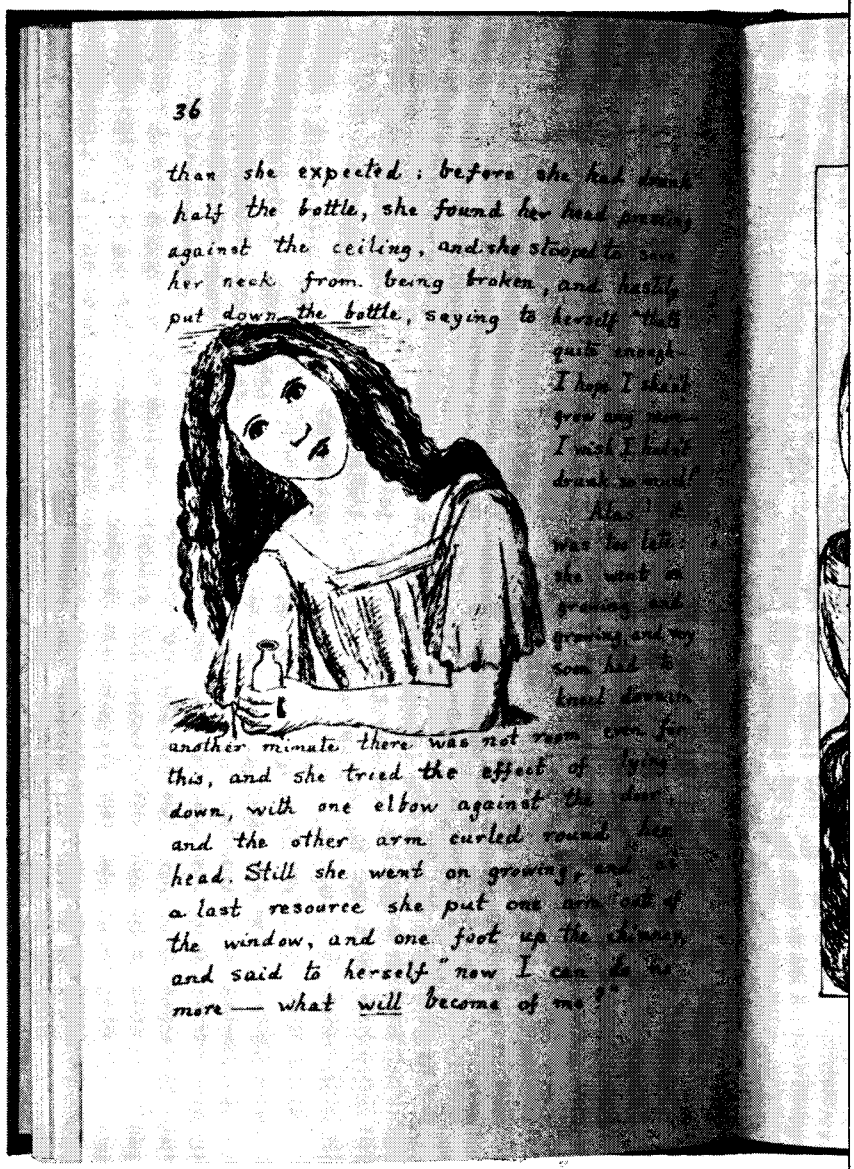
36
than she expected; before she had drunk
half the bottle, she found her head pressing
against the ceiling, and she stooped to save
her neck from being broken, and hastily
put down the bottle, saying to herself "that's
quite enough—
I hope I shan't
grow any more—
I wish I hadn't
drunk so much!"
Alas! it
was too late;
she went on
growing and
growing and my
dear, it
knocked down
another minute there was not room even for
this, and she tried the effect of lying
down, with one elbow against the door,
and the other arm curled round her
head. Still she went on growing, and as
a last resource she put one arm out of
the window, and one foot up the chimney,
and said to herself "now I can do no
more — what will become of me?"

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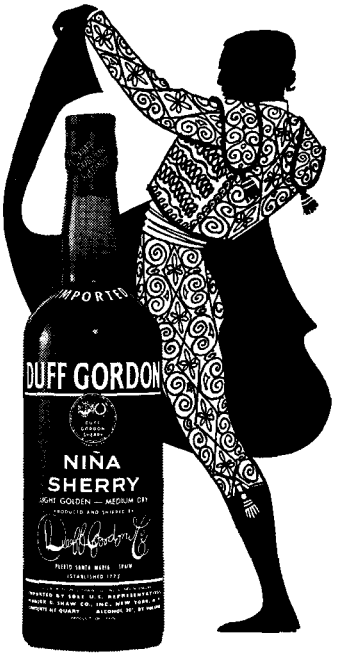

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Barbs in Toyland

Edited by Martin Levin

Current Events (AC-DC)

DO YOU remember the time Mickey Rooney put all those kerosene lamps in front of a mirror to provide enough illumination for the doctor to operate on his mother, and was thus inspired to grow up to be Spencer Tracy and invent the electric light?

Well, some other youngster must have been inspired by watching *his* mother tire her arms and wrists day after day in needless kitchen drudgery. At least I suppose that is the inspiration for a new marvel of the twentieth century which has recently appeared on the market—the electric paper towel dispenser.

Just think of the man-, or woman-, hours that will be saved by this product of a fertile mind! Of course it is true that one still has to tear off the towel once it has been unrolled, and you must take your finger off the button very quickly or you will get many more towels than you wish unless you are lining bureau drawers with them. However, no invention is perfect at first. Even Don Ameche's telephone didn't light up at night or have a dial for those area codes and the countless numbers that follow. True progress does take time.

I am curious to know if the same fertile mind is behind another great advancement of the century—the electric flour sifter. The introduction of this achievement proved to me how insular life in Manhattan really is; I didn't know people still sifted flour, electrically or not. Nevertheless, the advertisements indicate that a great need exists for the electric flour sifter. The amazing thing, seemingly, is that we were able to get along without it for so long.

I assume that this new flowering of American ingenuity will lead to other similar breakthroughs. The successor to the paper towel dispenser will naturally be electric rollers for waxed paper and aluminum foil. I am not as positive about plastic wrap. It will take a combination of Spencer Tracy, Don Ameche, *and* a dash of Paul Muni to solve that sticky problem.

And where else will American inventive genius take us? Not much farther in the kitchen. We are at a dead end there simply because everything else already *is* electric—down to the last pepper mill.

One thing I predict, though. If someone can invent a better bandage for the index finger, the world will beat a path to his door. —BERNARD LACY.

Hello, Dollies!

IN THE beginning Mattel made the Barbie doll. And the Barbie was alone and unclothed.

And Mattel said, "Let there be clothes"; and there were clothes.

And Mattel saw that the clothes were good sellers. And Mattel made many more clothes, separating them into play clothes and date clothes and party clothes and school clothes and dress-up clothes and even making clothes hangers on which to hang all these fast-selling clothes. The First Day.

Then Mattel said, "Let there be a teen-age boy doll." And it was so. Mattel made the boy doll; and Mattel made clothes for the boy doll, as many as it had made for the Barbie doll so that they would not be jealous of each other and so that all would prosper. And Mattel called the boy doll Ken. And Mattel saw that the Ken too was a good seller. And there was a Barbie and there was a Ken. The Second Day.

Then Mattel said, "Let the many clothes which must be purchased to clothe the Barbie be put in a house and let this house appear." And it was so. The designers labored mightily and the house appeared. And Mattel called the house "Barbie's House" because it did not want to offend the parents who purchased it for their children with the thought that Ken also lived in the house since he and Barbie were too young to be married and too American to live in sin.

And Mattel saw that the house, too, was a good seller and it made many, many more houses for all the "11½-inch tall, sturdy plastic, movable legs, arms, head, rooted Saran hair, wearing swimsuit, earrings, shoes, so life-like 'n' curvy, they almost breathe!" Barbies it was producing at $1.68 each ($1.47 in the discount stores). And Mattel saw that profits were good. The Third Day.

Then Mattel said, "Let there be luminaries in the firmament of our doll heaven, to give light on our Barbie; to make a separation between her and our Ken; and to expand our sales for days and for years." And Midge and Allen were created. Mattel indeed made these

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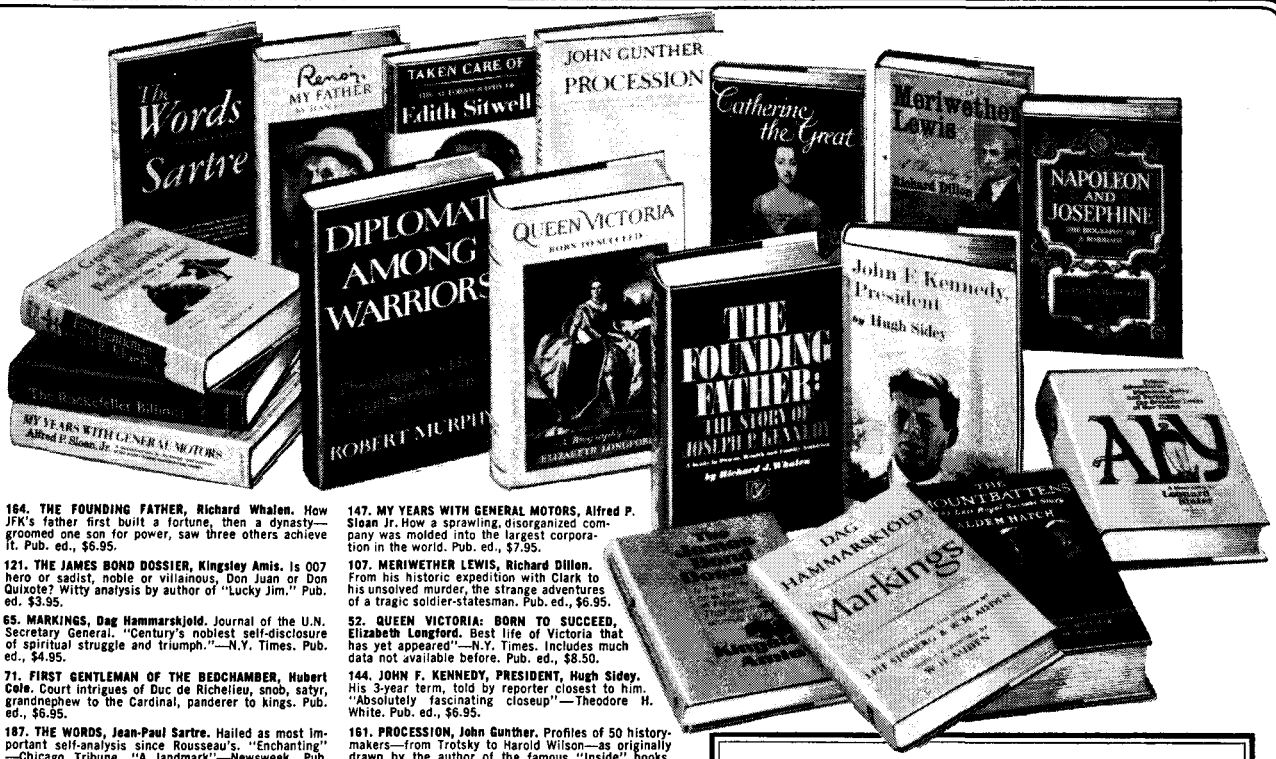

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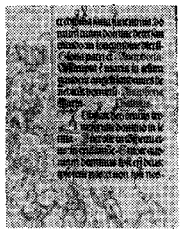

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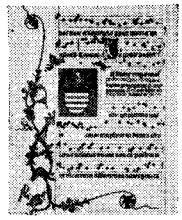

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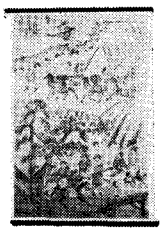

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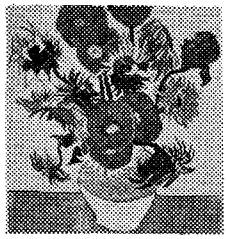

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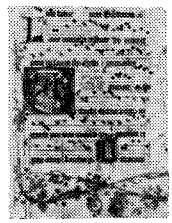

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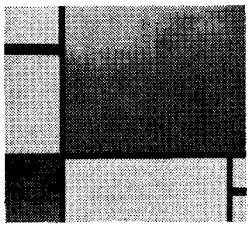

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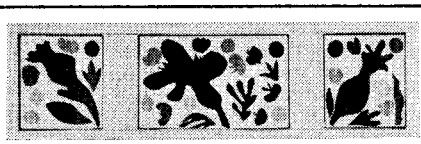

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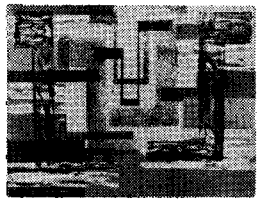

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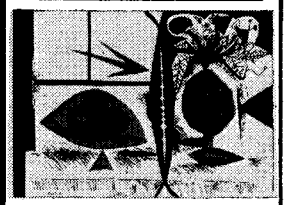

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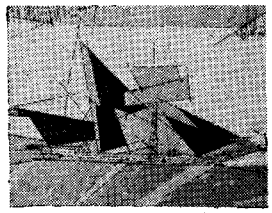

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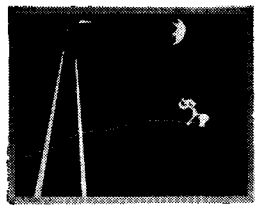

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two great luminaries to shine on Barbie and Ken. And Mattel saw that it was good. For where one house had been enough, now four were needed. And where one wardrobe had been enough, now four were needed. And there were four houses and there were four wardrobes, each of which cost almost as much as dressing a real child. The Fourth Day.

Then Mattel said, "Let us produce a little sister for Barbie. And let us call her Skipper. And we shall be her mother and her father, although we shall remember that when the time for expansion comes we shall produce her a mother and a father, and an aunt and an uncle, and a boy cousin and a girl cousin, and two grandmothers and two grandfathers, and, perhaps someday a husband and numerous children yet unborn. And each of these too shall need a house and a wardrobe." And it was so. Mattel indeed made Barbie a little sister and called her Skipper. And remembered with joy its plan that all would produce according to their kind. And Mattel saw that Skipper also sold well and sent her on dates with Barbie and Ken and skating with Midge and Allen and made sure her costumes were too small for Barbie and Barbie's too large for her. And Mattel blessed them all, saying, "Increase and multiply and fill the earth." The Fifth Day.

Then Mattel said, "Let us produce a pattern of life for our Barbie and our Ken and our Midge and our Allen and our Skipper." And it was so. The Mattel market researchers indeed made a pattern of life for them and they called it the Barbie Game. And Mattel saw that it was good. "The object of this game," Mattel said, "is to get Barbie to the prom. Almost any number can play but it shall not be easy. There shall be pitfalls in Barbie's path. If you play wrong you may have to forfeit $3 in order to get Barbie's hair done. And you must buy Barbie fine clothes, so that she may attract a date to the prom, even though Ken already lurks ready and waiting in the wings of this society we have created for you." And it was so. And Mattel saw all the things which it had made, and beheld they were very good. The Sixth Day.

Thus were finished (for a time) the Barbie and the Ken and all the arrangement of them. And Mattel finished on the Sixth Day these works which it made; and on the Seventh Day Mattel desisted from all these works. And Mattel blessed the Seventh Day and hallowed it; because on it Mattel rested from all of its works in order to count its profits.

This is the genealogy of Barbie and Ken.

And the eighth day draws near.

—PHILIP L. THOMAS.

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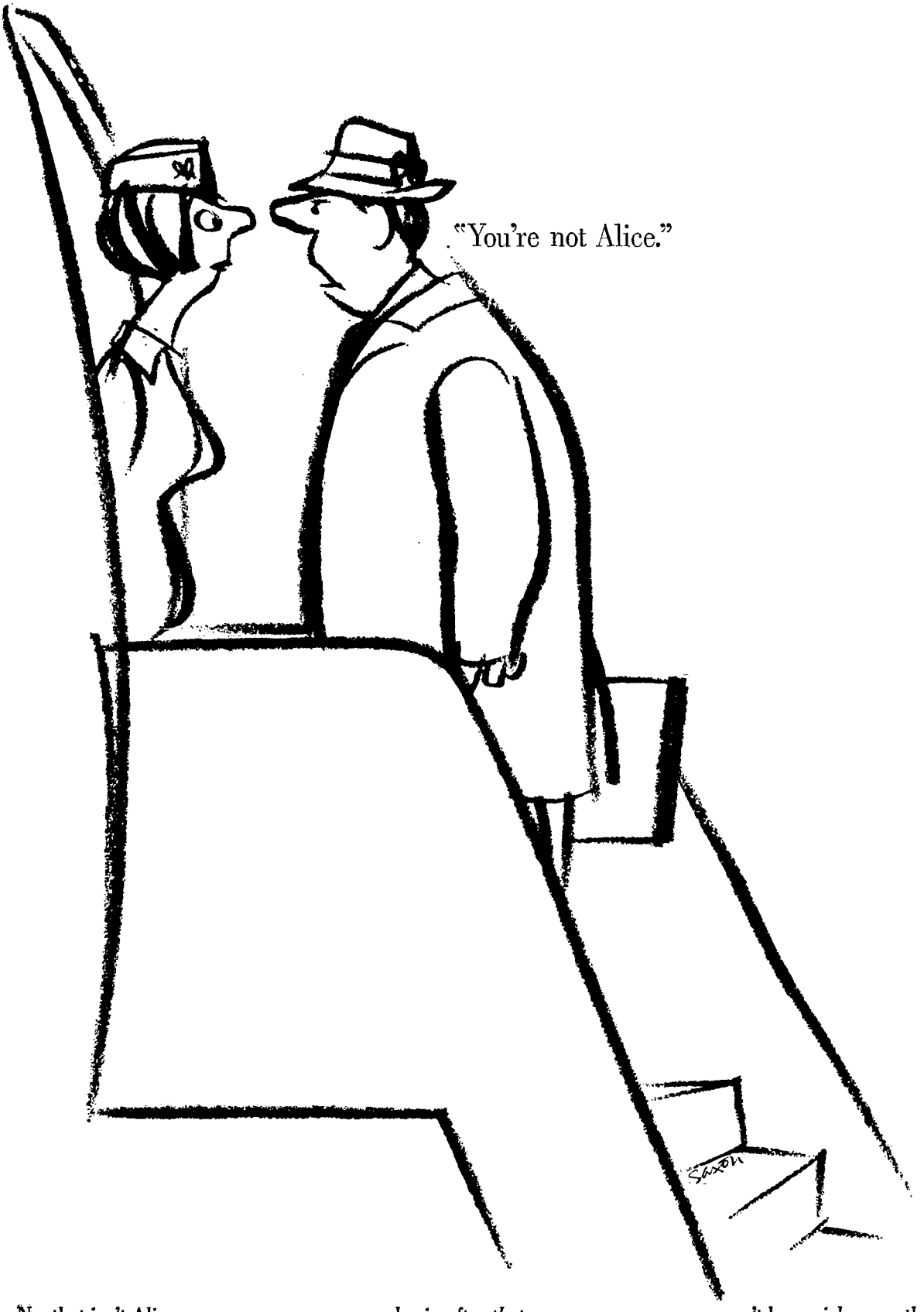

No, that isn't Alice.

Alice isn't with us anymore.

And we understand the "regulars" on her flight aren't very happy about it.

After you flew with Alice once, she remembered your face the next time.

And your *name* the next time.

And that you liked your coffee with saccharin after *that*.

And what happened to Alice?

Well, if you must know, one of you married her.

In fact, one or another of you has married practically every stewardess we've ever had.

(It's got to the point now where we can't keep girls more than 2 years.)

So don't look at us that way if you happen to miss Alice.

(Or Doreen or Nora or "that little Miss Whoozis with the red hair.")

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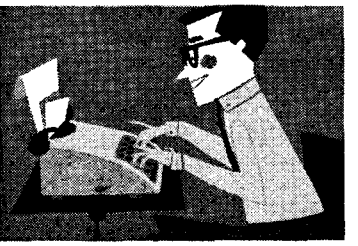

Goldilocks and the Three Bears

MR. GOLDILOCKS is a customers' man in a brokerage office. For the past three years I've been phoning Mr. Goldilocks, pleading with him to put me in the market, preferably on the Big Board, which I've read so much about, or the American Exchange or over the counter or under the table or any way, so I can get in on some of that big money my friends are making.

But Mr. Goldilocks always explains that he and his three associates are bears. For the past three years they've been feeding me that porridge that the market is shaky and the trend is that the market is heading for a crash. This imminent crash has made several of my friends so rich they've raised the stakes of our bridge games to a nickel a point, and one of them has to carry me for the extra four and half cents.

My embarrassingly nouveau-poor status finally forced me to tell Mr. Goldilocks off. He's been calling me at the office every morning after the first hour's transactions to tell me the market is off a point at the opening and it looks like the break is coming. He calls me every day after the market closes to tell me the market is up three points but not to let that fool me.

"The suckers are buying," he says.

"But Sam," I say—that's his name, Sam Goldilocks—"Sam, my friends are all making fortunes. Let me be a sucker, too."

"Not yet," says Mr. Goldilocks. "I'll tell you when."

But at the end of one day he called—I'll never forget the day—it was the day he told me the Dow Jones averages had gone up 8.34 points. It was Rosh Hashana, the beginning of the New Market. That was the day I figured that one of my friends had made $5,726, which weirdly coincided with the date of the new year. I was furious.

"Mr. Goldilocks," I said, "Sam, I've been panting to get into the market, and now Sam, you've made the pant too long. I want to buy."

"Buy what?" he said.

"I'll figure it out and I'll call you tomorrow."

That night I read the market page thoroughly. Tucked away in a small paragraph I found the secret key to the stocks to buy: "Since the federal government announced its stepped-up military program in Vietnam, many analysts feel the war effort has put off an economic slowdown, thus a market decline, for six months."

That was the tip I was looking for. An escalating war means an escalating market. I realized I've been mistakenly reading newspapers only for information. The papers are rich with information. Well, to hell with information. I'm going to concentrate on rich. I also realized that I'm too late to get in on all that Vietnam war gravy, thanks to Mr. Goldilocks and his bears. Now I'll read between the lines of newspaper stories and make my own analyses.

Why, the newspaper is a veritable gold mine! It's a cinch. Nickel bridge here I come! What nuggets I panned in the murky waters of the mainstream of our America's progressive and advanced civilization. I was on the phone with Mr. Goldilocks first thing next morning:

"I want to buy twenty-five shares of Walter Kidde company. It's on the American Exchange."

"Walter Kidde company! I told you this is no time to buy any stocks now."

"Sam, I want to buy it. Didn't you read in the paper about that travesty of a trial down in Alabama of the man who is on trial for killing the Episcopal ministerial student?"

"So what's Walter Kidde got to do with that? They make aircraft accessories."

"That's your trouble, Sam. You don't read deep enough. They also make fire extinguishers. Do you realize how that's going to escalate cross-burning down there? Just think of the demand for fire extinguishers! And, oh yes, buy me fifty shares of AT&T."

"Well, now you're talking—you want telephone?"

"No, AT&T, the Alabama Textile and Towel Company. They make bedsheets. The towels are just a front. This trial is going to escalate Klan membership by the thousands."

"Look, I never heard of that company. Besides why do you want to get into the market at this level?"

"Nickel bridge, that's why!"

"What did you say?"

"Look, Mr. Goldilocks, all I want to do is what everybody else is doing—trying to keep up with the Dow Joneses.

—GOODMAN ACE.

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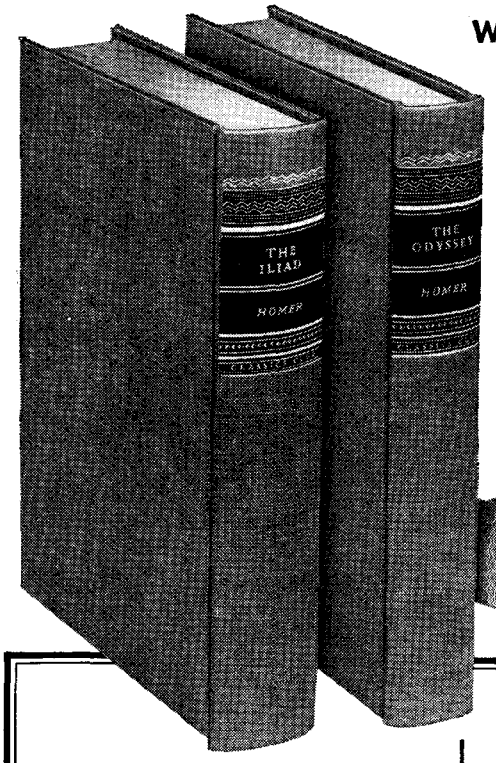

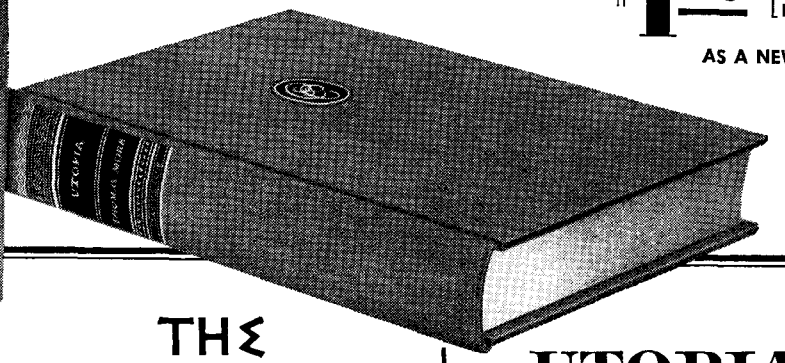

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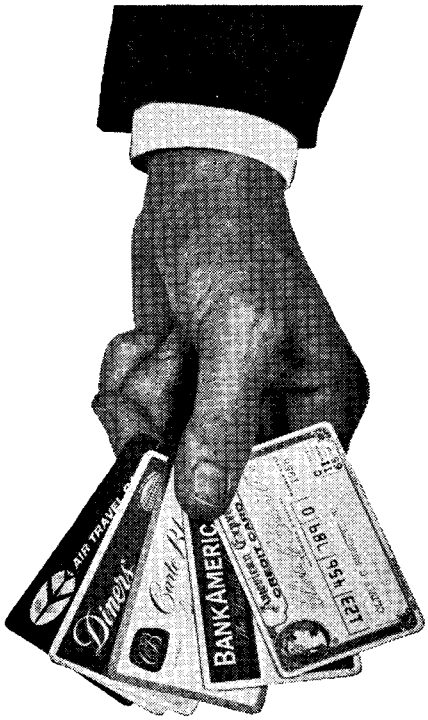

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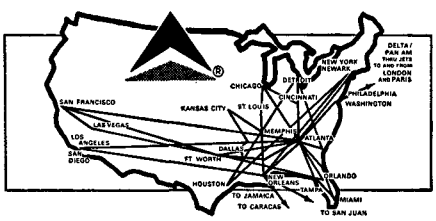

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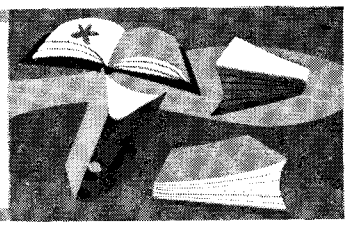


The image of the talent agent or theatrical agent is as varied as the stories about him. The cliché of the cigar-puffing, bald-pated, diamond-stick-pinned sharpie has been replaced by a variety of modern images, none of which has any particular validity.

Some agent-watchers will tell you that all agents are obsequious. They'll remind you of the story of the down-and-out

agent (a staunch Democrat) and a famous movie star (a staunch Republican). At the agent's blackest moment, the star phoned to say that he was thinking about tossing his lucrative contract into the lap of the impecunious agent. "But just one question," said the star. "You're not by any chance a Democrat, are you?" The agent gripped the phone a little tighter and said, "Not necessarily."

Other students of the phylum *agentia* will tell you that agents are not only obsequious but are also intolerably opportunist, rolling back and forth with the situation like a butter tub on a storm-tossed sea. They will remind you of the story of an agent who was checking into the background of one of his actors, during the days when blacklists were smearing the careers of dozens of innocent performers.

"Look," said the agent. "I can get you completely off the hook if you'll tell me who took you to the Communist meeting back in 1939."

"I'm telling you," said the actor, "it was a screwy affair and I just went along to the meeting for kicks. I can't remember who took me. Honest."

"You gotta remember," said the agent. "Nobody could forget who took him to a meeting, even if it was for kicks."

The actor thought a minute, then said: "Now it does come back to me. It was so-and-so," and he named a top executive of a leading Hollywood studio.

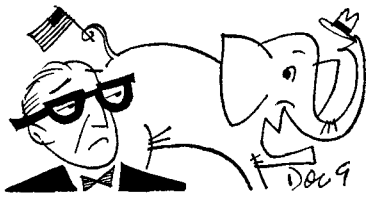
"Well," said the agent, "if you don't remember, you don't remember."

Some people maintain that agents are cynical. On one of his many trips to Hollywood, Hollis Alpert of the *SR* organization brought back the story of the talent agent who auditioned an elephant. "He's fantastic," said the trainer. "He dances like Fred Astaire, sings like Sinatra, and has a personality like all four Beatles."

"Okay," snapped the agent. "Cut the talk and let's see what you got."

The elephant went into a pirouette, danced gracefully on its toes, landed lightly on the piano, and went into sixteen bars of a Sinatra favorite with such authenticity that the rendition was virtually like that of the singer himself. When it was over, the agent got up from the chair, went over to the elephant, put his hand on its shoulder, and looked it squarely in the eye.

"Look, fella," he said to the elephant. "If you want to make it here in Hollywood—*just be yourself!*"



In reality, however, there is a whole new trend among talent agents.

"It's a pretty frightening situation," said one showbiz pundit. "A whole flock of them are suddenly turning half honest. They're becoming producers."

For better or worse, the trend is noticeable. Only recently, Herb Jaffe left the plush halls of the Ashley-Famous Artists Agency to become a vice president in production for United Artists. "It's really not too surprising, this trend," says Jaffe. "A creative agent is a producer without portfolio. He's in the middle of the stream, both from the talent and business points of view. At United Artists, we're concentrating on bringing together the real nucleus of a good film—the writer, director, and film producer. The star comes in later, and is actually not as important as the creative unit at the production stage."

Talent agencies often remain a mystery to the layman, although they influence and provide practically all the entertainment the public gets a chance to see. The field used to be dominated by two giants, MCA and William Morris. The former, however, has recently made a complete flipover by getting rid

(*Continued on page* 20)

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Your membership entitles you to buy or offer gift memberships to friends, relatives and neighbors for only $2.50 with full privileges. You can split the total between you—the original membership and one gift membership divided equally brings your cost down to $3.75; one original membership and four gift memberships brings your cost down to $3 each. Get a gang together—everybody saves!

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☐ Add _____ Gift Memberships to my request. I enclose a check for _____ at $2.50 each gift member, and have listed on attached sheet their names and addresses.

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City_____

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Land-Rover 109 Station Wagon with Heat Shield Roof.

"At 60 miles an hour the loudest noise in this new Land-Rover comes from the roar of the engine"

What makes Land-Rover the most conspicuous car in the world? "There is really no secret," says an eminent Land-Rover enthusiast.

1. "Except for rattles, I am against silence in a car," writes John Steinbeck, a Land-Rover enthusiast, "and I don't know a driver who doesn't want to hear his engine."

2. If this is so, then you may like the Land-Rover very much indeed.

3. Our 4-wheel drive (8 speeds forward, 2 in reverse) masterpiece is not mousey. Its throaty authority is assuring in times of stress; which nowadays is usually.

4. Nor is this claim true only at 60 miles an hour. A Land-Rover is more conspicuous even when it is standing still. With the ignition off.

5. The Land-Rover stands nearly seven feet tall. All its features tend to heroic proportion.

6. Therefore, when driving, you will simply loom over traffic which previously had scared the devil out of you.

7. This is not only safe and enjoy-

© 1965 Rover Motor Co. of North America Ltd.

AUTHORIZED ROVER (R) AND LAND-ROVER (LR) DEALERS

ALABAMA

MOBILE
Whites Imports (LR)

ALASKA

ANCHORAGE
Universal Motors (R & LR)
FAIRBANKS
Gene's Auto Service, Inc. (LR)
JUNEAU
Dawson's PT Atmtve. Serv., Inc. (R & LR)
KETCHIKAN
Karlson Motors (LR)

ARIZONA

PHOENIX
Town & Country Chrysler Plymouth (R & LR)
PRESCOTT
Mangerich Lincoln Mercury (LR)
SCOTTSDALE
Scottsdale Imptd. Cars Inc. (R)
TUCSON
Bill Edel's Motors (R & LR)

ARKANSAS

LITTLE ROCK
Continental Motors (LR)

CALIFORNIA

ALTURAS
Tierney Ford Sales (LR)
BERKELEY
English Motors of Berkeley (R & LR)
ENCINO
Frank Millard Sports Car, Inc. (LR)
EUREKA
McCrea Motors (LR)
HAYWARD
Hayward Auto Imports (R & LR)
MONTEREY
Bob Baird Motors (R & LR)
NAPA
Gasser Motor Co. (LR)
OAKHURST
O'Rourke Motor Sales (R & LR)
PASADENA
Peter Satori Company, Ltd. (R & LR)
SACRAMENTO
Von Housen Motors, Inc. (R & LR)
SAN CARLOS
Competition Motors (R & LR)
SAN DIEGO
Brich Motor Sales (R & LR)
SAN FRANCISCO
Paul Felton Imported Cars (R & LR)
SAN JOSE
San Jose Imports (LR)
WEST LOS ANGELES
Ted's Imported Cars (R & LR)
WILLITS
Carbrey Motors (R & LR)
WOODLAND
Central Motors Co. (LR)

COLORADO

BOULDER
W. F. Reno, Inc. (R & LR)
DENVER
Buckley Brothers Motor Co. (R & LR)
GLENWOOD SPRINGS
J. V. Rose Co. (LR)
GRAND JUNCTION
Moss Motorama, Inc. (R & LR)
MONTROSE
Carrington Chevrolet Co. (LR)
SALIDA
Stotler Motor Company (LR)

CONNECTICUT

CANAAN
Morgan Motors Inc. (LR)
DARIEN
Frank Miller Ford (LR)
GREENWICH
Greenwich Automobiles, Inc. (R & LR)
HAMDEN
The Nelke Motor Co. (R)
LITCHFIELD
The Nelke Motor Co. of Litchfield (R & LR)
LYME
Reynolds Garage and Marine (LR)
MIDDLETOWN
Berkeley Motor Co. (LR)
PLAINVILLE
Farmington Ave. Motor Sales Inc. (R & LR)
QUAKER HILL
Scotch Cap Service Station (LR)
WESTPORT
Hackett Imported Cars (R & LR)

FLORIDA

BELLE GLADE
Hendry Tractor Company (LR)
DAYTONA BEACH
James Motor, Inc. (LR)
DE LAND
Daytona Park Estates Auto Sales (LR)
FORT MYERS
Overseas Motors Corp. (R & LR)
FORT PIERCE
Sunrise Rental & Leasing Co. (LR)
GAINESVILLE
Santa Fe Tractor, Inc. (LR)
GREEN COVE SPRINGS
Roberts Chevrolet (LR)
JACKSONVILLE
Brumos Porsche Car Corp. (R & LR)
LEESBURG
Lake Ford Tractor Co. (LR)
LIVE OAK
Suwannee Valley Tractor Co. (LR)
MELBOURNE
Bill Lowery Motor Company (LR)
MIAMI
Charles Stuart Motors (LR)
MIAMI
Growers Equipment Co. (LR)
ORLANDO
Hood Tractor Co. (LR)
PLANT CITY
Revels Ford Tractor Co. (LR)
SANFORD
Sanford Motor Co. (LR)
SARASOTA
Harrison Motors, Inc. (LR)
SEBRING
Pioneer Tractor Co. (LR)
TAMPA
Crafte Hall Motor (LR)
TITUSVILLE
Brevard Tractor Co. Inc. (LR)
WEST PALM BEACH
Hal Jones Ltd., Inc. (R & LR)
WINTER HAVEN
Polk Tractor Company (LR)

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able, but you will exult to observe how other drivers, awe-inspired by the Land-Rover's casual might, yield in deference.

8. (Small wonder that women are enormously fond of driving Land-Rovers. The easy command of such massive, maneuverable masculinity is heady stuff.)

9. You may have read of tests where "imported cars" fared badly in collisions? It's a pity we weren't in there to help out the side. The Land-Rover is built to resist the charge of a bull rhinoceros; or a bull Lincoln for that matter.

10. The Land-Rover's sturdiness of construction (the under-frame resembles a reinforced section of railway track) makes it ideal for trackless wastes, car pools of small children, wretched ordeals, etcetera.

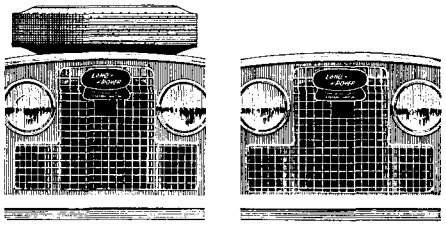
11. There are perhaps 14 Land-Rover hardy perennials ranging from safari cars and campers to police vans and getaway cars. Our most popular passenger models are the 7-seater Model 88 and the 10-seater Model 109 Station Wagons.

11-A. An attractive feature of the '65 Land-Rover is that it is precisely as attractive as the '64.

12. Both of these have capacious rear doors for unloading bulk or people. The unathletic may use the fold-down step.

13. The after compartment has facing seats. This arrangement, although somewhat reminiscent of riding in a paddy-wagon, is extremely sociable. Late at night, it is hilarious.

14. The Land-Rover is available with a spare tire either mounted on the rear door or on top of the hood. The tires are identical in every respect save that it costs $7.40 more to have one on the hood.



LAND-ROVER WITH & WITHOUT TIRE ON HOOD

15. People who feel diffident about driving a Land-Rover with the spare tire on the hood can buy the conventional Land-Rover and save $7.40.

PRICE: The Model 109 Station Wagon illustrated in this advertisement costs **$3,906** on the Atlantic Coast, **$4,092** on the Pacific Coast; at places in between, it costs in between. The Model 88 Station Wagon (shorter by 1 door) costs about **$600** less.

If you would like to listen to the Land-Rover, or to the embarrassingly quiet Mark II Rover Sedan, or to the Rover 2000 Sports Sedan (which has "a little panty mutter when idling that rises to a whispering roar in the lower gears," according to Mr. Steinbeck), please ask any dealer here listed.

(LR) signifies a Land-Rover dealer; (R), a Rover dealer; (R & L R), both.

Thank you.

ZOLFO SPRINGS
Gilliard Tractor Co. (LR)

GEORGIA

SAVANNAH
DeRenne Chrysler Plymouth Inc. (LR)

HAWAII

KAMUELA
Mauna Kea Motors (R & LR)

IDAHO

COEUR D'ALENE
Pool Motors (R & LR)

HOMEDALE
Homedale Tractor & Equip. Co. (LR)

ILLINOIS

LAKE FOREST
Knauz Continental Autos, Inc. (R & LR)

LOUISIANA

SHREVEPORT
J. B. Lee Tractor & Implement Co. Inc. (LR)

MAINE

BANGOR
Atwood Motors (LR)

FARMINGTON
The Oliver Stores, Inc. (LR)

ISLAND FALLS
Lougee (LR)

LEWISTON
Davis Cadillac Co. (LR)

PORTLAND
Maine Motors Company (LR)

ROCKLAND
Miller's Garage, Inc. (LR)

RUMFORD
Taylor Buick Pontiac Co. Inc. (LR)

WATERVILLE
Proctor's Garage (LR)

MARYLAND

BALTIMORE
A & R Imported Motor Cars Inc. (R & LR)

CENTREVILLE
Renshaw & Emory Equip. Co. Inc. (LR)

CUMBERLAND
Woods Foreign Motors (LR)

HAGERSTOWN
Antietam Motors Inc (LR)

KENSINGTON
Altemus Servicenter (R & LR)

MASSACHUSETTS

BOSTON
Britannic Motors (R & LR)

BOSTON (Milton)
Hoover Motors (R & LR)

BEVERLY
Naumkeag Auto Sales (R & LR)

CANTON
Haynes Garage, Inc. (LR)

EDGARTOWN
Depot Corners Serv. Sta. Inc. (R & LR)

FRAMINGHAM
Gaston Andrey Inc. (R)

NANTUCKET
Island Motors (LR)

NEW BEDFORD
Gracia's Foreign Motors, Inc. (R & LR)

NORTHAMPTON
Hampshire Motor Sales, Inc. (LR)

ORLEANS
Orleans Motors (LR)

PITTSFIELD
Haddad Motor Sales Inc (LR)

PLYMOUTH
Midway Motors, Inc. (LR)

SPRINGFIELD
Professional Garage (R)

WEST BOYLSTON
Malm Auto Sales Inc. (LR)

MICHIGAN

GRAND RAPIDS
Performance Cars, Inc. (R & LR)

HOUGHTON
Wenberg Sales (LR)

IRON MOUNTAIN
Jacobs Motors (LR)

ISHPEMING
Hebbard Rambler Sales (LR)

MANISTIQUE
Mark Rambler Co. (LR)

OAK PARK
Imported Auto Distributors, Inc. (LR)

MINNESOTA

HIBBING
Adventures Unlimited, Div. of Hilligoss Chevrolet Inc (LR)

MISSOURI

ST. JOSEPH
Hatfield Hardware & Sport. Goods (LR)

ST. LOUIS
Ed Debrecht Imp. Cars Ltd., Inc. (LR)

MONTANA

BILLINGS
Dan's Auto Sales (R & LR)

BUTTE
Knievel's (R & LR)

HELENA
Motor Mart of Helena (LR)

MISSOULA
Rambler City (LR)

NEVADA

ELKO
Wright Motors (LR)

ELY
T & G Motors (LR)

LAS VEGAS
Courtesy Motors (LR)

LAS VEGAS
Pat Clark Pontiac (LR)

RENO
Von Housen's Motors Inc. (R & LR)

NEW HAMPSHIRE

AMHURST
Millward Motors, Inc. (LR)

BERLIN
The Auto Mart, Inc. (LR)

GOLEBROOK
Crest Auto Sales (LR)

JAFFREY
Boutwell's Garage (LR)

MILTON
Milton Garage (LR)

NEWPORT
Chase and Avery (R & LR)

NEWTON
Morse's Garage (LR)

NEW JERSEY

BLAWENBURG
Atkinson's Foreign Car Service, Inc. (LR)

FRANKLIN
Franklin Foreign Cars (LR)

HANOVER
Chapman & Stormer, Inc. (R)

RED BANK
Continental Cars, Andersen, Inc. (R & LR)

SOMERVILLE
Town & Country Motors (LR)

TENAFLY
Menzer Motors Inc. (R)

WAYNE
Bob Lesko, Inc. (LR)

NEW MEXICO

ALAMOGORDO
Alamo Motorsport, Inc. (R & LR)

ALBUQUERQUE
Durand Tractor & Equipment Co. (LR)

GALLUP
Navajo Motors, Inc. (LR)

ROSWELL
Roswell Imptd. Cars (LR)

TRUTH or CONSEQUENCES
Central Motors (LR)

NEW YORK

AMITYVILLE
Trencher Motors Ltd. (R)

BROOKLYN
Skyline Sportscars Inc. (R)

ELMIRA
Lyman D. Gridley, Inc. (LR)

FLORAL PARK
Swedish Sport Car Center (Div. of Motor Mart, Inc.) (R)

GLENS FALLS
Burton Equipment Co. (LR)

HUNTINGTON
Coldspring Enterprises (R & LR)

JAMESTOWN
McFadden Ford, Inc. (LR)

MARYLAND
Morris Garage (R & LR)

MONTGOMERY
Manzari Auto & Boating Center (R & LR)

MOUNT KISCO
Nu-Trend Motors (R)

NEW YORK CITY
de Langton Ltd. (R & LR)

NEW YORK CITY
Martin Motor Sales, Inc. (R & LR)

NEW YORK CITY
Wolf Sales & Service Corp. (R & LR)

PORT WASHINGTON
Johnson Motors (R & LR)

ROCHESTER
F. J. Kilburne Inc. (R)

ST. JOHNSVILLE
Capece Motor Sales, Inc. (LR)

SOUTHAMPTON
Grattans (R & LR)

UTICA
Elliots Imported Cars (R)

VESTAL
Jim Forno Cont. Motors, Inc. (R & LR)

WHITE PLAINS
East Coast Imported Cars, Inc. (R & LR)

OHIO

CLEVELAND
British Engineering (R & LR)

OREGON

BURNS
Granger & Grover Motor Co. (LR)

COOS BAY
Robust Motors, Inc. (LR)

EUGENE
Arthur I. Flower (R & LR)

GOLD BEACH
Olsen Motors (LR)

PORTLAND
The Motor Mart (LR)

PENNSYLVANIA

ALTOONA
Jack Beasley Ford Sales, Inc. (LR)

BERWYN
Keystone Motors (R & LR)

CLEARFIELD
Stratton Motor Co. (LR)

DALLAS
Kunkle Motors (LR)

DOYLESTOWN
Keystone Motors (LR)

DUNMORE
Fred Skaluba (LR)

GLENSHAW
Malone Motor Car Co. of Glenshaw (R & LR)

GREENSBURG
Smyder Motor Sales (LR)

READING
Lindgren & Manske, Inc. (R & LR)

STATE COLLEGE
Jack Beasley Ford of State College (LR)

STROUDSBURG
Baylor Motors (R & LR)

WARREN
Keystone Garage of Warren, Inc. (LR)

WILLIAMSPORT
Har-Wel Motors, Inc. (R & LR)

YORK
Carl Beasley Co. (LR)

YORK
Whiteford Motors (R)

RHODE ISLAND

NEWPORT
Ray's Auto Sales Inc. (LR)

NORTH KINGSTOWN
Kingstown Motor Co. (LR)

NORTH PROVIDENCE
Wigwam Sport Center (R)

TEXAS

AUSTIN
Travis County Equipment Co. (LR)

CORSICANA
Navarro County Tractor Co. (LR)

CORPUS CHRISTI
Gunderland Marine Supply (LR)

CORPUS CHRISTI
San Antonio Machine & Supply Corp. (LR)

DALLAS
Precision Motors (R & LR)

EL PASO
Yaqui Motor Company (LR)

HOUSTON
D. B. Allison Company (LR)

SAN ANTONIO
Alamo Sports Car Inc. (R)

SAN ANTONIO
The Torgerson Co. (LR)

VICTORIA
Go-Trac, Inc. (R & LR)

WICHITA FALLS
Birge Motor Company (LR)

UTAH

SALT LAKE CITY
Mate Sports Car Clinic (R & LR)

VERMONT

BRATTLEBORO
Hometown Motors, Inc. (LR)

BURLINGTON
Lakeview Buick (LR)

FAIRLEE
Fairlee Auto Sales (LR)

RUTLAND
Russ Smith Sales & Service (LR)

ST. JOHNSBURY
Vinton Motors, Inc. (LR)

SWANTON
Handy Truck and Tractor (LR)

WOODSTOCK
F. A. Richmond (LR)

VIRGINIA

ARLINGTON
European Motors (R & LR)

BERRYVILLE
Foreign Car Service & Sales (LR)

CHARLOTTESVILLE
S-K Motors (R & LR)

GOSHEN
Goshen Garage (LR)

GRUNDY
Modern Sales & Service Inc. (LR)

RICHMOND
Mooers Motor Car Co. (R & LR)

WASHINGTON

HOQUIAM
Guy's Auto Sales Company (LR)

SEATTLE
Rowland Motors Inc. (R & LR)

TACOMA
A B C Motors, Inc. (R & LR)

WEST VIRGINIA

APPLE FARM (Southeast 15 miles from Grantsville) (LR)

BECKLEY
Plantation Motors Inc. (LR)

BLUEFIELD
Yeager Auto Sales, Inc. (LR)

CHARLESTON
Tag Galyean, Inc. (LR)

FAIRMONT
Dale Huey Auto Service (LR)

HUNTINGTON
Tag Galyean of Huntington, Inc. (LR)

WISCONSIN

WEST ALLIS
Daum Motor Cars, Inc. (R & LR)

WYOMING

CHEYENNE
Halladay Motors, Inc. (LR)

JACKSON
Imeson's Texaco Service (LR)

LANDER
Hallam, Inc. (LR)

POWELL
Okay Chevrolet (LR)

ROCK SPRINGS
Anselmi's Fine Cars (LR)

SHERIDAN
Poll Motor Co. Inc. (LR)

WORLAND
Cook Sales & Service (LR)

DEALERS ALSO ACROSS CANADA

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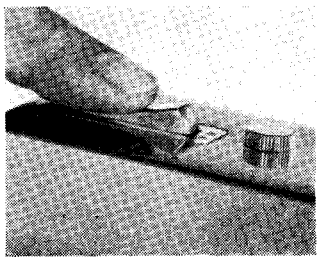
Of the big 3,* Keystone is the only Super-8 movie camera with power controlled zoom for as little as $119.95

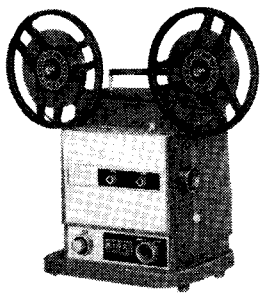


Kodak and Bell & Howell make fine Super-8 movie cameras. But they just don't make one with power controlled zoom for less than $200. Keystone does. The K-620 Auto-Instant. Only $119.95, manufacturer's suggested list.

Power controlled zoom is the only way you can be guaranteed of smooth, professional looking zoom shots—from wide angle to close-ups and back again; insures the correct zooming speed for steady sharp movies.

Consider these features. You are assured of perfectly exposed movies with Keystone Sensitron CdS "behind-the-lens" electric eye system. A camera that never needs winding; electric motor drive does it for you automatically. Lightning-fast Super-8 loading. Just snap in a cartridge and shoot 50 continuous feet of film. No threading. No film changeover. Completely automatic. Brilliant indoor and outdoor movies will be yours with built-in automatic adjusting "A" filter and fast f1.8 zoom lens.

Be sure to see the Keystone Auto-Instant Super-8 projector featuring Automatic "reel-to-reel" threading and High-Light slow motion. Under $150. Other Keystone Auto-Instant Super-8 cameras and projectors start at $75. Camera prices do not include pistol grip. Add $10.



*Kodak, Bell & Howell, Keystone

KEYSTONE

KEYSTONE CAMERA CO., INC. BOSTON, MASS.

Continued from page 16

of its agency business, buying out Universal Pictures, and producing floods of motion pictures for television. This move followed on the heels of a government probe that took a dim view of MCA's representing both the buyer and the seller of a TV package, and enjoying the fruits of both. The former agents at MCA—known also as the Star-Spangled Octopus—moved almost en masse to the Ashley-Steiner Agency, which in turn bought out the Famous Artist Agency. Since that time, Ira Steiner has left his own agency to become a producer; Charles K. Feldman has left the Famous Artists Agency he founded to do the same (he recently came out with *What's New Pussycat*, which is doing nicely at the box office); Ray Stark, former head of the literary department of Feldman's agency, has now become Executive Vice President of Seven Arts Productions, having a strong hand in the production of *Night of the Iguana* and *Funny Girl*; Martin Jurow, another alumnus of Famous Artists, is now head of production in Europe for Warner Brothers; Harold Hecht, a former agent, has recently brought out *Cat Ballou*; Fred Engel, another fugitive from the agent ranks, is now producing *Duel at Diablo*, starring Sidney Poitier and James Garner; Ashley-Steiner is now known as Ashley-Famous Artists; and MCA, which hooks in several thousand people a day to tour the Universal lot, is being accused of becoming a Disneyland.

All in all, it's a rather confused picture. But agents will no doubt be with us always. Novelist Al Morgan (who has become a producer himself now for NBC-TV's *Today*, and also a playwright, with his play *Minor Miracle* just now reaching the boards) recalls the story of an agent who tried to explain to his five-year-old son about a Salvation Army Santa Claus.

"He's not *really* Santa Claus," said the agent patiently. "He's a symbol. He just *represents* Santa Claus."

"Oh," said the agent's son, "You mean he's his *agent*." —JOHN G. FULLER.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1644)

D(OROTHY) SVENSON:

MID-WINTER, ENGLAND

My view pivots on the sight
Of the small black horse in the meadow
Grazing his windblown way
Across persisting green. . . .

Only the clouds are urgent.
Winter-caught and alien,
I watch as the horse plods on
With the patience of England.

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★★★ A UNIQUE CHRISTMAS GIFT THAT LIVES ALL YEAR! ★★★

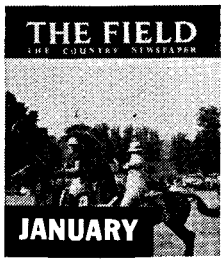
BRITISH MAGAZINE-OF-THE-MONTH

EXTRA YULETIDE
BONUS GIFT
Starts Club Membership

The 1965 Christmas Number

Magnificent Collector's Treasure. Luxuriously portrays traditions of Christmas in colour illustrations and stories. Six-page feature and superb Canaletto painting on front cover marks 900th Anniversary of Westminster Abbey. Among brilliant, illustrated short stories: "The Christmas Dinner" by Noel Mostert.

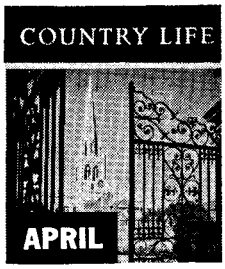
It's Fun to Receive a New Reading Surprise Every 30 Days—Mailed Direct from London!



The Charm of British Outdoor Life. Reports on sports, gardens, hunting, fishing and of living in the colourful country estate regions.

Vivid Panorama of World History. Assesses the course of human events from the past to the present—political, social, economic trends.

Stimulating, Perspective Views on current affairs, literature and the arts by brilliant writers. Edited by Stephen Spender & Melvin J. Lasky.



Superb Views of Historic England. Traditional Britain—her castles, customs, culture, countryside—recorded in colourful photography.

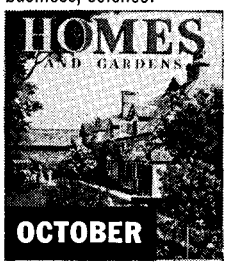
International Magazine of the Arts. Profusely illustrated articles on paintings, sculpture, antiques, objets d'art by noted experts. Gallery news.

The Most Quoted Magazine from Washington to Moscow. Authoritative, influential reports on world affairs, politics, finance, business, science.

Fascinating Tales of Rural Britain. 200 interest-packed pages reflect an authentic picture of the people, their ways and quaint customs.

Most Universally Respected Weekly. Dramatic pictorial coverage of world events, personalities, Royal occasions...a wide range of subjects

Britain's Most Sophisticated and best informed Society and fashion magazine. Covers people, parties and style reviews with verve.



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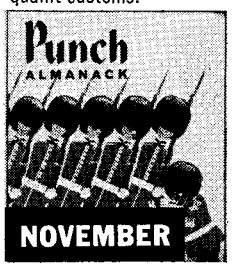

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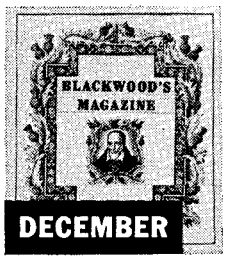

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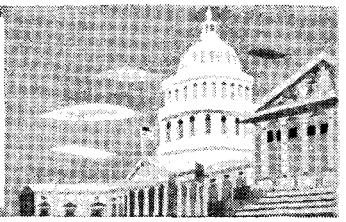
State of Affairs



Vietnam and the Russians

Moscow.

WHAT ALEXEI KOSYGIN had to say in a special interview recently to Lord Thomson of Fleet, owner of the *Sunday Times* of London, and myself about the war in Vietnam was more than discouraging: it was chilling. He saw no solution, he said, except negotiations on the basis of the four conditions put forward by Hanoi; he contrasted American methods of warfare with those of Hitler in the Ukraine during World War II; and he compared the resistance of the North Vietnamese to the civil war the Bolsheviks fought against foreign interference in 1917. He did not think that mediation in this conflict was possible or that the Soviet Union could do anything to use its influence in Hanoi.

And yet I had the feeling that the Soviet Prime Minister felt very much as President Johnson does about this war; that he wished it were over because it creates all manner of uncertainties and complications, because it very much limits his elbow room in international diplomacy, and because it was detracting from what is most important to him: economic reforms on the home front. And it was my impression that he, like President Johnson, is above all anxious to advance his domestic programs. Yet, though both men would like to see the war in Vietnam brought to the conference table, paradoxically neither can do much about it. Such are the frustrations of Great Powers.

President Johnson clearly has the military power to make mincemeat out of the North Vietnamese, but he cannot force Hanoi to talk. He has, in fact, shown restraint and circumspection in order not to create a situation that would leave the Russians no alternative but to intervene more directly. And Mr. Kosygin, who has the power to persuade the Hanoi government to come to the conference table, cannot use it because he is afraid of accusation by the Chinese Communists that he betrayed the revolutionary cause in Vietnam.

"We cannot act as mediators," I was told by one ranking Soviet official who felt he could be more specific than Mr. Kosygin, "because we consider ourselves allies of the North Vietnamese."

Nevertheless, the fact that the Soviet Union is giving only a minimum of help with antiaircraft missile protection—which still leaves North Vietnam virtually helpless against attacks from the air—is significant. The Soviets, too, like President Johnson, are applying restraint to keep the war limited.

The great question that remains, however, is whether the North Vietnamese will themselves take the initiative that will lead to negotiations. From Mr. Kosygin's remarks to us, one can only conclude that this is unlikely. For one thing, there is the absence of an effective government in Saigon, and then there is the hope that the United States will get impatient with this dirty war. Both are probably still feeding the expectation that the war can be won. But even allowing for Mr. Kosygin's obvious desire to prove in what he said to us that the Soviet Union is a loyal and faithful ally of North Vietnam, there was nonetheless a remarkably acid tone to the way he presented his views, in his manner of defining the North Vietnamese struggle against the United States. To compare it to the civil war that the Soviet Union fought in 1917-21 against foreign interference in the Bolshevik revolution was to imply that in such a crucial effort no compromise was possible. It may well be Hanoi's position now that no compromise is possible unless it leads to success for the Communist revolution in conquering South Vietnam and banishing the United States from the area. This in turn would mean that the Communist side is getting ready for a long haul, that the idea of negotiation is only a talking point and has no real meaning.

There is no doubt that earlier this year the Communists hoped to win the war—at one time hope of victory was also high in Washington—but the unexpected effectiveness of the American military intervention has now discouraged such aspirations. The monsoon season is almost passed without a decisive military showdown. The most likely strategy of the Vietcong now will be to settle down for a long siege, to make this war an endurance test. But will the United States want to be pinned down indefinitely in Vietnam with such a disproportionate number of troops? This may be the question the enemy is now hopefully asking himself. He may also get comfort from the conviction that the United States will not succeed in establishing a stable and

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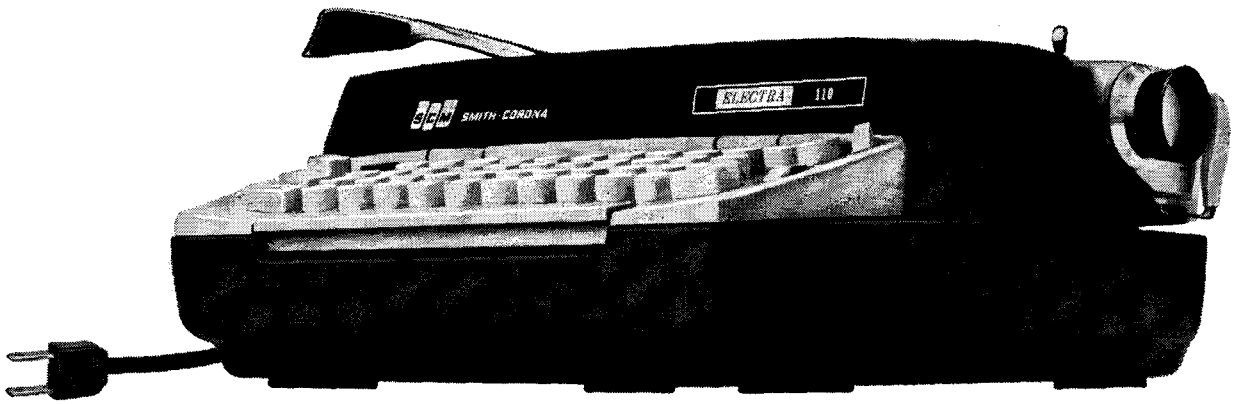

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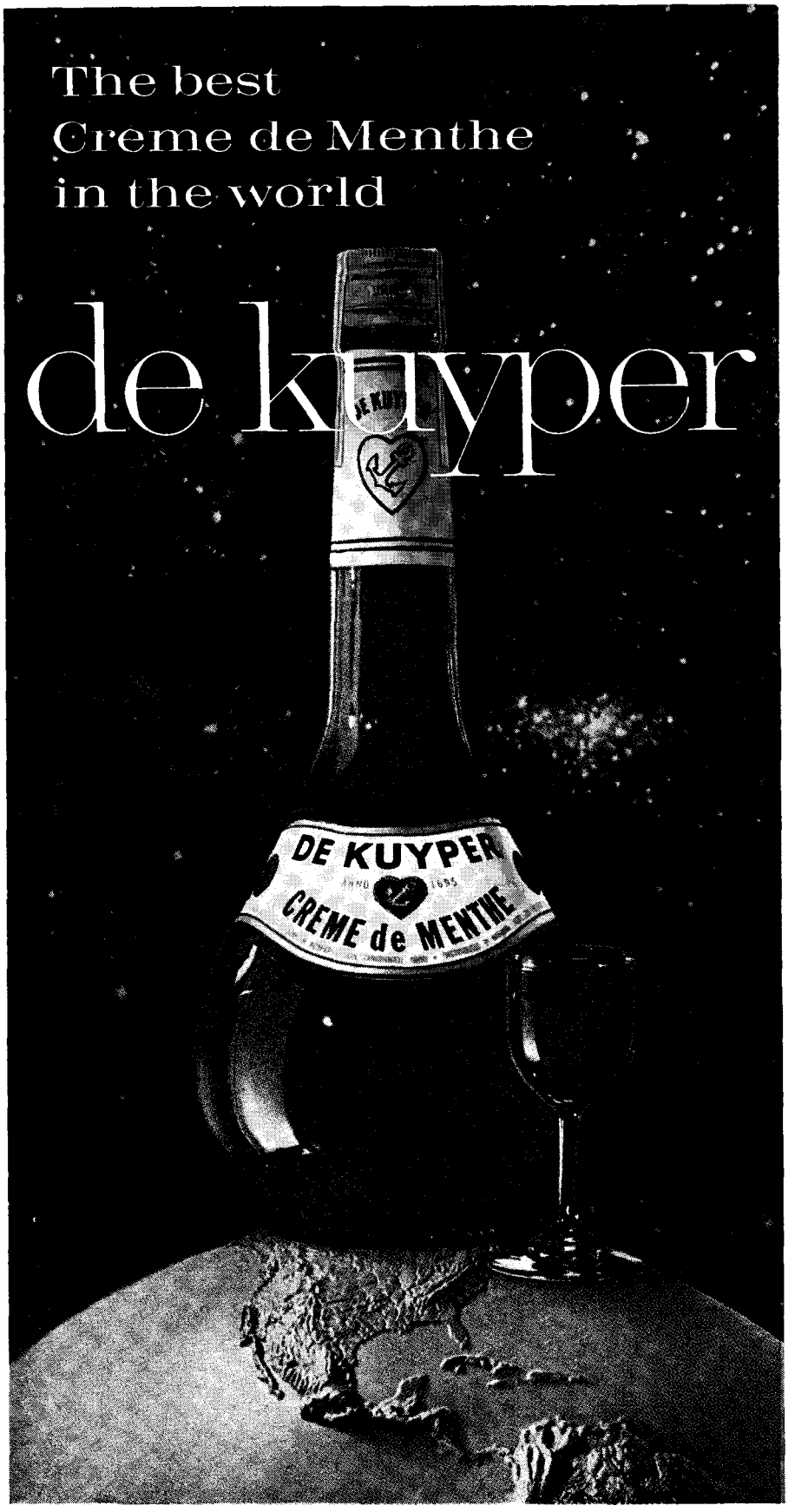

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effective government in Saigon. The war in Vietnam is thus likely to remain a plague, something that would also explain Mr. Kosygin's profound annoyance, since this war probably does interfere at least to some extent with Soviet diplomacy generally and with his long-range planning, for aid to Hanoi will have to continue, possibly on an even larger scale.

More than anything, it forces the Soviet leadership to look over its shoulder at Peking, which no doubt suits the Chinese but irritates the Kremlin. I have little doubt that if the North Vietnamese gave the slightest indication of wanting to initiate negotiations the Soviet Union would be willing to promote them, but only on the initiative of Hanoi. So much for official soundings.

In one's private contacts, though, whether here or in some of the Eastern European Communist countries, the war is almost never mentioned, or mentioned only with great detachment. Premier Zhivkov of Bulgaria, for example, spoke of his desire to improve his relations with the United States, but looked on the war in Vietnam, regrettable as it was, as something that did not affect his policies. The Soviet Government has canceled the musical *Hello, Dolly!* for symbolic reasons, although most other cultural contacts continue, and certainly the artists, writers and scientists want to see more rather than fewer exchanges with the West. The refusal of the U.S. Congress to approve the new consular agreement with the Soviet Union is considered here a far more serious slap to U.S.-Soviet relations than anything Moscow has done to express its disapproval of American policy in Vietnam, and on the strength of it some have asked me whether this Congressional action indicates a change in American policy. These doubts seem to have been reinforced by the fact that an agreement to open a direct air link between New York and Moscow was reached some time ago, but signature of it has been delayed in Washington.

And so one finds here a curiously schizophrenic state in East-West relations. There is the harsh and bitter official language Mr. Kosygin used during our interview. There is the obvious hope and desire that the Vietnamese war should not seriously affect the coexistence policy. And there are also many signs that the political and economic factors underlying this policy have not really changed. —Henry Brandon.

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AMERICAN HOUSES IN HISTORY. By Arnold Nicholson. Viking. $12.95.

ARTISTS OF THE OLD WEST. By John C. Ewers. Doubleday. $12.95.

THE GREAT HOUSES OF BRITAIN. By Nigel Nicolson. Putnam. $20 to Jan. 1, 1966; $25 thereafter.

A TUGMAN'S SKETCHBOOK. By Frank O. Braynard. John de Graff, Inc. $8.

Business, Economics

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THE ECONOMY OF COMMUNIST CHINA: An Introduction. By Yuan-li Wu. Praeger. Hardbound, $6. Paperback, $2.25.

Current Affairs

DECISION-MAKING FOR DEFENSE. By Charles J. Hitch. Univ. of California Press. $2.95.

THE FIRST HUNDRED DAYS OF HAROLD WILSON. By Anthony Shrimsley. Praeger. $4.95.

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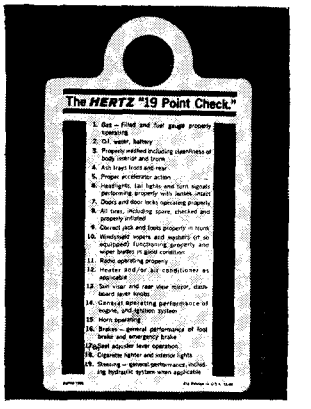

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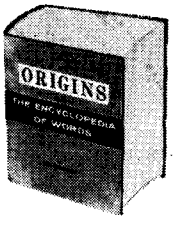

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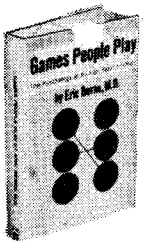

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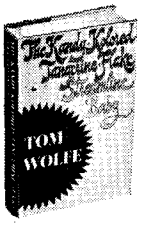

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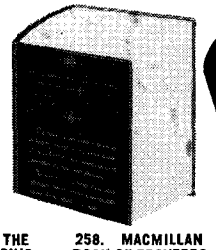

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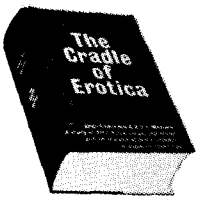

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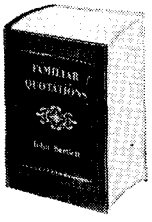

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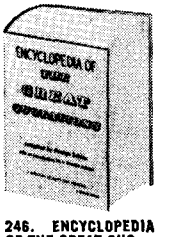

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A Damnation of Pigeons

In homage to Robert Frost, who knew what to damn,
I have borrowed a bit of his voice to say I am
no friend of everything. Hence, some sort of foe
to part, at least, of what I have come to know.

I don't like them. Birds belong away,
even when they stop. They're passengers, visitations
a man may bribe with seed and suet to stay
a wary while and fast. Chickens get rations:
birds get gifts. And flatter you by accepting.
Then leave quick as they came to taste your tempting.

These rumbling congregations in the eaves
fouling their pews and living on a dole
of garbage, crumbs, and old men's peanuts—these
(a few feet higher than chickens but on the whole
as paltry a poultry, a feathered fat disgust)
these make a Bowery everywhere they roost.

My uncle used to trap them with a box
propped on a stick (most any bait will do—
try it yourself: it works)
then toss them in spaghetti sauce to stew.
He left their heads on and would crack the skulls
and pick their brains like walnuts from the hulls.

That's useful. But these days they've some disease.
(What lives too close to man must pay the price.)
I hope it does them in, and soon. My eaves
are all nailed up with wire. That serves some notice:
keep off. But the air conditioner in my study window
is still their tenement, and they just won't go.

I've thought of turning inventor. Would some goo
spread on a ledge discourage them and not stink?
I've thought of rows of needles. That would do:
I'd manufacture them like rugs, I think,
and sell them by the roll to be cut to size
and laid along whatever ledge they prize.

Shoo-Pigeon! Ciardi's Hotfoot! (Patent pending.)
Free enterprise triumphant! Pigeonless!
One factory at first but soon expanding
by shrewd diversification!—But success
might breed to a fatter poultry in my sons.
Let them stay lean and scrounge. Sooner real pigeons

than build an Empire to produce an Edsel.
. . . But that's pure sociological distaste.
I started out bird-watching, and to tell
how much I'd like to clear away this last
Skid Row of feathers. As, God knows, I would,
even if I got rich by doing good.

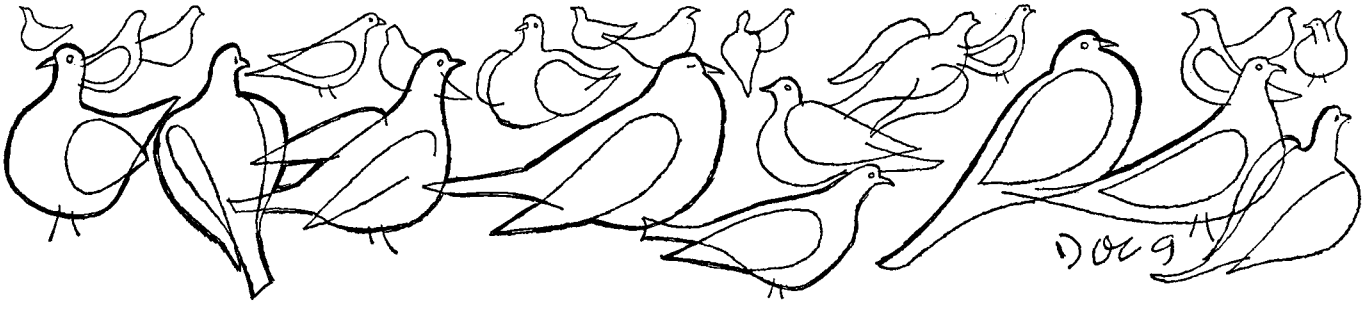
At any price I dislike them. (That may be
for reasons partly allegorical.
We had more eagle in us the last time by.
Now we all roost in rows. It takes no oracle
to guess what the house will look like in a while.
And yet disliking them's more than a matter of style.)

They've given up the gist of what the air
shapes into wing and song. *My* seed is out
to catch a deftness. Even sparrows are
invited, if they'll come: there's still that thought
of instant balance in them. Even starlings
are quick enough to want for all their quarrelings,

and light to oil and onyx when the sun
picks colors from their backs. But these fat fluffs—
winged dumplings with less color than any stone
and only a rumble in their throats—shove off!
Go eat my uncle's grain and swim his sauce
where he lies dodo'd. Or go spatter across

the Edsel's ghost. You'll find it parked somewhere
not far from him. It's slummy where he is.
But I suspect you're bred to like it there.
Or pack off back to Dover and the cliffs
and fertilize for England. But get gone.
Or stay and argue: I've just bought an air gun.

—JOHN CIARDI.



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Saturday Review
October 16, 1965

Is There a Future for Yesterday's People?

A close study of Appalachia's mountaineers suggests that the stubborn problems of poverty, there and elsewhere, can never be solved by money alone

By JACK E. WELLER

AS A NATION, we have agreed by legislation to fight a war on poverty. We are still at the very beginning of hostilities—so close to it, in fact, that many persons are wondering whether we can actually identify the enemy or whether any such war is necessary. After all, isn't poverty an economic problem? Aren't people poor just because they don't have enough money?

These questions are not as naïve as they might seem. Certainly poverty is an economic problem—but it is far more than that. When we ask why people don't have enough money, we have to go on to a deeper question: Why don't they? In Appalachia, as in any area in which a substantial number of the people are poor, we must comprehend a great deal more than the economic situation. After fourteen years in the mountains I am convinced that the problem of that part of Appalachia which is in trouble is a cultural problem. It's the same with any underdeveloped area; its whole history retards it. To think and act as if economics were the whole clue is to answer too simply.

Not long ago, in a mountain community I know, a new postmaster was appointed. The postmastership is only a part-time job in such communities, and the new man wanted to move the post office to the store he owned, so that he could keep an eye on both enterprises without having to hire extra help. Unfortunately, a man who lived close to the existing post office wanted it to remain right where it was; he didn't fancy having to walk up the hollow to get his mail.

Each of the men took around a petition—one urging that the post office be moved, the other demanding that it stay. Each petitioner did well: friends and neighbors signed up with alacrity. But when the petitions were compared, it was found that almost every person who had signed one had also signed the other. Hardly a family in the community was willing to offend either petitioner by refusing to sign.

Dishonesty? Lack of interest? Cowardice? Or a characteristic reaction in a subculture that is markedly different from our prevailing American middle-class culture?

I RECALL, also, an incident that occurred when I had just come to the mountain area as the pastor of a rural church. It seemed to me that the dirt road leading to the church property could be greatly improved by filling it in with slate, a coal-mining refuse which the coal company would gladly haul for us. When I presented this idea to a committee of the church, I got little response beyond vaguely evasive mumbles. After mentally characterizing the people as excessively restrained, I went ahead with the plan. The road looked splendid, I heaped congratulations on myself—and then came the first rain. In a few minutes the slate had turned into a greasy muck that made driving impossible and walking hazardous. Rather abashedly, I called for a bulldozer to scrape the road. It was only after I realized my mistake that the members of the committee quietly told me that they had known all along what would happen. They hadn't explained it to me, they said, because they were afraid I would think they were opposing me.

This experience set me to thinking—about the sullen and sometimes almost hostile way in which the people responded to my efforts to be of help, about the difficulty of getting even the simplest things accomplished when I tried to follow the procedures I had been taught, about the meager results I obtained from following the literature sent out by my church's central office. The people simply didn't see things—ordinary things—the way my colleagues and I saw them. They weren't interested in being deacons, in making pledges, in attending church socials. Nor were they very interested in making money, in shiny cars, in keeping up with the Joneses. They had good points and bad points, but they were unmistakably different. I began to wonder why. Even after fourteen years in the mountains—years spent working with the people of all ages, visiting in their homes, eating with them, sharing their deepest trials in time of tragedy and death, counseling the youth, and involving myself as totally as I could in every area of their lives—even after this time and this experience I cannot claim to have the definitive answer; cultures aren't that easy to take apart. But I do have some explanations, and they seem to me to shed some light on the whole problem of poverty.

Throughout their existence in the Southern mountains, the people of Appalachia have been faced with unique hostilities of environment, heritage, economics, and circumstances—all of them combining to lead the mountaineer

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The author of this article has served as a Presbyterian minister in Appalachia since 1952. The article is based on his book *Yesterday's People: Life in Contemporary Appalachia*, which will be published later this month by the University of Kentucky Press in cooperation with the Council of the Southern Mountains.

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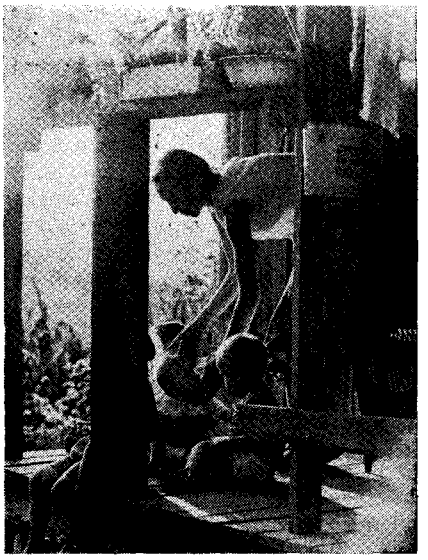

—Brunner.

The anguish of Appalachia—Tilling their craggy land, living in ragged clothes and one-room shacks, trying to build a future out of the scarcity around them, the mountaineers of Appalachia live far from the mainstream of American hope. But it will take more than money to change the lives of these rugged, self-reliant, and endearing people. Photos on this and the facing page show various aspects of life in Appalachia. The two at lower left are of schools.

—Strode (Pix).

—Harry Slone, Dept. of Community Medicine, University of Kentucky.

into a way of life all his own. It is in many respects a satisfactory and even rewarding way of life, for some persons it is a profitable way of life, but it is also a way of life that has created a national problem. And it is surely the culture—the mountaineer's way of organizing his existence, his way of looking at things, the basic direction of his thinking—that is the real Appalachian problem; his kind of cultural arrangement was satisfactory enough for the isolated, agrarian, independent life of the mountains in the past, but it is simply not adequate for making a living in the technological world of today.

Deprivation is one great key. Though, for decades, the mountains provided a living for the mountaineer, they never provided enough to allow him to accumulate wealth. Instead of the man overcoming the environment (the characteristic American story, of course), the environment overcame the man himself. He lived in a "closed door" society that denied him a chance for advancement, wealth, or achievement—in stark contrast to the over-all American "open door" society of almost limitless opportunity.

SINCE he has generally been unable to pick out a particular goal for himself and set about achieving it, the mountaineer has turned his life inward toward his family and the people around him. He is *person*-oriented, in contrast to the *object*-orientation of the middle-class person (neither of these terms applies wholly to any given person; each is an abstraction, indicating a predominant outlook), a pair of terms for which I am indebted to Herbert J. Gans's book *The Urban Villagers*. As object-oriented persons, members of the middle class have goals outside themselves—education, a style of life, a certain profession, a particular level of income—and their lives are directed toward these goals. Few Americans are disturbed at the prospect of moving from one place to another to further a career; we are not threatened by the move, because our goals are being realized and our lives satisfied.

But in the closed-door society of the mountaineer (and in any similar culture anywhere in the world, as far as I know), where there is little likelihood that persons will achieve outside goals, a man strives toward being accepted as a person within a group. Whatever goals he does achieve are won in relation to other persons and are a product of participation in a group. While the object-oriented person will either join or leave a group in order to achieve his goal, one who is person-oriented can only find what he seeks within the group. To the object-oriented person, ideas are central —something "out there," beyond him. To the person-oriented individual, social re-

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lationships are what is really important.

Just the other day, a staff member of the Council of the Southern Mountains provided me with a perfect illustration of this point. Much of the Council's work is directed toward helping communities create development programs, and this staff member told me that he decided to test some of my ideas by applying them to a controversy between two men in a particular community. "After all," said the staff member when he had heard one of the men out, "what are we going to do about the program? The program's the important thing, isn't it?" The man waved his hand. "Program, hell!" he said. "The program's *him* and *me*!"

This person-orientation of the mountaineer has several ramifications: he does not make long-range plans for his life; he is not a doer, but finds relationships with people to be primary; as many a federal agency and state government has found, he is suspicious of doctors, social workers, and government people—because, by necessity, they must treat him in nonpersonal ways. And since, if he does move to the city he finds that it treats him impersonally, he regards it as hostile.

In accordance with his view of the world, the mountaineer brings up his child to be sensitively aware of persons and relationships (a prime reason for the remarkable charm many mountain people possess), while abstractions, ideas, and concepts are difficult for him to grasp. Actually, he isn't even interested. Many an outsider to the culture has presented a well-reasoned speech, for instance, supposing all along that he can convince his audience by clear logic. He simply doesn't realize that his audience hasn't even listened to the words but has been most attentive to the feeling behind them—and the relationship that is implied. In this world of big government, big cities, big industries, and big movements, the mountaineer finds himself almost totally unable to operate: if he cannot relate himself personally to something, he rejects it.

These attitudes sometimes bring about behavior that puzzles shop foremen and personnel managers in Detroit, Indianapolis, and other Midwestern cities to which mountaineers migrate—those of them who do go anywhere at all. A mountain worker may be absent from work for a week or two, and when he returns to face an exasperated inquiry he will report that he went "home" for the funeral of a second cousin or some other relative not in his immediate family. Like many mountain men, he may be a first-rate worker and he may keep the job—but his boss will find it hard to believe that he has heard the truth. Why, he wonders, would anybody risk his job for the sake of a distant relative? To the mountaineer, there is simply no question involved: the primacy of personal relationships in his life extends not only to his immediate relatives but to all the members of his reference (or peer) group. Losing a job is of far less consequence than losing a meaningful relationship—even though the mountaineer enjoys eating quite as much as anybody else does. This is a unique point of view in twentieth-century America, but it is one that should be carefully considered by the armchair economists who maintain that the answer to Appalachian unemployment is to bring in moving vans and haul the jobless away to places where work can be found. They haven't understood the people with whom they are dealing.

A REALLY negative result of this person-orientation, however, is the hostility it creates toward leadership. Persons who seek to rise above the reference group—the mountaineer's fabric of personal relationships—immediately become suspect. Hence a would-be leader finds himself cut off from the group in which his basic security is found. Ideas that might bring out differences of opinion and upset the equanimity of the group are not discussed—which is why people living in a small hollow will sign directly opposing petitions. The tangible fact—such as where a post office should be located—is of scant importance compared to the emotional fact of misunderstandings and hurt feelings. It is also the reason that persons will sometimes not take educational opportunities available to them. They are really afraid of appearing to want to rise above the group.

So far as work is concerned, the mountaineer's attitude contains another element besides his feeling for his reference-group standing, though it is an element that underscores his lack of object-orientation. It is illustrated by a mountain boy who recently left his city job to come back to the valley. When he was asked why, he said that he had taken a few days off when hunting season began last fall and a few more days this spring when trout season opened. The foreman fired him for being undependable. Somewhat disbelievingly, the boy said, "They wanted me to work all the time! If I can't have a little time off when I want it, then I'll just not work there." Work, in other words, is subordinate to life—a not altogether surprising outlook when we remember that work has been a source of hardship and cause of drudgery for the mountain man, with few rewards to soften it. The mountaineer has rarely been able to find joy in work, though he sometimes may be proud of his prowess in a particular craft or skill. He works simply to make a living, not to pursue any object outside himself. And if he can survive through some means other than work (a welfare check or unemployment insurance), fine. This offends many of us who have been brought up on the get-up-and-go philosophy, which tells us in essence that we are supposed to live in order to work. The mountaineer is in the rather enviable position of knowing how to spend his time in other ways with friends and family.

—*Wide World.*

Kentuckian at eighty-four—"Ideas are difficult to grasp."

BUT the mountaineer is also squarely at odds with much that makes the American economic and cultural machine operate. And his problem, accordingly, cannot be solved simply by an infusion of economic power in Appalachia (though that is obviously needed). What we must have, too, is a cultural recovery, to help a people whose life is not organized in a way that will fit into the structure of modern society. The lack of goals on the part of young people and adults who are person-oriented, the "keep things the way they are" influence of the reference group, are anachronisms in our society and must at least be tempered—carefully tempered—before the mountaineer can become a contributing member of the total society.

We had better admit right now that this process is not going to be easy and it is not going to be quick. To be sure, money is a start, and we have made some good beginnings in Appalachia. The region itself seems to be coming awake to its needs, though it is disturbing to see how many persons within Appalachia still refuse to see or admit that there are any problems. My own fear is that we shall grow weary of our well-doing, that the nation will soon tire of its concern for Appalachian problems. If this happens, we shall have done no real good at all. The basic problem is the human problem of the culture, and short, massive aid cannot bring about a cure. Just to make a real beginning, we must be prepared to invest our energies for a generation. I hope we have the sense to work hard and be patient.

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We Can Solve the Vietnam Dilemma

By SENATOR GEORGE McGOVERN

IT NOW APPEARS that the United States is faced with the distinct possibility of a major land war in Asia. Seventy-five thousand U.S. troops are already there, and it is reported that this number may reach 200,000 by the end of the year and perhaps many more than that by next spring. That would be a force on the scale of that in the Korean War, with the added dimension of a much more elusive enemy. We do not know whether or not such a major American campaign would draw in the main body of the North Vietnam army—a well-equipped, disciplined force of 350,000 men. If that army were to become involved in the war in the South, a much larger commitment of American forces—perhaps 1,000,000 men—would be required if our side were to prevail. Also unpredictable is the reaction of China and Russia. Neither do we know what kind of political system would emerge even if we were somehow able to wear down the guerrillas and their allies.

We are talking here, however, of a major war involving thousands of American casualties, the expenditure of billions of dollars, vast bloodshed and destruction for the Vietnamese people, and an uncertain outcome. There are other possible side results of such a war that may be even more serious in the long run than the war itself, including:

1. The worsening of relations between the world's two major nuclear powers, the Soviet Union and the United States.

2. The strengthening of the most belligerent leadership elements in the Communist world and the weakening of the moderate forces.

3. The growing conviction in Asia, whether justified or not, that the United States is a militaristic power with a low regard for the lives of Asians and an excessive concern over other people's ideologies and political struggles.

4. The derailment of efforts toward world peace and the improvement of life in the developing countries, to say nothing of its impact on our own hopes for a better society.

The proponents of a large U.S. military effort in Vietnam base their case on the "domino theory" and their fear of the "paper tiger" charge.

The domino theory, first propounded by the late John Foster Dulles more than a decade ago, has been the guiding light of the foreign policy establishment ever since. According to this theory, if South Vietnam goes Communist, this will topple Thailand or Cambodia, which will then topple Burma, Malaysia, and so on through the list of Asian powers including the Philippines, India, Pakistan, Australia, New Zealand, and Japan. It is not always made clear whether the dominoes are expected to fall because of Chinese aggression or because each country in turn infects its neighbor with the virus of Communism. Be that as it may, as the theory goes the United States must stand firm in South Vietnam, no matter what the cost, to prevent the dominoes from falling.

The related paper tiger theory holds that unless the United States stands firm, we will lose face in the eyes of Asians and American power in the Pacific will collapse. This was the rationale that led Mr. Dulles and President Eisenhower to take up the French mantle after France was expelled from French Indochina by Ho Chi Minh in 1954 and offer U.S. aid to President Diem to build an anti-Communist barrier in South Vietnam. Despite the fact that numerous governments have come and gone in Saigon since the fall of Diem in 1963, we have been holding on to that bastion at a steadily mounting cost ever since, until today we stand on the brink of a major land war in Asia.

The questions now before us are: Do we continue to accelerate the struggle toward a major war? Or do we call it off and withdraw our forces? Or do we consolidate our present position, keep our casualties at a minimum, and hold out indefinitely for a negotiated settlement?

I strongly recommend the third course. I urge that we stop the bombing attacks in both North and South Vietnam. Bombing is largely ineffective in a guerrilla war and more often than not kills the wrong people. We should also stop the jungle land skirmishes that subject our soldiers to ambush. Instead, let us consolidate our troops in a holding action in the cities and well-defended enclaves along the coast. We can hold the cities and the coastal enclaves with few casualties and with little likelihood that the Vietcong will attack frontally. Such a plan would provide a haven for anti-Communist, pro-government citizens, including the religious groups. It would demonstrate that we are not going to be pushed out, thus giving consolation to those who hold the "domino theory" and fear the "paper tiger" label. We would be keeping our commitment to the various governments in Saigon. It is the best device for saving both lives and political face—the two most sensitive factors to be considered now.

Furthermore, it is based on the realities of the present political and military map of Vietnam. While we are in control of the cities and the coast, the guerrillas control most of the rural and village areas. To dislodge them would be to destroy in the process thousands of the innocent civilians we are trying to save.

A recent news report described the despair of American officers who arrived in the village of Bagia, which our forces had recaptured from the Vietcong after three days of U.S. bombing and machine gun and rocket attacks. What the officers found were weeping women holding their dead children or nursing their wounds and burns. The village church and the school had been destroyed; the people who had been considered pro-government were filled with bitterness toward their rescuers. Meanwhile, the handful of Vietcong guerrillas had melted into the jungle and were never found. Surveying the human tragedy in this village an American officer said, "This is why we're going to lose this stupid damn war. It's senseless, just senseless."

A policy of restricting our military efforts in Vietnam to a holding action in the cities and the coastal enclaves would avoid this kind of self-defeating jungle warfare. We can supply, feed, and defend the urban and coastal areas with a modest effort and minimum loss of life. This is a strategy that calls primarily for restraint and patience until such time as the Vietcong get it through their heads that we will not be pushed out. I have been critical of our unilateral Vietnam involvement, and I think the original commitment and its acceleration was a mistake. But we made the commitment, and I would be prepared to support the kind of holding action outlined here for as many years as is necessary to reach an acceptable settlement of the struggle.

Such a policy, involving political patience and military restraint, requires that we put the issue of Vietnam in more reasonable perspective. We must stop

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The author is a U.S. Senator from South Dakota. His article is adapted from a July 27 speech in the Senate.

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talking about it as though the honor of America and our stature in the world depended upon South Vietnam. Our top officials ought to quit preaching that the fate of the human race and the cause of all mankind centers in Saigon. In the first place, it isn't true. American military power in the Pacific is largely in the firepower and maneuverability of our Seventh Fleet plus our island air bases. That enormous firepower, the mightiest military force in the Pacific, will remain no matter what goes on in Vietnam.

Secondly, exaggerated talk, front-page news reports of bombing missions, B-52 raids, and daily jungle forays focus excessive public attention on the Vietnamese issue both at home and abroad. This diverts attention from much more important issues related to our national interest, such as the strengthening of the Atlantic Community, the Alliance for Progress in Latin America, Soviet-American relations, the control of nuclear weapons, and other steps toward peace that promise a better life for the people of the earth. It also wastes energy and talent and planning that we need to concentrate on such crucial countries in Asia as India and Japan.

Furthermore, the constant talk about American honor resting on the future of Vietnam is a hazardous political foundation for the Administration. It invites the American people and the world to watch most closely the very area where the chances of a happy outcome are most questionable. This not only distorts an issue of secondary importance beyond its real significance, but it is poor diplomacy and even poorer politics. If we keep insisting that the image of America in the world depends on the politicians and generals of Saigon, we are going to be in bad shape.

President Johnson has a legislative and administrative record that is virtually unprecedented in American history. It ought to be the pride of our country and the envy of the world. But unless members of the foreign policy establishment who do not have to face the electorate quit making Vietnam the top concern of the Administration, they will create grave political hazards for a great President and his supporters in the Congress—to say nothing of weakening our country in the eyes of the world.

The Korean War, rightfully or not, destroyed the confidence of millions of Americans in the peace-keeping capacity of the Truman Administration. General Eisenhower capitalized on that anxiety and wrecked the Presidential bid of Governor Stevenson by pledging to go to Korea and negotiate a settlement. Those opposition politicians such as the minority leader of the House who are now urging the President to step up the bombing attacks may be speaking with sincere motives. But it is not without passing interest that President Johnson rolled up a landslide victory over Senator Goldwater last fall in considerable part because the overwhelming majority of Americans favored the policy of restraint advocated by the President. The voters rejected Senator Goldwater's prescription for bombing raids and a stepped-up war in Vietnam. It is hardly a political favor to the President at this point to urge him to appease the minority and disappoint the majority by a still larger war effort. Yet recent public opinion polls indicate that the minority who supported Senator Goldwater last fall are more pleased with our accelerating war effort in Vietnam than is the majority who voted so enthusiastically for the President.

Stopping the bombing raids and the daily battles in the jungles, quietly consolidating and holding the enclaves along the coast and in the cities, and reducing the number of exaggerated statements about the importance of Vietnam—these steps will help to quiet much of the clamor and publicity associated with the issue and put it in a more reasonable perspective.

The beneficial results of such a policy of moderation and restraint, combined with patience and firmness, are these:

► It will demonstrate to friend and foe alike that we have the staying power to keep our commitments without needless fanfare and bloodshed.

► It will enable us to conduct our commitment according to the guidelines that are most practical for us rather than playing the game according to guerrilla rules that include the jungle ambush.

► It will take the Russians out of a dilemma that is pressing them back into a more belligerent alliance with the Chinese.

► It will ease the pressures on such friendly allies as the Wilson government in Britain.

► It will remove much of the diplomatic and political hazard for the Administration both at home and abroad.

► It will reduce the necessity of calling up our Reserves and stepping up the draft, while saving countless millions of dollars that can be used to improve our society and our economy.

► It will reduce the danger of World War III and improve the chances for further steps toward peace.

► Most significant of all, it is the practical way of saving political face while at the same time holding to a minimum the loss of human life—the lives of our soldiers and the Vietnamese people.

"If the tourist trade gets any worse, Existentialism will be doomed."

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

Resnik as a Regal *Pique Dame*—Freni

AS THE LAST new production to be presented by the Metropolitan Opera in its present home, Tchaikovsky's *Pique Dame* could be the summation of many things—experience, judgment, taste, even quality. It turns out, however, to be the summation of what has been at fault with a number of works as unfamiliar to the recent repertory as this one: no central authority from which a style flows, taking in not only conductor Thomas Schippers, designer Robert O'Hearn, and stage director Henry Butler, but almost all the performers save the regal Regina Resnik as the Countess, from whom the present version takes its title of *Queen of Spades*.

Putting on *Pique Dame* in immediate succession to the Barrault-Dupont-Prêtre *Faust*, placed it at a disadvantage in more than one way. It did not possess anything like the same human resources, and those it had did not seem to be ready for public scrutiny and critical evaluation. On balance, however, what was best about the production would have been even better a few days or a week later, but what was at fault could not have been improved very much.

This was all to be regretted, for *Pique Dame*, which has not been performed at the Metropolitan in decades, is a more stimulating work than the better-known *Eugene Onegin*. This is not so much a matter of what, but when. It does not suggest that Tchaikovsky, in the twelve years that separated them, had mastered the art of writing operas (as Puccini had, by the middle of *Manon Lescaut*), but, rather, that he had developed other resources that served him almost as well. It chanced to be written immediately after what many consider to be his finest work in any form—the *Sleeping Beauty* ballet score—and Tchaikovsky carried over into *Pique Dame* many of the same melodic impulses, orchestral resources, and gifts of characterization. This alone makes *Pique Dame* something to hear and rehear whenever possible.

Not too much of this emerged from the musical outline drawn by Schippers or in the vocalizing of Jon Vickers as the unhappy hero Gherman, Teresa Stratas as the irresolute heroine Lisa, or any of the others save the redoubtable Resnik. Even the version that was used was open to question, for it eliminated a cheerful chorus of children in the first act and another interlude in Act II which also makes for a welcome touch of lightness amid the prevailing gloom. The mere fact that Tchaikovsky knew what he was doing when he wrote these episodes counted for little, apparently, against the "convenience" of using a version previously performed (by official word) in San Francisco.

Whether this also affected the scenic conception of O'Hearn is hard to say, but it probably did. Altering the first scene from its proper place "In a park" prompted him to create, instead, a pavilion whose pillars and arches provided a frame for all that followed. With some scenes it worked fairly well: with others, such as the barracks and the embankment of the Neva, it was plainly out of place. Most damaging of all in this heavy, brooding scheme was the lack of flexibility: scene changes were slow, causing a forecurtain with a card motif to be lowered and raised six or eight times during the performance, and also disrupting Tchaikovsky's intent of immediately following the doleful conclusion of Scene I with the bright, cheerful episode in Lisa's room, or the gayety of the ball with the gloom of the Countess's quarters. By the time the change was affected, the prior mood was all but dissipated.

Thus the performers were contending not only with the creation of believable characters, but also against the disadvantage of unsuitable surroundings. Some, no doubt, will like the heavy, Early Imperial opulence with which O'Hearn has dressed the stage. My complaint is with the way it didn't work. For such a characterization as Resnik's of the Countess (who might have been the prototype of her Baroness in *Vanessa*) it didn't matter. She was "in" the part from the moment she first stalked on the stage, the ugly wreck of a beautiful woman, topped by a mighty wig, even beyond the moment of her striking death scene, when she reappears as a "spirit." What she had to sing (including the air borrowed from Gretry's *Coeur de Lion*) she sang beautifully, with poise, authority, and a relevant kind of vocal quality.

By and large, these were the qualities most lacking in the work of her younger associates: Teresa Stratas as Lisa, Jon Vickers as Gherman, Rosalind Elias as Pauline, William Walker as Prince Yeletsky, and the new John Reardon as Tomsky. Each had sound reason for being chosen to perform the part enumerated, but each needed much more molding and shaping than Schippers provided. Vickers, for example, poured out sound in abundance, but too much of it was of the same timbre as his Siegmund. A little more shading, nuance, and coloration would have been much to his, and Tchaikovsky's, advantage. The diminutive Stratas qualifies as a believable Lisa in physique and age, but she does not, as yet, project the vocal "presence" to support so prominent a part. Or perhaps it would be more accurate to say that it was not drawn out of her, any more by Butler's superficial direction than it was by Schippers's too metronomic, insufficiently flexible conducting. A bigger voice than Reardon's would have been useful in his big scene in the first act, but he performed capably at this debut. A good sound could be credited also to Gene Boucher, another newcomer, as the Master of Ceremonies. The ballet interlude on the subject of *The Faithful Shepherd* provided by Alicia Markova for the ball in Act II will doubtless count for more when it is better performed than it did at this first showing.

What struck me as most remiss in this effort with *Pique Dame* was the lack of awareness that the big love theme of Act I, which is heard three times with increasing urgency, might accompany a great *pas d'action* in a ballet, as the duet of Yeletsky and Lisa in Act II might be a *pas de deux*, or the aria of Gherman in Act III might be a long solo for a male dancer. I don't cite this as a key to the musical "secret" of *Pique Dame* anymore than the formula delivered by the ghost of the Countess was the "secret" of the card trick. But it is two-thirds correct, which is more, by much, than the musical solution provided by Schippers.

MIRELLA FRENI'S debut as Mimi in the season's first performance of *La Bohème* qualified her for inclusion among a small but distinguished group of Metropolitan notables—those who have sounded even better in the large theater than they have in some smaller ones abroad. She belongs to the small or Bori-Albanese-Sayo kind of Mimi, which takes in eloquence and credibility as well as vocal distinction.

Like them, Freni dresses the part simply, acts it with unaffected sincerity, and ventures nothing not sanctioned by the score. Her first act reached a proper climax of artistry in a beautifully controlled "Mi chiamano Mimi" but the quality was a little spread and edgy. It was better focused in Act II, on the way to an "Addio" in Act III which was full, resonant, and affecting. Here is a singer who should have years of success before her, a good part of them, let it be hoped, in New York.

With her as Rodolfo was Gianni Raimondi with whom she has often sung at La Scala. His is not a sound distinguished by richness or warmth, but it is very well produced, with a secure top

(*Continued on page* 73)

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Saturday Review

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Report on the Earthmen

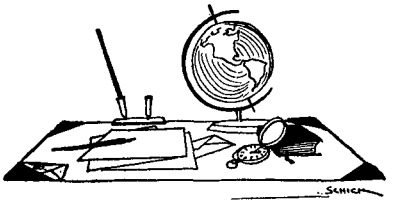
THIS PAST JULY, an earthmade vehicle arrived in the vicinity of Mars after a long leap across the universal emptiness. The purpose of the journey was to shatter the privacy of Mars and take away some intimate impressions. More particularly, there was hope that direct scrutiny would reveal the existence of life, sentient or otherwise, on that planet.

Unfortunately, the intrusion has confirmed none of the hopes. The evidence seems conclusive that Mars lacks the conditions to support life in any form. More melancholy still are the indications that life in the solar system is confined to the planet Earth. Indeed, the expedition to Mars supports the conclusion that life in the universe is far rarer than had been supposed. Such being the case, it might be supposed that the message about Mars would have touched off all sorts of exuberant celebrations among the earth-dwellers over their possession of the rarest prize in creation. For it is only reasonable to expect that an enlarged awareness of the uniqueness of the human estate should have produced vast outpourings of joy and thanksgiving.

Not so. Not only have there been no discernible expressions of pride in the phenomenal fact of life, but the earthmen have been preoccupied with enterprises that make life increasingly cheap and precarious. In the three months since the report about Mars, the agglomerations of units that go by the name of sovereign nations have not only failed to exalt life but they have been putting increased energies into fashioning the means for diminishing and extirpating it. There is now stockpiled in the earthman's arsenals the equivalent of 28,000 pounds of destructive force for every privileged possessor of the life gift on earth. Some of the national agglomerations, in fact, have been energetically brewing virulent disease germs and other organic substances that can invade the vital organs of individual humans, producing convulsions or other forms of intense suffering beyond the reach of the constructive sciences to cure or allay.

The national agglomerations are in a condition of constant anarchy and unrest in their relationships with one another, unwilling to accept any check on their ability to deform, disfigure, or destroy human life. These agglomerations have painstakingly defined acceptable conduct for the individuals under their control but they exempt themselves from such rules of conduct in their affairs with other agglomerations. They are now moving with considerable speed in the direction of an assault on the totality of the earthman's civilization.

These activities of the agglomerations have had the effect of diverting useful energies that might otherwise go into the making of what could be a rather splendid existence for the species. Second only in importance to the preciousness of life is the potential capability of the earth-dwellers to employ the bounty at their disposal for enhancing the beauty and meaning of life. Only a minute fraction of the capability, however, has been employed. This fact has never been satisfactorily explained.



Equally inexplicable is the insistence of the earthmen on impairing their own well-being by shutting out large portions of the sky with their massive hives, squeezing themselves into hideously compressed areas and covering the fecund soil with tar and cement and other hard substances that kill off vital growth. And nothing is more characteristic of the earthmen than their custom of spewing vast quantities of garbage and poisons into air and water. There is apparently no understanding that air and water constitute not just the greatest wealth of the earthmen but the irreplaceable key to their kingdom.

In this connection, it may be observed that the earth-dwellers take great pride in mastering the secrets of nature, but this knowledge has not produced any increased respect for the requirements of nature or man's place in it.

The ability of the humans to instruct their young is especially worthy of attention. More emphasis is given to ways of doing things than to the significance of what is being done. Techniques of speed and acceleration are put ahead of knowledge concerning the effects of the acceleration or the way in which the effects can be managed. There is an astounding penetration into highly differentiated areas of knowledge but no corresponding comprehension of what happens at the points where these areas of knowledge converge.

THE one subject in education that the earthmen have hardly touched is the most important subject of all—a proper appreciation of the uniqueness of human life. Education here tends to be diagrammatic and categorical, opening up no sluices in the human imagination on the wonder or beauty of their unique estate in the cosmos. Little wonder that it becomes so easy for the young of the earthmen to regard human hurt casually or to be uninspired by the magic of sensitivity.

One must allow, however, for the possibility that the earthmen may know what they are doing. For if they ever really developed a total awareness of he preciousness of life, or comprehended the depth of its possibilities, they would spend all their time celebrating the majesty of it and would have no time to do any of the things they have to do. N. C.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Tribute to Greatness

N.C.'s EDITORIAL "What Matters About Schweitzer," in your memorial issue of September 25, was finely written, a touching tribute to a man who revealed to us what it really means to be a human being. N.C. wrote, "We live in a time when people seem afraid to be themselves, when they seem to prefer a hard, shiny exterior to the genuineness of deeply felt emotion." This is the age of pseudo-sophistication, and sophistication and success have somehow become synonymous. The critics of a man like Schweitzer fail to realize that all great men are overtly simple to a large degree, perhaps to counterbalance their complex minds.

The message of Albert Schweitzer is that he aspired toward his ideals of moral responsibility while too many of us sat back in the conformity of the times, keeping moral responsibility at a safe distance. . . .

L. A. CAMPBELL.

Jacksonville, Fla.

THANK YOU for your special issue dedicated to Albert Schweitzer. Professor Pelikan's comments in his article on Schweitzer as "Theologian and Thinker" are so pertinent that I should like to add a footnote in the form of an anecdote. It gives a hint of Schweitzer's own concept of his standing as a theologian, and his death releases me from a promise not to tell the story so long as he lived.

In October 1950 I visited Lambaréné in response to an invitation from *le grand docteur*. I went not only to see him and his hospital on the banks of the Ogové River, but also, as a Harper editor, hopefully to persuade him to release for immediate publication his manuscript, *The Kingdom of God*. (This effort was highly unsuccessful since he had already decided that the book should wait for posthumous publication.)

One evening we discussed theology in his dusky room, lighted only by kerosene lamps. I had that afternoon finished reading proofs of his introduction to *The Theology of Albert Schweitzer for Christian Inquirers*, by E. M. Mozley, and made some comment to Schweitzer as to his own standing among theological scholars. Suddenly he turned to me and said that he would tell me a story if I promised not to repeat it while he was alive. "Cut out your tongue before you do!" he commanded as he stuck out his own and made a scissors motion across it with two fingers. Then he told this story:

"Recently in Europe I was discussing theology with a friend as we have been talking here tonight. After a while, perhaps to close the discussion, my friend said he supposed that Karl Barth was our greatest living theologian.

"Perhaps so," I replied. "But Barth can't play the organ."

EUGENE EXMAN.

Barnstable, Mass.

AFTER BEING A SUBSCRIBER for eight or nine years I think it is about time I wrote a "fan" letter. What pushed me over the brink on this day in particular is the issue about Albert Schweitzer. It is a fine distillation of his life, his work, and his thought. N.C. says it so well: "He was willing to make the ultimate sacrifice for a moral principle." In these words he sums up all the thousands of words that have been or will be written about Schweitzer.

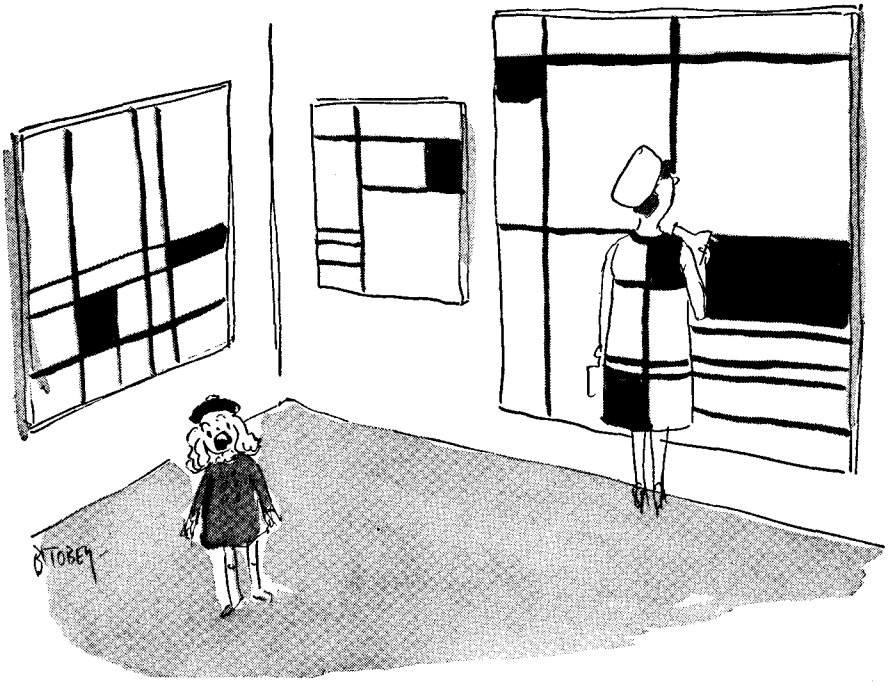
MARJORIE C. POSNER.

San Francisco, Calif.

I WANT TO EXPRESS my deep appreciation for your editorial tribute to Albert Schweitzer. It seems to me the finest tribute yet to appear concerning him. . . . We are ever in the debt of those persons who give to the rest of us moving and articulate expressions of tribute to great men. Words such as those you have given us in your editorial enable us to draw more abundantly from their lives.

(The Rev.) HERBERT G. HOBBS,
Princess Ann Plaza
Methodist Church.

Virginia Beach, Va.



"Mommy! Where are you?"

Truth and Trivia

YOUR JOHN CIARDI is a Man! I cherish the ruthlessness with which he pries for the buried kernel of truth. He allows no transient emotion to befuddle his consistently cerebral probings. (Even his bland rejections of insipid verse mindlessly submitted are in the interest of truth.)

But passion he does have, and it shows nobly in his discussion of the sick Marquis de Sade [*SR*, Sept. 18]. When Ciardi contrasts the madness of Sade and other literary madmen with the madness of our "doctors of scientific destruction" and asks, "What evil could the madmen claim as their own without finding it a triviality as compared to the savagery the world has endured in the name of reason and progress and legitimate national aspiration?" echo answers: what indeed?

BRUCE BERMAN.

Bethesda, Md.

As this issue went to press, $15,670.66 had been contributed by *SR* readers to the fund to rebuild the village of Cam Ne in South Vietnam. Names of contributors appeared in the issues of September 25 and October 9; additional names will be published next week. Other readers wishing to make donations may do so by writing to: Editor's Office, *Saturday Review*, 380 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017.

Texas in the Twenties

FRANK H. WARDLAW'S ARTICLE "They Never Left Texas" [*SR*, Sept. 18] has the real flavor of the University of Texas in the Twenties, when I was a student there. Dr. Webb I knew only by sight. Roy Bedichek I cherished, especially those sardonic eyebrows with which he commiserated with the vagaries of man. Twice I was in the home of the Dobies, once when they entertained the student-faculty writing club, the Scribblers, once when fellow Scribbler John Canaday and I went over for an evening visit.

Howard Mumford Jones also taught at Texas in those years, and in the Forties Mr. Jones spent a night with us. All the time I was cooking dinner he sat in the kitchen with me, asking question after question about dozens of characters on the campus two decades before. "I always wanted to write a novel about the University of Texas in the Twenties," he said, "and it should be done; the trouble is that no one would believe it."

MIRIAM BROWN KEELER.

Charleston, S. C.

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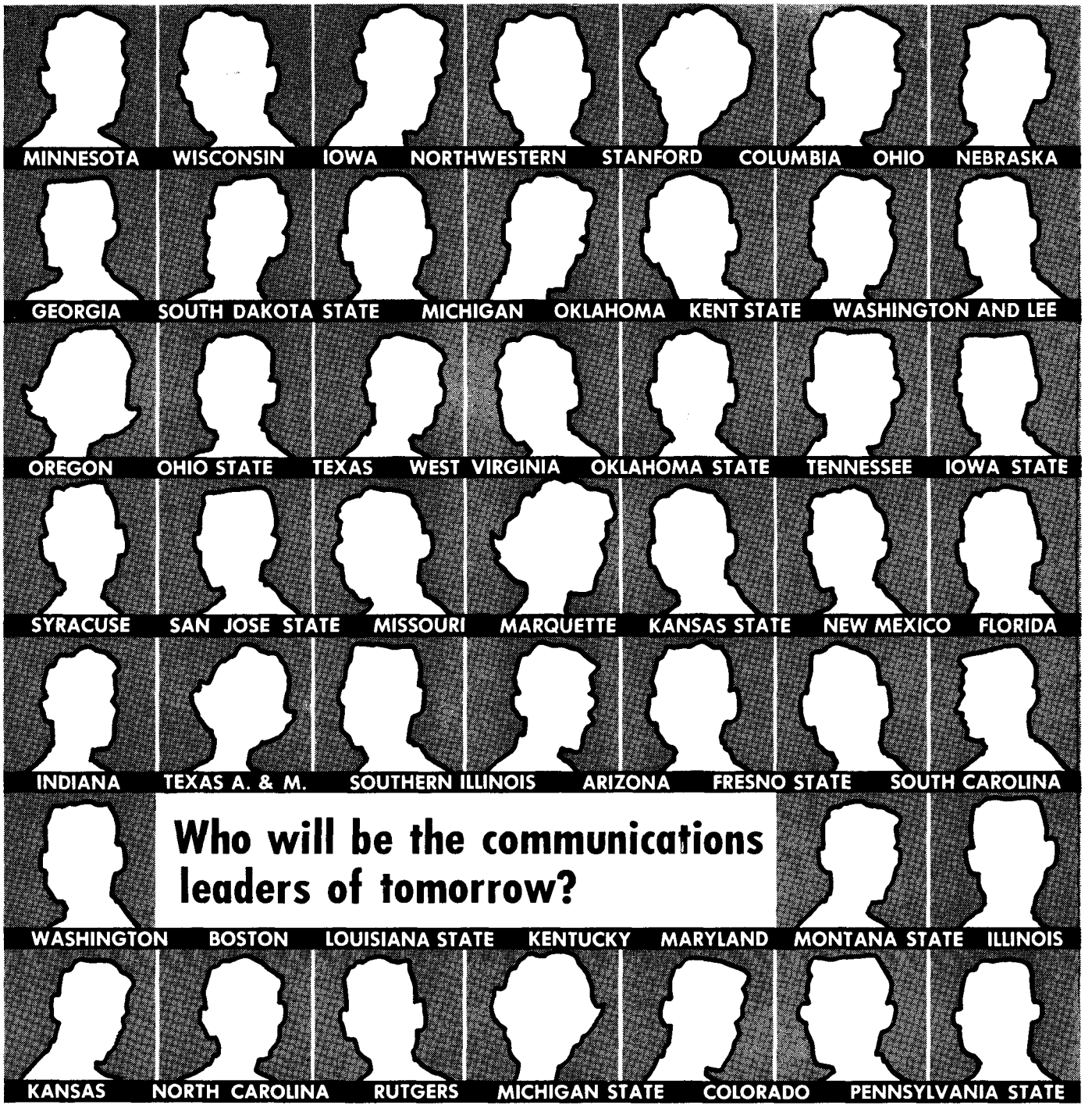


Who will be the outstanding junior at each of the nation's approximately 50 accredited schools of journalism during the 1965-66 school year?

Whoever it is, that student — at each school — will receive a $400 award at the beginning of his or her senior year (1966-67) under terms of a new $100,000 journalism scholarship program sponsored by the Minneapolis Star and the Minneapolis Tribune. The scholarships will be granted to the schools for a minimum of five years. Following are just a few of the many responses to the offer of the scholarships:

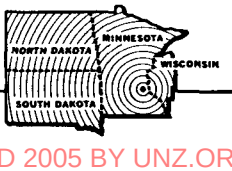
"No other scholarship program in journalism has been launched on so large and so generous a scale." — Theodore Peterson, Dean, College of Journalism and Communications, University of Illinois.

"Your significant program will be a great boost to journalism education in an area of real need." — Baskett Mosse, Executive Secretary, Accrediting Committee, American Council on Education for Journalism.

"This tangible support of journalism education is one of the more important contributions made by any newspaper in recent years."—Clifford F. Weigle, Executive Head, Department of Communication, Stanford University.

Prime reason for the program: To encourage young people with keen, inquisitive minds to enter careers in journalism because newspapers are the basic communications medium in our increasingly complex world.

MINNEAPOLIS STAR EVENING



Minneapolis Tribune MORNING SUNDAY

JOHN COWLES, *President*

670,000 SUNDAY 510,000 COMBINED DAILY

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LITERARY HORIZONS

A Hard Journey to Jordan

MURIEL SPARK, one of the most accomplished, versatile, and entertaining of contemporary British novelists, has appeared to be an authority on a variety of subjects, such as smuggling, spiritualism, and the education of young ladies. In *The Mandelbaum Gate* (Knopf, $5.95), a long and consistently interesting novel about Jerusalem in 1961, the year of the Eichmann trial, she emerges as an expert on the relations between Jews and Arabs, the shrines of the Holy Land, and the views of the Roman Catholic Church on divorce and remarriage.

Instead of plunging into the middle of things, as some of her novels have done, *The Mandelbaum Gate* begins with a rather leisurely introduction of its principal characters. At the outset there is Freddy Hamilton, returning from the Jordanian part of Jerusalem, where he has spent a pleasant weekend with English friends, to the Israeli section, in which he lives and carries on his diplomatic duties. Freddy, an agreeable, mild-mannered man, who has had a "subdued, obedient career" in the British Foreign Service, is aware of the tensions that can be felt at the famous gate through which he passes on his return journey, but has kept himself quite aloof from them.

In the hotel in which he lives is an Englishwoman, a former schoolteacher, Barbara Vaughan. Like Miss Spark, Barbara is half-Jewish, and, again like the author, she is a convert to Roman Catholicism. (Beyond that point, so far as I know, no close parallels can be drawn.) Barbara has come to the Holy Land on a pious pilgrimage to the great shrines, and she is also hoping to see her fiancé, Harry Clegg, an archeologist working in the Dead Sea area. Barbara, who is attracted to Freddy in a way but finds him objectionably bland, breaks out against him with a quotation from the Book of Revelation: "I know of thy doings, and find thee neither cold nor hot; cold or hot, I would thou wert one or the other." Whatever else may be said of Barbara Vaughan, she is not lukewarm.

Several Arabs figure in the story. Joe Ramdez, businessman, secret agent, blackmailer, and procurer, stands constantly in the background, pulling one string after another. His son, Abdul, who is teaching Freddy Arabic, cooperates with Joe when that serves his interests, but plays his own lawless game. A blue-eyed daughter, Suzi, is equally independent. A dealer in objects of art, Alexandros, is less rascally than the other Arabs but no less inscrutable.

Barbara, naturally, wants to visit the shrines in Jordan and to see her fiancé, but there is a serious danger that, if she enters Jordan, the fact that she is half-Jewish may be discovered and she may be arrested as an Israeli spy. In spite of the danger, she passes through the Mandelbaum Gate.

At this point Miss Spark leaps ahead, and we discover that Freddy has returned to his hotel after a two days' absence about which he remembers nothing. We also learn that Barbara has vanished. The remainder of the novel, more than half of it, tells what happened during the two days, partly as reconstructed by Freddy, whose memory is slowly restored, partly as reported by other participants. After a surprising and impermanent change of heart, we find, Freddy did rather well for himself, saving Barbara from danger, exposing a colleague who is in the pay of the Arabs, and sleeping with blue-eyed Suzi, his resourceful assistant in managing Barbara's flight. A further complication is the arrival of the principal of Barbara's school, Miss Rickward, who is determined to save Barbara from her low-born fiancé and lover.

Among other things, the novel is a tale of intrigue, told with a maximum of suspense. With a variety of professional spies and a couple of lucky amateurs complicating the situation, the ironies multiply. As usual in Miss Spark's books, there are plenty of comic episodes, but in the background are racial and religious tensions not to be taken lightly.

Miss Spark is quite serious about the religious issues involved. Although Barbara is passionately in love with Harry, she feels that she cannot marry him: "she could not marry a divorced man and remain within the Church unless his marriage was in fact invalidated by the Church." And the Church has come to mean so much to her that she cannot conceive of life outside it.

Freddy, on the other hand, is as perfunctory about religion as about most matters. "He was not, anyway, a very religious man. He entertained a patriotic belief in God, but since his youth he had been to church about as seldom as he had been to Buckingham Palace. However, he disapproved of letting young chaps into the Foreign Service who openly professed to have no religion at all. A security risk, Freddy felt decidedly." He is neither hot nor cold.

In the end it turns out that Harry's

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marriage can be annulled and that Barbara can marry him and stay in the Church. (Ironically, it is Miss Rickward who in her determination to prevent the marriage makes it possible.) But before she knows that she can eat her cake and have it too, Barbara has decided to be married anyway. "The only point at issue," she tells Harry over the telephone, "is whether we can get married by the Church or not, that's to say, whether I'm going to have peace of mind for the rest of my life or not." But she is willing to sacrifice peace of mind for love.

In most of her novels Miss Spark introduces a Catholic moral, never obtrusively, never irrelevantly, but quite firmly. In *The Mandelbaum Gate*, however, the heroine places human love above orthodoxy, and Miss Spark seems to approve of her decision. The novel appears to have been written in praise of life. Timid Freddy's brief and inexplicable rebellion, during which he opens his arms to experience, brings him an unfamiliar happiness. ("I never noticed him so happy before," Barbara says to Suzi.) Even the more or less nefarious members of the Ramdez family are admired for their vitality. I wonder what Catholic critics, who have had so much to say in praise of Miss Spark's earlier novels, will think about this one.

At any rate, it seems to me, all critics must agree about Miss Spark's mastery of the novel as a form. Her characters, always sharply defined, appear to move of their own volition, while she invites us to join her in watching them. Knowing all there is to be known about them, she lets the reader into this mind or that in whatever way serves to achieve the maximum of clarity and the highest possible degree of dramatic effect. Her skill makes this book, like its predecessors, a pleasure to read. —GRANVILLE HICKS.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 1158

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1158 will be found in the next issue.

QWGKQ CT WISQRNJRPDJ, CINR-

DNWDRPDJ, RIM CIHJNSCKWT.

GRQFKS RTOWCSE

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1157

The line between criticism and inducements to hate is not always clear and neat. —MORRIS L. ERNST.

LETTERS TO THE Book Review Editor

Racism in London

IN HIS REVIEW of *Letters from Jack London*, edited by King Hendricks and Irving Shepard (*SR*, Sept. 25), Earle Labor makes the astonishing statement that: "Jack London was a crusading Socialist with enough common sense to perceive inequalities among races as well as individuals . . . ." Even in London's time anthropologists like Franz Boas and others were disproving the myth about inequalities of races, and to repeat this in 1965 is certainly a sad comment on a man who is described as Chairman of Humanities at Adrian College.

But aside from this, Professor Labor is much too kind to London. He was, indeed, a "crusading Socialist" as I have amply demonstrated in my book, *Jack London: American Rebel*. But he was also a racist, a man whose magnificent work for the Socialist cause was weakened by his white supremacist ideology. Here and there, Jack London forgot his racism and showed appreciation for the contributions of darker-skinned people, but ordinarily he held them in contempt, idealized the blond white Nordic peoples, and towards the end of his life, was preaching ideas which could very effectively be utilized by the Southern racists today. His heroes had become "the white-skinned, blue-eyed Aryan, born to government and command . . . ." (*The Little Lady of the Big House.*)

There are reasons to explain London's racist ideas, but to condone them, as does Professor Labor, is inexcusable.

PHILIP S. FONER.

Croton-On-Hudson, N.Y.

THAT LONDON, who insisted that "I am first of all a white man and only then a Socialist," shared the racist views of most American Socialists is understandable, if regrettable; Professor Labor's present concurrence is only regrettable.

ROGER DANIELS.

Los Angles, Calif.

Kick for Kirkus

IF, AS ALICE E. WOLFF says [*SR*, Sept. 18, Letters to the Book Review Editor], the Virginia Kirkus staff "is a considerably more experienced and concomitantly older one" than was indicated in David Dempsey's article [*SR*, Aug. 28] . . . then why the eternal Kirkus reach for the pun and the wisecrack, rather than the meat of the book being reviewed?

I was a Kirkus subscriber, for a year. I saw no "depth and authority" in the way the Kirkus review blasted James Michener's *The Source* . . . Since the volume in question has been the No. 1 best-seller for a few months now, the Kirkus evaluation and influence seem questionable indeed.

ALLAN R. BOSWORTH.

Roanoke, Va.

Czarist Clichés

I HAVE READ, with a great deal of interest, the review of various books on World War I by Richard L. Tobin [*SR*, Sept. 4] and I agree thoroughly with him that Mr. John Terraine's *The Great War: 1914-1918* is one of the best of the books on the subject which came out lately.

However, Mr. Terraine, as many others, has used unjustified and unsubstantiated clichés in describing Russia before the Revolution of 1917. For instance, when he writes (page 16) that Russia's mobilization was slow" and that there were "strong German influences" at the czar's court and the czarina was dangerously "pro-German" (page 189), these statements have been refuted a long time ago and not a serious historian today would make any of these accusations.

The monumental work in Russian of the late S. P. Melgunov, *The Legend of the Separate Peace* (Paris 1957), is a complete refutation of so-called "German influences" in the upper circles of the czar's court.

ALEXANDRE TARSAIDZE.

New York, N.Y.

Just Sublimation

MIGHT I SPEAK in defense of the Marquis de Sade [*SR*, Sept. 11]? The smattering of his writing to be found in the recent Grove Press edition *The Complete Justine; Philosophy in the Bedroom, and Other Writings* is hardly a recommendation for the exponent of what Lawrence, Joyce, and Miller have written of as the New Morality.

De Sade was a bisexual not a sodomite. His imprisonment lasted twenty-eight years beginning in the Bastille and ending with his death at Charenton St. Maurice Hospice. His asserted crimes, notably the affair involving Rose Keller, a common whore, gave grounds but were not the reason for his imprisonment. By *lettre de cachet* he was locked up and by intrigue of his wife's family he remained persecuted in this fashion until his death.

This man of breeding and superior intelligence had a markedly strong sexual urge. Under confinement he transferred to paper these erotic fantasies denied any other outlet and in this fashion sought to confound his enemies and find revenge for his helplessness. That his writings have survived over 150 years because of its subject matter must give us pause to reason why. That we the public shall receive these writings piecemeal is a foregone conclusion. We shall approach it much in the manner we have approached Lawrence, Miller, and Joyce. The reading public of a generation hence may be then qualified to write reviews on the works of men such as these but no one living today should even contemplate it.

M. GREY.

Philadelphia, Pa.

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The Double-Jointed Imprint

AS PUBLISHING increasingly assumes the posture, and sometimes the pose, of big business, the cost of breaking into the field goes up. One slide-rule estimate puts the figure at a quarter of a million dollars, and while this may be high for the small operator, it is probably low for the man who wants to publish big.

Just a little over two years ago this column reported on a number of beginning houses, most of them founded by young, break-away editors, which appeared to be capitalized well under the magic figure. Only one that we know of has failed, and of the remainder at least two, in terms of numbers of books published, have made noteworthy progress. Still, the risks involved in going into business for oneself, even on a golden shoestring, are such as to deter all but the most determined.

But as the established houses get bigger, they run their own risks of losing the personal touch that has always made publishing the unique enterprise it is. How to make a virtue out of two risks (that of being too big, or of being too little) is a challenge that has resulted in a new adaptation to the economic environment of the industry. The small, independent operator teams up with the large firm in a symbiotic arrangement that permits him to preserve his editorial identity without assuming the manufacturing investment and the marketing hazards of the full-fledged publisher. In return, he performs an editorial function the big houses need if they are to stay big: an adequate supply of good manuscripts.

It is this situation that has given birth to the joint imprint, in which a small operator, acting very much like an independent movie producer, puts a book together and has it published by someone else. Occasionally the principle will be carried further; in the case of the dynamic M. Hughes Miller, quite a bit further. An ex-president of Bobbs-Merrill, Miller set up Book Publishers Projects, Inc., two years ago to supply professional counsel in all phases of publishing. He has developed book clubs, inaugurated a series of childrens' books, adapted foreign reference works for American usage, and made himself useful in the field testing, marketing, and financing of book projects. He has also merged companies, and, in cases where the marriage has been unsuccessful, he has arranged for the divorce.

Not many independents spread themselves so broadly; many prefer to work with a single publisher. Hiram Haydn, for example, funnels the mss. of authors he works with into the editorial hopper at Harcourt, Brace & World, as does Helen Wolff, who with the late Kurt Wolff set up a base of operations in Switzerland. Currently, about fifteen H.B. & W. titles a year are designated "Helen and Kurt Wolff Books," and they include works by Bryher, Günter Grass, Simenon, and Joy Adamson—some of the firm's best-selling authors. In this case, Harcourt is able to tap a literary seam that had been painstakingly opened up over a period of years. For her part, Mrs. Wolff retains editorial independence and participates in sales without having to take on the headaches of publishing.

Most independents get by with very little capital, since the cooperating publisher usually puts up the author's advance, or "front money." They may or may not have an office. Until a few years ago M. Evans & Co. customized the books it put together to the needs of different publishers, thus maintaining a sort of double-jointed imprint. Then Evans zeroed in on Lippincott, and now, coming full circle, the company has decided to go it alone. Last month the *Paris Review* got into book publishing by lending its imprint, and reputation, to Doubleday. "Doubleday wants to improve its image," a confidant of *PR* explains. "At the same time, the *Review* needs financial support. It's *quid pro quo* and Doubleday has the *quids*."

Doubleday's Walter Bradbury puts it this way: "*Paris Review* has a reputation for discovering good, somewhat experimental new authors. We're counting on getting some first novels out of the arrangement— not just ordinary first novels, but the kind that carry the imprimatur of a prestige literary publication. To get the attention of book dealers —even to get reviewed—first novels need this sort of special hallmark. We're hoping, too, to get the benefit of the *Review*'s popularity in intellectual circles by using the *PR* imprint on these jointly produced books."

Review editor George Plimpton will head the magazine's scouting and screening committee, and if all goes according to plan some of the *Review*'s literary cachet will rub off on Doubleday, while Doubleday money rubs off on *PR*. If all goes even better, publishers in England, France, and West Germany will team up in a consortium, along with Doubleday,

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to give *PR* books simultaneous publication on the continent.

It is a multiple-jointed imprint that Kenneth S. Giniger is working up to *vis-à-vis* half a dozen or more established publishers. Until a year ago Giniger was president of Hawthorn Books, a company he founded (for Prentice-Hall) in 1953. As an independent producer he prefers to call himself a "publisher's publisher," and has already worked out deals with Grosset & Dunlap, Golden Press, Harper & Row, Little, Brown, Pyramid Books, and Franklin Watts for books to be published over the next two years. His authors include Allen Dulles, the late Pope John XXIII, Poppy Cannon, Sir Herbert Read, and H. V. Morton. All told, about 100 projects are in preparation, a good many of them of European origin. Giniger is probably the most peripatetic of the new breed, working with publishers in Canada, England, France, and Switzerland in an effort to get material suitable for the American market.

Giniger, like Hiram Haydn, has added something else to this galloping trend in publishing: his own colophon. This is a large G with a sapling sprouting from the middle, and it will be smuggled into Giniger-prepared books wherever feasible as a kind of personal fingerprint. (Haydn uses the sign of Scorpio, which is also his birth sign.) As with most joint imprinters, Giniger in a sense performs the function of a literary agent, lining up the right author with the right idea for the most logical publisher. Of course, this is something that publishers do themselves, but the fact that they are now going outside their own editorial departments for help is symptomatic of the intense competition for good manuscripts.

It is but a step from joint imprinting to co-publishing, and this is what McGraw-Hill is doing in an international consortium of eight publishers that will bring out the same books simultaneously in seven languages, under the collective imprint of World University Library. All books are specially written for the series, will be published both in paperback and hardcover, and must be acceptable to each member of the consortium; incredibly enough, 100 titles have already been agreed upon, and the first of them will appear in February 1966.

Publishing, whatever else you can say for it, is not standing still. The joint-imprint and co-published book may not revolutionize the business; but, in the case of the former at least, the door has been opened to the individual entrepreneur who wants the advantages of an organization man without actually having to be one. He is the outsider who can exert a certain amount of leverage on publishing simply by remaining outside. —DAVID DEMPSEY.

Record of a Visit from the Vikings

The Vinland Map and the Tartar Relation, *by R. A. Skelton, Thomas E. Marston, and George D. Painter; with a foreword by Alexander O. Vietor (Yale University Press. 269 pp. $15), analyzes material of both historical and carto-bibliographical importance, indicating as it does that Vinland was actually in Newfoundland. Samuel Thorne was chief of map information at the Army Map Service, and a consultant geographer at the Statistical Office of the U.N.*

By SAMUEL THORNE

WITHIN a year of Helge Ingstad's publication of an article in the *National Geographic Magazine* identifying an archeological site at L'Anse au Meadow on the northern tip of Newfoundland Island as the probable site of the lost Norse colony, Vinland, Yale University Press is publishing *The Vinland Map and the Tartar Relation,* a book fully as important in the history of early European travel in both America and Asia as Mr. Ingstad's discovery of authenticated Norse remains on this continent is to Norse and American archeology. R. A. Skelton states that the material was ready to go to press in February 1963; thus Ingstad's discoveries are referred to in a bibliographical postscript, but have not contributed to the form of the present study.

In October 1957, Thomas E. Marston and Alexander O. Vietor first saw in New Haven the original *Vinland Map* and a manuscript headed *"Incipit historia tartarorum,"* which were bound together. The latter, translated now as *Tartar Relation,* is compiled from material brought back by the Franciscan Friar John of Plano Carpini on his return from a papal mission to the Mongols which lasted from 1245 to 1247.

Laurence Witten, antiquarian bookseller, stated that he had bought the book from a private source in Europe. Neither the map nor the manuscript account was previously known. Although apparently both were in the same hand, wormholes in each separate item did not match, and the authenticity of the map was suspect.

In the spring of 1958 Marston acquired from a London offering a manuscript in a repaired fifteenth-century binding of Vincent of Beauvais's *Speculum Historiale* ("Mirror of History"), containing Books XXI-XXIV only. This he asked Mr. Witten to examine. Witten was shortly able to prove the *Speculum* the missing key to the *Vinland Map* and *Tartar Relation* puzzle. Wormholes in all three items showed that they had once been bound together—the map as frontispiece, next the *Speculum,* some sixty-five leaves at the beginning of which are now missing, finally the *Tartar Relation.* All three items, moreover, were in the same Rhineland bastard script. When the items had been separated, the original boards, rebacked, had been used for the *Speculum,* the two shorter manuscripts being rebound together in a slim volume.

By chance, papers which belonged together and had been long apart were thus reunited. The final benefit to the Yale Library and to scholars is easily comparable to the earlier reunion of the Malahide papers and Boswell's London Journal.

The *Speculum,* hitherto published, is not included in the present book, except for one page in facsimile to show the identity of the handwriting. The first item reproduced is the map itself, in a carefully printed facsimile of the vellum original. Even the verso has been reproduced, registered as accurately as possible on the back of the map plate.

EXAMINATION shows an untitled manuscript map of the world with hand-lettered place names and seven long legends, all in the original Latin. It is related to other pre-Columbian maps of the world in form, is proved by paleographic and other scholarly evidence to be dated *ca.* 1440, and to have been drawn in the Upper Rhineland. In general, the tripartite oikumene of Europe, Asia, and Africa is portrayed as covering much the same ground as similar contemporary maps, but the islands in the Far East appear in greater detail than usual. Most important, however, the islands of Vinland, Greenland, and Iceland appear in the North Atlantic, the first two apparently outside the normal frame of the conventionalized world map. Greenland and Iceland are portrayed almost as well as the coasts of Europe. Vinland does not resemble Newfoundland closely, but the east coast looks as if it were compiled from observation, while the west coast is conventionalized.

The Tartar Relation, like the map, is

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published in facsimile in the original Latin. There are twenty and a half pages in double columns. The reproduction is clear enough to indicate that some of the pages were vellum, others paper.

In his explanation of the *Tartar Relation*, George D. Painter writes that in April 1245 Pope Innocent IV sent Friar John de Plano Carpini, accompanied by Benedict the Pole and Ceslaus of Bohemia, on a mission to the great Mongol Khan, thus antedating Marco Polo's better publicized trip by less than thirty years. Yet the thirty years were to see many changes. Later Kublai Khan became emperor of China, turning his interests away from the West, but in 1245 the Mongols, threatening a divided Europe, were still nomadic warriors, "The Scourge of God." The Pope hoped for no less than the conversion of the Grand Khan to Christianity. But although Kuyuk employed many Nestorian Christians at his court, his answering message was that the only hope for peace was for all rulers to acknowledge Mongol suzerainty. Friar John returned to Innocent's court on November 18, 1247. In the spring of 1248 Innocent sent him to Louis IX, King of France, at Paris, urging postponement of the Seventh Crusade. Friar Vincent of Beauvais, then often at the French court, and in the process of compiling *Speculum Historiale*, seems to have acquired a manuscript copy of Carpini's *Historia Mongalorum*, including the narrative of the Carpini trip, during this visit. This he subsequently incorporated in abridged form in Book XXXII of *Speculum Historiale*, a book missing from the Yale copy.

What was the origin of the *Tartar Relation*, and how did it come to be bound up with earlier books of the *Speculum* and the *Vinland Map*? C. de Bridia, a Franciscan friar in Poland, finished writing the original manuscript of the *Relation* in July 1247, when the mission stopped on its way to Lyons. It contains no account of the journey, but much of the information supplements Carpini's account, which survives independently. Moreover, the *Vinland Map*, which purports to be an illustration of the *Speculum*, draws its Asiatic material heavily from the *Tartar Relation*.

The *Tartar Relation* has not survived in any other form, and we owe much to the unknown scribe, who, seeing its connection with parts of *Speculum*, used it as an addendum. In subsequent recopyings and rebindings the *Relation* was misplaced to the end of Book XXIV, instead of retaining its place at the end of Book XXXII.

Mr. Painter produces forty-eight pages of the text of the *Tartar Relation*, with English translation and corrected Latin original on alternate pages. There is here an excellent report on the rise to power of the Mongols under Chingis Khan and their subsequent conquests. Battles with Unipeds, dog-faced people, and other monsters of medieval folklore do not add to the considerable accuracy of the rest of the material, but probably represent a normal accretion to oral tales. The account of tribal customs and taboos is especially interesting.

In his scholarly description of the *Vinland Map* and its relationship to the manuscript of *Tartar Relation*, Mr. Skelton first examines seventeen principal world maps of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. The one that it most closely resembles is the Andrew Bianco map of 1436 prepared in Venice. But the *Vinland Map*, unlike Bianco's work, has dropped the decorative pictures found on most medieval maps.

On both, the coasts of Europe are depicted in the *portolan* style, indicating compass surveys from shipboard, but the *Vinland Map* shows a Baltic Sea oriented almost east-west.

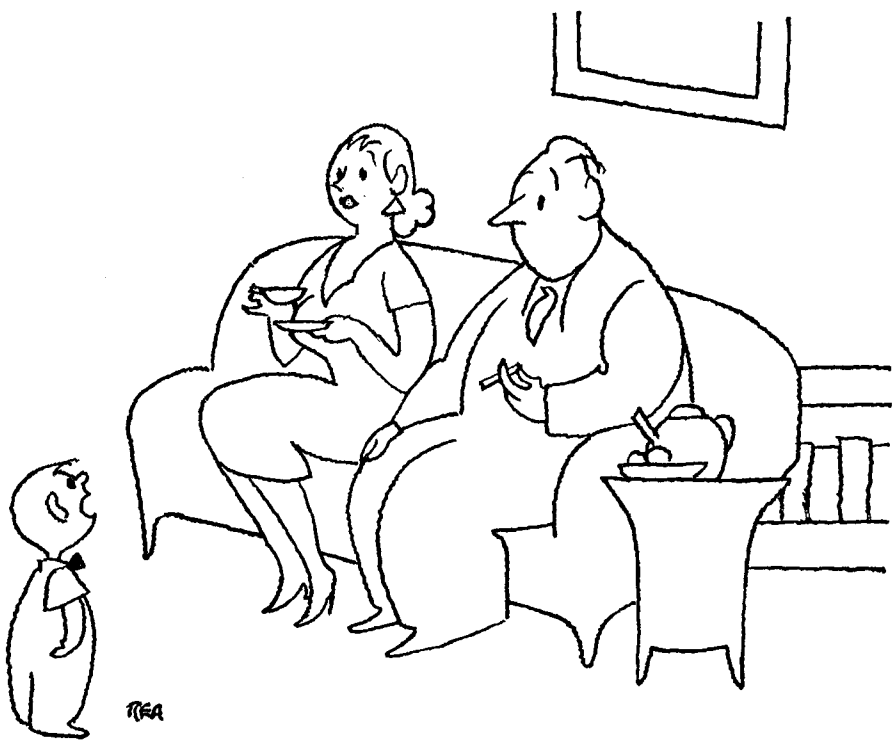
Skelton notes that the eastern extension of Asia is almost the same in both maps, but where the Venetian prototype shows a continental land mass, the *Vinland Map* has broken the area up into a "Great Sea of the Tartars" and three outer islands. The great sea is partly taken from the eastern sea described in *Tartar Relation*, partly from Bianco's misplacing of the Caspian. The islands bear some resemblance to those of Japan, but since they are not mentioned in the *Relation* there is no clue as to where the cartographer heard of them.

The whole of Asia is squeezed into a narrower space than would be indicated by the extent of Carpini's travels, while the islands in the Atlantic are exaggerated in size. Two imaginary islands of St. Brandan or Branzilia are shown quite far out, and almost due south of Greenland, yet the depiction of the coasts of Iceland and Greenland seem as well done as those of Europe.

Prior to 1410, when the last ship from Greenland reached Norway, there had been active trade between the two countries. Narwhal tusks, the horn of the unicorn, were much valued for believed magical qualities. Moreover, the white Greenland gerfalcon, which was the only bird permitted in the sanctuary during the celebration of Mass, was much in demand among the sporting of the Lords Spiritual, and brought a good price.

Skelton finds the record of an astrolabe on Greenland, and considers that observations may have been made therewith. In Ingstad's article in the *National Geographic* on Vinland ruins there is an illustration of a ship's bearing dial, reconstructed from a fragment found in an old Greenland nunnery. This operated like a small hand sundial, giving true north at noon observations, and providing a ratcheted dial on which a course indicator might be set. If we presume surveys from shipboard, might not this also have been used?

Finally, we come to the map of Vinland, "Vinlanda Insula," which is described as being discovered by Bjarni and Leif in company. The eastern shore is shown in considerable detail, there being three promontories separated by



"But if I don't ask a lot of questions, how'll I find out which ones you can answer?"

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two deep inlets. The western shore is conventionalized. Skelton points out that if the three promontories represent respectively three lands – Helluland, Markland, and Vinland—mentioned in the sagas, the name should have been more properly placed against the southernmost land, instead of to the north, where it now appears. With this I would agree; however, if we accept Ingstad's theory, the three promontories from north to south become Baffin Island, Labrador, and Newfoundland Island, respectively.

The northern point of the southern promontory bears a close resemblance to Cape Bauld at the tip of Newfoundland. The northern point of the central promontory resembles the outline of Cape Chidley in Labrador Peninsula, and the northernmost promontory corresponds closely in outline to that of Cumberland Peninsula of Baffin Island. If this identification is made then we note that there are considerable lengths of coast in between the headlands which are not shown, and we can only suppose that some kind of shorthand was used by the map compiler whereby landfalls were shown in detail and coasts in between suppressed.

Be that as it may, in Helge Ingstad's article, the map called "Westward way of the Norsemen" shows Cumberland Peninsula as the first landfall after leaving Greenland.

Of Scandinavian manuscript maps showing Vinland, Skelton reproduces two, the Sigurdur Stefansson *Map of the North, ca.* 1590, and the Hans Poulson Resen *Map of the North,* 1605, both now preserved at the Royal Library in Copenhagen. Neither of these contains such accurate delineations of Greenland and Iceland as the *Vinland Map*. Both show Vinland as a promontory in almost the same latitude as the south coast of England. The latter even shows the Vinland promontory attached to "Terra Corte Realis," an early name of Newfoundland.

A long legend above "Vinlanda Insula" refers both to Bjarni's and Leif Eriksson's discovery of the island and to Bishop Eirik Gnupsson's visit thither "in the last year of our most blessed father Pascal." Previous Icelandic records refer to this visit as occurring in 1121, but the new evidence would place it in 1117, which fits better into Greenland ecclesiastical records.

Before acknowledging the accuracy of his placing Vinland in Newfoundland, Skelton awaits Ingstad's scientific report. And while Painter does not think the *Vinland Map* may be used as evidence for the actual locations of Norse discoveries, the caption about Bishop Eirik's visit to Vinland may be accepted as historically authentic, and seems to confirm a twelfth-century Norse settlement in Vinland.

The Man Behind the Grin

—*Robert Fréson.*

Eisenhower—"a first-rate staff officer."

Waging Peace: 1956-1961, *by Dwight D. Eisenhower (Doubleday. 741 pp. $6.95), the concluding volume of the President's memoirs, mirrors a man at variance with his popular image. Ernest R. May, professor of history at Harvard, is the author of "A History of the United States," "Imperial Democracy: The Emergence of America as a Great Power," and "The Ultimate Decision: The President as Commander in Chief."*

By ERNEST R. MAY

ADMIRERS and critics of President Eisenhower have held remarkably similar views of him. Both have thought of him as a kindly, good-natured fellow with sound instincts. All but his warmest supporters concede that he was sometimes misled. Most of his detractors argue simply that he was too frequently misled. Both groups have viewed him as, in effect, an honest Harding.

This volume, *Waging Peace, 1956-1961*, completes Eisenhower's memoirs of his Presidency, *The White House Years*. Reading them, both admirers and critics will have to rethink their opinions.

What we see now is a President in whom, first of all, kindliness and good nature are hard to detect. Some fifty years hence a reader of *The White House Years* will be astonished by photographs of the famous Eisenhower grin. These two volumes have in them hardly a trace of humor or even warmth. Eisenhower devotes a chapter in *Waging Peace* to eulogy of John Foster Dulles. He praises Sherman Adams and restates his faith in Adams's character. He compliments Vice President Nixon so often that one suspects him of having 1968 in mind. But his remarks about these men have to do with their usefulness to him, not their qualities as human beings. So might Louis XIV have written of Colbert or Vauban.

IN the second place, we see in *The White House Years* a Chief Executive more on the order of Napoleon than of Harding. Here the memoirs might be incredible if one could not refer to verbatim reports of the press conferences, now published by the Government Printing Office without the *New York Times's* typesetting errors to emphasize solecisms. Rereading the reports, one sees that when Eisenhower showed ignorance or babbled he was dealing with subjects not at that moment high on the Administration's agenda. At each conference one or two topics preoccupied him. It might be the budget at one session, Berlin at another. Whatever the high-priority issue, Eisenhower would for the moment have facts, figures, and arguments at his fingertips. The press conferences and the memoirs clear up the long-standing mystery of how Eisenhower came by his Army reputation as an intellectual. He had the capacity, often found in good staff officers, of developing expertise on a subject, using it, and then forgetting it.

The memoirs show a first-rate staff officer functioning as President. One topic at a time is the target. Thus August-September 1958 is the time of Quemoy and Matsu. Little else is allowed to trouble the White House. Focusing on this one problem, the President maintains direct, decisive control of State, Defense, and CIA activities, negotiations with Congress, and even publicity. The memoirs disclose, incidentally, that Eisenhower had made up his mind to use nuclear weapons in case of conflict with China and that he was prepared to treat attack on Quemoy and Matsu as a *casus belli* unless Congress or public opinion re-

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belled. Here, as in every chapter of *Waging Peace*, one sees a President who was not at all the soft, indecisive man imagined by both friends and critics.

While one or two questions preoccupied Eisenhower, dozens more, of course, were necessarily left to others or ignored. *The White House Years* does not in any sense prove that Eisenhower's was an effective Presidency. The work does, however, reveal as myth the idea that he was an inept and helpless pawn of Dulles, George Humphrey, or other advisers. Again, the comparison that comes to mind is the *roi soleil*, certainly not a *roi fainéant*.

This comparison gains force the more closely one reads *The White House Years*. Without exception, all other Presidential memoirs show characteristics missing here. Other Presidents were awed, speculated about their worthiness, and feared making mistakes. Not Eisenhower. After his heart attack in 1955, he wondered if he would recover. A cerebral stroke in 1957 temporarily took away his power of speech, and he considered abdicating if he failed to regain it. Except on these two occasions, he seems never to have questioned his fitness for the Presidency.

NOWHERE in these volumes is there a single hint that any thought or act might have been a mistake. Eisenhower acknowledges that Dulles or Adams or others may have erred, but himself never. This is the most striking characteristic of the memoirs—that every remembered action is presented not only as right but as so clearly right that there should be no doubt or question.

One cannot read either volume of *The White House Years* with enjoyment. They have the flavor of a court chronicle such as might have been composed by James I or George III. The work is nevertheless unique in American literature and rare in world literature. It is the autobiography of an authentic monarch.

The McCarthy Craze

***Days of Shame**, by Charles E. Potter (Coward-McCann. 304 pp. $5.95), adds behind-the-scenes details to the case of Senator Joseph McCarthy vs. the U.S. Army. Nat S. Finney is Washington correspondent for the Buffalo Evening News.*

By NAT S. FINNEY

TO ANYONE still interested in the political phenomenon of McCarthyism, this new book by former Senator Charles E. Potter is must reading. It adds behind-the-scenes details to the record of the McCarthy-Army brangle, and, because the former Michigan Senator was General Eisenhower's confidant at several points, it provides insight into the Republican President's perplexity.

A degree of literal-mindedness in Senator Potter enhances the value of the "inside story" he has written. He presents it as a struggle between the Wisconsin Senator and the Department of the Army over whether G. David Schine, an intimate of Roy Cohn and a volunteer member of the McCarthy committee staff, should receive an immediate Army commission instead of being drafted. This was—one is tempted to say, believe it or not—the essential issue. Thus focused, the conflict was about arbitrary political power—the power of an individual U.S. Senator to impose his wishes on an Executive Department. David Schine, it must be noted, was not commissioned. Joe McCarthy broke his pick on that one, a fact that was crucial but too often overlooked.

Potter frames the fundamental issue in the McCarthy-Army fight with factual recitations of Joe's career: the investigation of his financial affairs; his dubious involvement in the Malmedy massacre investigation; his row with Senator Guy Gillette, and his politically curious attack on Senator Margaret Chase Smith of Maine. The Wisconsin scoundrel thus appears in Potter's book as something close to the whole man.

It is only when Potter attempts to deal with the matter of Communist infiltration of the federal establishment that he goes somewhat agley. He is clear enough in his own mind that the United States succumbed to hysteria over the subject, and his observation that Joe McCarthy never actually caught a Communist is certainly correct. Many people who knew McCarthy as well as he could be known will agree with Potter in doubting whether the Wisconsin Senator even had any personal convictions about Communism and Communists. And it would be less than fair to expect Potter to supply insights into the blight that fell upon American public affairs when questions of loyalty were plausible. It is a sorry fact that that job remains to be done.

The former Senator from Michigan deals harshly with the American press for its overemphasis on the McCarthy-Army hearings, and much that he says is deserved. Potter does not overlook the essential justification for the attention paid the unseemly brawl that kept millions of citizens seated in front of their television sets, to the neglect of chores around the house and even of responsibilities of the workaday world. What goes on in the Senate of the United States is news, and while Potter doesn't quite understand it, news must be "played" in a manner consonant with the intensity of interest in it. The former Senator's criticisms would come with a bit more grace if he had observed other participants in the general hysteria. The so-called liberal intelligentsia lost its rudder rather shamefully.

There is, moreover, one aspect of Potter's commentary upon the atmosphere surrounding the McCarthy-Army hoorah that merits repetition of Ben Hecht's observation about President Woodrow Wilson at the Versailles Treaty conference: "He was like a man bolting out of a bawdy house screaming for a glass of lemonade." The bawdy house in McCarthy vs. Army was the United States Senate and television, and the Senate, which invited television coverage, was itself totally responsible. Potter intimates he is aware of this, but his esteem for the "upper body" of Congress turns him gentle with the only culprit that could be taken to the woodshed. And, like any politician one could name, he is not about to tangle with television.

Potter ends his book with a chapter suggesting that the rage which swept the country when Joe McCarthy was on the loose is not likely to repeat itself. He leans upon some weak reeds in approaching this conclusion: he doubts that the American press would lend itself to another such contagion, and ventures a guess that public opinion has become more sophisticated. What escapes the author are the ugly facts that democracy can hardly operate when opponents have a genuine basis for questioning each other's loyalty, and that free-world polity has not yet reached the end of an epoch in which authoritarians are out to make things difficult.

—*Wide World.*

Gib Crockett's version of the mountain of testimony as it appeared in the Washington *Star*.

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He Questioned All the Answers

Montaigne: A Biography, *by Donald M. Frame (Harcourt, Brace & World. 408 pp. $10), takes a comprehensive view of the life, works, and influence of the Renaissance essayist and humanist. Robert J. Clements's latest book, "The Poetry of Michelangelo," will be published this month.*

By ROBERT J. CLEMENTS

THE *Société des Amis de Montaigne,* if not the next *Congrès international des études Montaignistes,* had best prepare new accolades for Professor Donald Frame, who has now surpassed his own previous important volumes (*Montaigne in France, 1812-52* and *Montaigne's Discovery of Man*) with what is surely the best modern biography of the Gascon essayist. It was also Frame who rivaled Florio's classic translation of the *Essays* with his *Complete Works of Montaigne.* If Professor Frame has had a vast fund of research to exploit, such as that of Plattard, Villey, Strowski, Thibaudet, and a multitude of detail-threshers, he has culled and distilled, and combined the best of others' investigations with his own. He takes firm stands, proposes sound interpretations, and brings clarity to the ideas of Montaigne, whose own lucidity and orderliness of presentation were anything but exemplary. It was Montesquieu who commented, perhaps with tongue curling cheekward, "In most authors I see a man writing, in Montaigne a man thinking."

If the French Renaissance, like preceding centuries, produced its share of moral and reflective sermons in print, it contrived the counterpart of the Christian sermon in the humanistic essays of Michel de Montaigne. To the certainty of Christian dogma these "chapters" contraposed the skepticism of the ancient Pyrrho and the unsettling question, "*Que sçay-je?*" ("What do I really know?"). Frame reminds us of T. S. Eliot's marveling that Montaigne "gave expression to the skepticism of *every* human being." To the authority of the Church Fathers Montaigne opposed declarations by the multitude of classical historians and moralists which are, as he freely admits, "piled up" in his prose, almost making of his book at times a Renaissance Bartlett. While we are touching on this matter, it must be admitted that he was also a bit ruthless in

—Bettmann Archive.

Statue of Montaigne opposite the Sorbonne—no false heroics.

pulling in extraneous and not always applicable quotations from antiquity. To faith he ambiguously opposed reason ("We must accompany faith with all the reason which is within us") and to organized religion he opposed nature, as had Rabelais before him. As a true humanist he centered his attention on the *microcosm,* Man ("Every man bears the entire form of mankind's lot"). The objectivity and detachment which he practiced and preached made him inevitably an apostle of tolerance. In the France of his time, torn by the fratricide of nine religious wars, his voice was sorely needed.

Michel Eyquem de Montaigne made sorties into the busy Renaissance centers of Paris, Rome, and Bordeaux, but he always returned to the large château which is still a tourist attraction of Périgord. His father, wealthy merchant, veteran of the Italian Wars, and councillor at court, encouraged Michel's taste for the classics by ordering his household to speak only Latin to the boy ("without books and without tears") until he was six. Frame provides the genealogy of Montaigne's half-Jewish mother, and supposes that whereas his three-quarters of Gascon blood made him a citizen of France, his quarter of marrano blood made him a citizen of the world.

At the Collège de Guyenne in Bordeaux, where he graduated in 1546, the regent let him indulge in his fancy for Latin poetry. When some thirty to thirty-five years later Montaigne became a severe critic of the French school system, he was forgetting, as Paul Porteau has recently shown, that things had changed considerably in the schools during the interval. Montaigne proceeded to the study of law, probably at Toulouse (no one is sure, nor is Frame), and became at length councillor at the Parlement of Bordeaux, where he met his most devoted friend, Etienne de la Boétie, poet and pamphleteer against despotism ("The primary reason for voluntary servitude is habit"). It was in 1570 that Montaigne took the important step of resigning his office as councillor to withdraw into his château at Eyquem, where he might "leaf through books" and compose his first *Essays.* At this time he wrote his *Apology for Raymond de Sebond,* held by Frame to be his most influential and puzzling work. Sebond's *Natural Theology* (translated earlier by Montaigne at his father's request) had combated the idea of faith as superior to natural reason. In the *Apology* Montaigne's skepticism intruded upon Sebond's beliefs, and Frame quotes the critic who alleged Montaigne's work supports the Catalan theologian "as a rope supports a hanged man."

The first two books of the *Essays* appeared in 1580, and were approved with some reservations by the Church authority, for if Montaigne did not uphold the validity of faith, he nevertheless refrained from attacking the institution of the Church. Between June 1580 and November 1581 Montaigne undertook a trip through Switzerland, Germany (very *gemütlich*), and Italy. Although health was his pretext, the trip was the humanist's inevitable pilgrimage to Rome, not as the seat of Christianity but as the great "sepulcher." His travel journal, which shows a curious disinterest in the wealth of fine arts embellishing Italy, evinces nevertheless an inexhaustible interest in the ways of men, and enriched his later revisions of the *Essays.*

During his absence Montaigne was elected mayor of Bordeaux in 1581; he was re-elected in 1583. Toward the end of his second term a plague broke out in the port town. Absent at his château at the time, he conspicuously stayed away from the pest-ridden city. For centuries he has been criticized for this; but Frame joins the modern biographers who tend to exculpate him: "It might have been heroism to return; to Montaigne it would presumably have seemed false heroics." As mayor he was noted for his moderation in dealing successfully with opposing factions. He served Henri III, but favored the King of Navarre (Henri IV), whom he received in his château in 1584 and 1587. After 1585 Montaigne composed a third book of *Essays,* adding to the first two more about himself, his

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travels, and his own opinions. The new monarch from Navarre solicited his counsels; yet, as Frame summarizes it, "War, illness, and death combined to prevent Montaigne from ever joining Henry IV; but he remained a devoted loyalist to the very end." Death came to him on 13 September 1592 at a special Mass in his chamber, just as the priest came to the elevation of the *Corpus Domini*.

It has been said that Montaigne's thought is characterized by three stages: stoicism, skepticism, and Epicureanism, the last being defined as the search for happiness through moderate and harmonious activity of all one's faculties. If it is true that he underwent these stages, sometimes allowing them to coexist in his thought, his skepticism is the dominant note most remembered. It was the elegant Mme. du Deffand who wrote to her "tutor" Walpole that "Montaigne doesn't teach anything, for he never takes a stand on anything."

Frame disproves further the thoughtless generalization that Montaigne invented the moral essay. It was a common form of prose, for example, in Renaissance emblem literature, and Frame advances such additional sources as Plutarch, Rhodiginus, Machiavelli, and Pedro de Mexia. Yet Montaigne more than anyone else enriched and personalized the genre, spent decades in gathering and documenting his reflections, and explored in his enterprise a vaster corpus of contemporary and classical texts. As Frame shows, he apparently kept working over two parallel revisions of the *Essays* even after the three books had appeared. The many accumulations and asides contribute to an often disjointed prose which he claimed to be the result of "license rather than carelessness. I have no other drill master than chance to keep my essays in line." Or again, "conformity is not for souls like ours." All of this of course creates an even greater reason-for-being to orderly summations like Frame's. No purist or grammarian, Montaigne wished his language robust and personal, and he had no scruples about employing colloquial terms, Gasconisms (although Frame claims he did not speak Gascon), or unusual Latinisms.

Montaigne was politically and personally conservative. The paradox of his historical role is that he was appropriated as their own by the eighteenth-century rationalists. If he did not supply them with a scientific method, a philosophy, or with revolutionary doctrines, they found his general Pyrrhonism compatible with their political skepticism. From his Socratic exaltation of the individual, the microcosm, they sought to derive a political lesson. They did not realize that Montaigne's skepticism would necessarily question the validity of their own innovations as well. Even the Enlightenment which formed modern society, that century when aristocrats were forced to leave their carriages on the Pont Neuf to genuflect to the statue of Henri IV, when Voltaire would write an epic poem on the monarch, could not find in his councillor the courageous teacher it needed. No man for "false heroics," when he echoed Rabelais's seemingly prudent willingness to defend his opinions "up to the stake exclusively" Montaigne was not joking, as the bold and defiant Rabelais had been. Still, he did manage to get himself tossed by the archpapist League into the Bastille for one day, which does bespeak some engagement. And by 28 January 1676 his *Essays* finally made the *Index Librorum Prohibitorum*. In the latest edition of the *Index*, which I bought in Rome, they are still there—a most uncomfortable notoriety for the conservative uncle of a canonized Jesuitine, Saint Jeanne of Lestonnac.

The Vagabond Muse

***W. H. Davies: A Critical Biography**, by Richard J. Stonesifer (Wesleyan Univ. Press. 256 pp. $6.50), and **The Complete Poems of W. H. Davies** (Wesleyan Univ. Press. 616 pp. $7.50), resurrect a Georgian tramp who had a lyrical gift and abused it. Louis Untermeyer's "Bygones" updates his autobiography.*

By LOUIS UNTERMEYER

THESE two volumes evoke a mixture of nostalgia and sadness, not so much for the passing of "the good old days" enjoyed by the Georgians before the First World War but for the unhappy though inevitable reaction that resulted. In a prefatory note to the first anthology of *Georgian Poetry* (1911-12) Edward Marsh wrote: "This collection may help lovers of poetry to realize that we are at the beginning of another 'Georgian period' which may take rank with the several great poetic ages of the past."

This sentence was not as wistful as it seems now. Marsh's was a most hopeful if also a most incongruous collection. Along with some ill-assorted mediocrities, it included such "standard" poets as Masefield and de la Mare as well as the tortured D. H. Lawrence and the blithely innocent W. H. Davies. Alas, "Georgian" has become a term that incites deprecation if not derision.

Davies is largely responsible for the way in which the label is now regarded. He wrote unaffectedly, but he also wrote uncritically, uninterruptedly, endlessly. Before he died in 1940 at the age of seventy he had published more than fifty books, most of them in verse, although it was a prose volume, *The Autobiography of a Super-Tramp*, which was most widely read. Now Wesleyan has brought out an omnibus volume containing 749 poems, all the poetry that Davies printed though not necessarily all he wrote, accompanied by a comprehensive biographical and critical study by Richard J. Stonesifer.

The biography is an admirable combination of devotion, perception, and persistent research. Davies's story is fascinating. He was born in the Monmouthshire town of Newport, in a small public house, a ramshackle inn; after the death of his father and remarriage of his mother, he was brought up by his grandparents. He liked games and disliked school. He led his classmates in shoplifting, was caught and punished; before he had reached his teens, his schooling was over. At sixteen, after working for an ironmonger, he was apprenticed to a picture framer but did not serve his term. He learned to drink at an early age—an addiction that grew with the years—and started to write poetry. He went to London, lived in shabby rooming houses, almost starved and, when his grandmother died, returned to Newport and a small weekly income. At twenty-two he sailed for America, traveled about with tramps and, since he never cared for manual labor, became one of them, an unsettled, untroubled drifter. He was jailed two or three times for vagrancy and bummed his way across country from one drinking spree to another. The vagabondage lasted for six years. "If I had not been cursed with ambition to excel in literature," he wrote, "I would have remained a beggar to the end of my days." Beating his way on freight trains came easy to him but, once, attempting to board a fast-moving express in Canada, he slipped and was thrown under the wheels. His right leg had to be amputated above the knee, whereupon he returned to Newport and the craft of poetry.

It was a long time before he could get anything published. After he persuaded his grandmother's trustee to advance sufficient money to pay for the publication of his first little book, it

(*Continued on page* 103)

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A Separation of Sex and State

The Young Visitors, *by John Wain (Viking. 214 pp. $4.50), chronicles a "cultural exchange" that ends in a shambles. Nicholas Samstag will publish two books this year: "Bamboozled" and "Come and See My Shining Palace."*

By NICHOLAS SAMSTAG

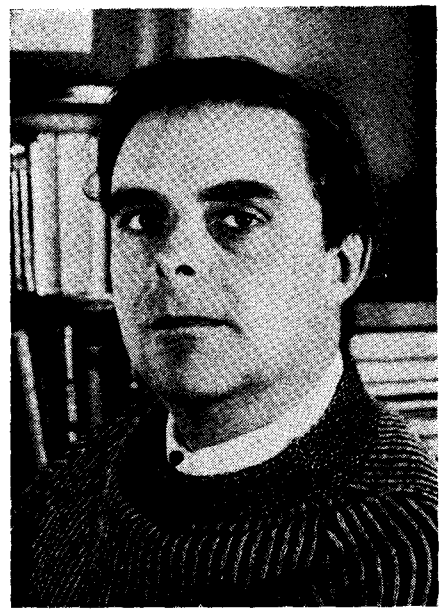
TOO MANY novels that are too slight, too loosely plotted, too shallowly felt, and peopled by characters too inadequately motivated seem to be hiding these days behind the word "spoof." There are spoofs on the angry young man and the advertising man, on the West Coast beatniks and the East Coast wheeler-dealers—and some are witty, some are wise and some are merely spoofs on the reader, and shabby ones, at that.

Dangerously close to the last category is John Wain's *The Young Visitors.* "A bitingly gentle spoof," says the dust-jacket, "of present-day efforts to thaw the cold war through [the] 'cultural exchange,'" it tells how a group of six Komsomol students is sent to England to observe the administration of local government. This clump of young sprigs (three each, male and female) is under the gelid wing of an older woman, a relict of the Stalin period. Despite her rigid supervision she loses one of her three chicks to Western decadence, and another goes home under a cloud to be tried and almost surely condemned to forced labor, leaving behind her a large portion of her self-respect which, with her body, she has given in the lowlands of Soho to an improbably black blackguard named Jack Spade. The decimated sexsome, its minds poisoned by capitalist depravity, is flown back to Moscow under guard.

Now that man, Spade—*there's* a fellow! To get himself into favor with the Kremlin, he sends them a book he has written called *Leprosy,* which purports to present the sordid adventures of Nancy, a young English girl in Britain's P.S.C. (Physical Satisfaction Corps), a service organized by the state to slake the appetites of the capitalists and their slaves. It is printed with Communist money and circulated in a score of languages to Communists everywhere, bringing the author a steady stream of pretty pennies. With these, he opens a night spot called The Rebellion Coffee-House, in which he preaches Marx, claiming he sleeps there on the floor and contributes his profits to the Party. Actually, the rogue has most luxurious digs nearby, where he lives in wall-to-wall-carpeted splendor like a prototype Playboy, his sole interest being sex, sex, sex—and there are some lurid lines to prove it.

For instance, in thinking of Elena, the seductive Komsom moll who falls for him and then gets up again, he ruminates as follows: "All right, you little bitch. You're coming back here and you'll get such a pounding that you'll be satisfied for life and so will I. I'll get enough of you and get free of you, whatever it costs me!" As you can see, Elena breaks away from the deck long enough to get real close to the Jack of Spades, but then she finds out the truth about him and plots to reveal his villainy to Moscow and the world. And, in the most unlikely change of character since Jekyll and Hyde, Spade becomes all heart and counts his world well lost for love of Elena. It's as if the Marquis de Sade turned into Sir Launcelot—from fleshpot to heart throb in far too few pages.

Oh, well. The whole thing is so shoddily done that even this is not a true surprise. When one considers writing that includes sentences ending, "people like him would be encouraged to flower, not exploited and dragged down," we can expect structure and motivation of similar quality. The spoof, *per se,* is, of course, a grand literary institution. Who am I to sweep away the world of Baron Munchausen and Jonathan Swift and Patrick Dennis? But, like anything else that pretends to look down its nose, it had better keep the nose clean.



Camera Press (Pix).

John Wain—metamorphosis from fleshpot to heart throb.

Chief Assistant to the Conjuror

Lost Empires, *by J. B. Priestley (Atlantic-Little, Brown. 364 pp. $5.95), the story of a conjuror and his assistant, recreates the English variety circuit as it was just before the First World War. Edward Hickman Brown, a frequent contributor to Saturday Review, is a free-lance writer and critic.*

By EDWARD HICKMAN BROWN

WHEN I opened this book and happened to glance at the page listing J. B. Priestley's previous works, I was somewhat awed—filled as it is with the names of his twenty-three novels, thirty-seven plays, numerous collections of essays, and volumes of autobiography, criticism, and miscellanea that includes such titles as *The English Comic Characters, British Women Go to War, The Olympians,* an opera libretto, and *Russian Journey.* I wondered just what it is that would provoke an author—now in his seventies—whose last work was an erudite examination of the complex interrelationship between Man and Time to tackle a large novel at this stage of his career.

It becomes patently clear within thirty pages that there is no reason other than the simple and obvious one: Mr. Priestley is a writer. He is as much an illusionist as the Indian-robed uncle of his protagonist in this tale of the British variety circuit during the year preceding the outbreak of the First World War. And I should guess that he is equally painstaking a perfectionist, even if his ability to divert the reader and waft him along with his story does seem such an easy and natural one.

The Empires of the title are a theater chain, stretching across the length and breadth of England. Dick Herncastle, a handsome Yorkshire lad who aspires to be a painter, becomes the chief assistant

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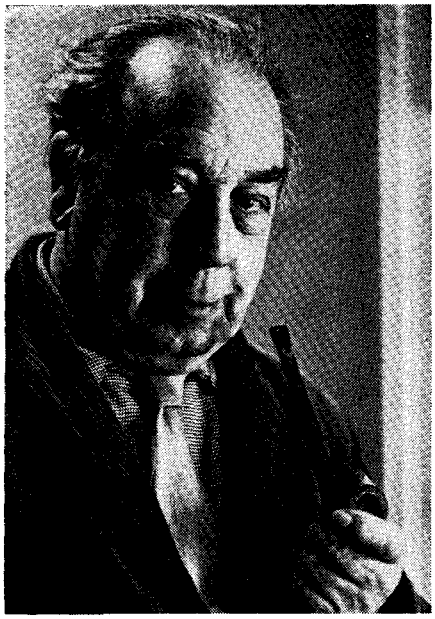

—*Horst Toppe (Pix).*

J. B. Priestley—an illusionist par excellence himself.

to Ganga Dun, a conjurer par excellence and something of a tyrant on the stage, strong-willed and refreshingly antisocial off it. Dick is soon absorbed into the itinerant life of the group. Six of the acts are block-booked, and their bill thus remains basically the same as they travel about the country.

The story is related through Horncastle's account of the ten months he spent on the music hall stage, and Mr. Priestly succeeds in the difficult task of convincing us that we are, indeed, being addressed by a youth who is undergoing a strikingly new and different experience. This is no mean feat, particularly as the young man is surrounded by a variety of attractive women and, what with the unaccustomed opportunity and freedom and his own hot blood, is fairly preoccupied with sex in the normal and healthy manner of twenty-year-olds in any era. Not only has Mr. Priestley assembled an interesting and credible, if variegated, cast of characters; he has also captured the lives of the performers—three parts drudgery and boredom to one of glamour—as well as the atmosphere of the period.

And if the story itself—spiced with a dash of nymphomania, a genteel touch of voyeurism, a murder, and a successful essay at defeating the (unjust) ends of justice—works out predictably, and finally appears to be of less importance than its establishment of the continuing certainty and vigor of its author's writing, it nonetheless soon grips one within its spell and makes thoroughly enjoyable reading.

The appearance of Mr. Priestley's next book will not surprise me, nor will those that will certainly follow it. I shall be profoundly surprised, however, if any should prove unworthy of attention.

Camp on the Ku-Damm: Ever since Christopher Isherwood discovered Berlin in the Twenties, writers have been fascinated by the Prussian capital's peculiar brand of sophistication. Frederic Morton's new novel, *The Schatten Affair* (Atheneum, $5), is set in present-day Berlin, but it evokes sinister memories of the city's more recent past. Under the surface gaiety promoted by the advertising industry, Mr. Morton's hero, a $50,000-a-year public relations ace for an international hotel chain, chances upon the ghosts of another era: ex-Nazis in aristocratic seclusion and a lone Jew dreaming of an Old Testament Community in Israel.

But Berlin belongs to the living. Schatten Castle is the hub of the breezy action that unfolds like a well-plotted mystery story and ends with a bang. Jet-set types, efficient officials, and the elusive lord of the manor all have their share in the preparations for the grand opening of the Berlin Hilton's newest competition. No matter that the shindig does not come off as planned; the fun is in the effort. The busy rich keep up a frantic pace in the elegant restaurants along the "Ku-Damm" and those camp bars that seem to be Berlin's special attraction. (It is, after all, the only German city where people of the same sex may dance without police interference.)

Mr. Morton renders the actuality of West Berlin with an eye for the offbeat and a feeling for the contrast between Prussian propriety and Prussian depravity. His dialogues are witty, and his characters, especially the women, vivid and vigorous. The love affair between the PR-man from New York, who occasionally remembers that he is a Jewish refugee from Hitler, and Irene, the Teutonic beauty with a past, is passionate enough to deserve full movie treatment. Instead of waiting for the film, read *The Schatten Affair* now. It is wickedly entertaining. —J. P. Bauke.

Susanna and the Swami: If there is a dominant tone in recent American fiction (extending perhaps even into the fiction of our lives), it is a kind of exuberant despair, a shrill, jazzed-up, evil-tempered playfulness; the wise guy, the romantic-turned-cynic, is the new prophet of our discontent. And underlying it all—the brittle unconcern, the rapid-fire gags, the pratfalls and pranks—is a Jake Barnes crying by himself in the dark, with a nostalgia so desperate and piteous that it makes *Little Women* by comparison seem like *Fanny Hill.*

Now we have *Cassio and the Life Divine* (Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $4.95), David Rubin's second novel, a seriocomic picaresque about a whimsical academic drifter in India. The story opens with the hero being thrown out of his friend Douglas Bunner's house "for the imaginary impropriety of making love to Hjordis Bunner, his wife. An imaginary impropriety not because I hadn't but because Doug's sense of propriety was no better than his imagination, they may even have been the same thing if they existed at all." The tone defines the attitude: the wives of insensitive friends are fair game to witty, rakish guys like our narrator, Peter Cassio.

But first impressions aren't everything. Cassio is good-natured and decent and, in his erratic way, in quest of salvation or at least of some redemptive possibility. He chronicles his "three months in

(*Continued on page* 60)

Illuminated Manuscript Calendar

The Morgan Library is offering for the first time a **Calendar,** reproducing in full color 12 miniatures of occupations of the months from a 16th-c. Flemish manuscript, priced at $2.85. Send for a folder describing this unusual gift and also the 1965 **Christmas Card Catalogue** which shows 12 new subjects reproduced from the renowned collections of illuminated manuscripts, drawings, and early illustrated books. Card prices range from 10¢ to 30¢. Send 25¢ to cover mailing, to be credited against any purchases.

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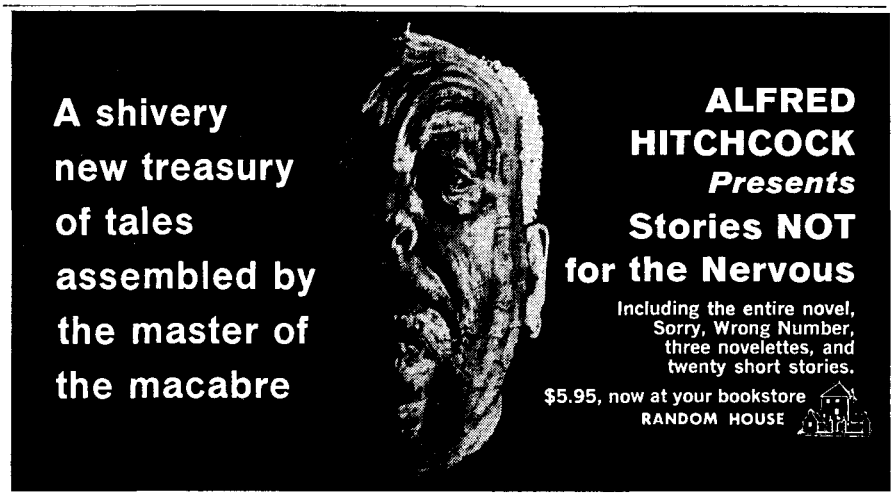
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Rides on a Broomstick

By ALICE DALGLIESH

THERE is a busy time ahead this October for witches, ghosts, and other odd people of the imagination. I'm always a little sorry for these modern witches whose books may have to retire after Halloween and wait for another year.

The holiday has a whole colorful book to itself, *Halloween,* written and illustrated by Helen Borten (Crowell, $2.95). Although the author-artist tends to be a trifle heavy on the historical side, reverting to the Druids, she also provides a lot of good information about the festival.

This year is a witches' Sabbath (see *Halloween*). There are tales about witches big and small, good and bad—and even about broomsticks that have to be trained for their weird duties. Anyone who wants a really horrifying witch may have to return to Hansel and Gretel—and here's a true story that leads back to (or away from) that witch: A small boy, about five years old, refused this summer to sleep overnight in my Connecticut house. With tears running down his cheeks, he peered into the dark depths of the big, old fireplace, with its bake oven at the side. "It's too dark," he said. "It smells like burning." His mother explained that it was just like the fireplace in his picture book of Hansel and Gretel. He didn't sleep in the house; other arrangements were made.

In one of the 1965 books there is a witch who is lonely and tries desperately to be a good witch. She begins by building a lovely gingerbread house, but the children run away when they see it, and it is a black cat who tells her: "Take my word for it, gingerbread houses have been out of date for a long time now. . . . children have read all the fairy tales." That black cat is a terrific reformer; at his suggestion the witch spruces herself up. She finally keeps a restaurant called "The Black Cat," though "she found it hard to be friendly all the time." *The Lonely Witch,* by Gunhild Paehr, is a mild spoof translated from the German by Marion Koenig, and illustrated by Jochen Bartsch (Albert Whitman, $2.75). Ages 8-10.

Perhaps the witchiest of all in appearance is a picture book, *The So-So Cat,* by Edith Thacher Hurd and Clement Hurd (Harper & Row, $2.95). This cat has spirit and doesn't like to be changed into a mouse or a rat at his witch's whim. Mr. Hurd's gold and black woodcuts are suitably spooky, with the grain of the wood making a patterned background. In the end the spunky cat deserts his witch and goes riding with a little girl on her very own broomstick.

A young witch who has a gift for getting into mischief appears for the third time in *Dorrie's Play,* by Patricia Coombs (Lothrop, $2.95). Oddly enough, although Dorrie inadvertently cuts up her mother's costume for a ball to make costumes for herself and her cat, all ends happily. The Big Witch (Dorrie's mother) wins the prize for being the little witch. If the plot seems a little weak, the pictures are as amusing as ever. Ages 8-10.

For somewhat older children there is *Broom-Adelaide,* written and illustrated by Barbara C. Freeman (Atlantic-Little, Brown, $3.75). As this is both a mystery and a witch story, the publisher places it in an age group where magic ceases for a time to charm. The Grand Duchess Adelaide finds a broom-riding *fox* on her window sill and goes broom-riding with him. Readers may be surprised to find out how a fox became a broom rider. It's really quite logical. Ages 10-14.

If a witch in paperback is what is needed, there is one in the impressive group of paperbacks published by Harcourt, Brace this fall. It is always interesting to see what the original publisher does in producing attractive paperbacks at moderate prices; in this group called "Voyager Books," the price varies from 50¢ to 65¢. *The Witch Family* (50¢) is not Eleanor Estes's best book but it is a pleasant adventure if you overlook some plays on words and a baby witch called "Weeny Witch." The actual character is a witch in a story told by a mother. Too scary, she is banished by one of the real girls in the book and allowed to return for Halloween.

One of this paperback group which also concerns imaginary people is Mary

—From "Dorrie's Play."

—From "Spook."

Norton's *The Borrowers,* illustrated by Beth and Joe Krush (65¢). Children who have not met this unusual and convincing English family of small people responsible for "borrowing" the things we lose so mysteriously should be delighted to meet them now. I was amused when one of the students in my class in children's literature objected to the Borrowers because "they take things and don't return them." She was a librarian. Most librarians, however, love the Borrowers and so do I.

There are several new ghost stories suitable for Halloween or any time of year. My favorite, perhaps partly on account of the pictures, is about a really fearsome Japanese ghost cat that terrorizes a village. The cock helps to get rid of the ghost, but loses his life in so doing. Sad—but the cock becomes a hero and a statue is erected to him. Illustrated by Fuku Akino, *The Cock and the Ghost Cat,* by Betty Jean Lifton, must have a basis in legend (Atheneum, $3.50).

And here is Sid Fleishman back again. As a reviewer who loved his *By the Great Horn Spoon,* I'm glad to know it was chosen "best book for older boys 1963" by the Boys Club of America, because it proves that if you give boys enough adventure mixed with humor they will go along—and never mind the vocabulary. *The Ghost in the Noonday Sun* (Little, Brown, $3.95) is a rousing pirate yarn, also full of humor. Oliver, "born at the stroke of midnight," is shanghaied aboard the *Bloody Hand* to help Captain Scratch find a ghost and pirate treasure. The chapter heads are enough to lead the reader on, and the pirate captain has a salty collection of expletives such as "Avast, grommet!" Other buccaneers say, "Dash my wig!" and "Seize my soul!"

The Upside-Down Man. *By Shan Ellentuck. Doubleday. 64 pp. $2.95.*

A gentleman came into town,
A nice, polite man—upside down.

From then on this little book with its funny, bright-colored, stiff pictures is just the thing for a small child who likes simple, obvious humor. Anything that is unexpected and out-of-place seems funny to him. In the end

(*Continued on page* 59)

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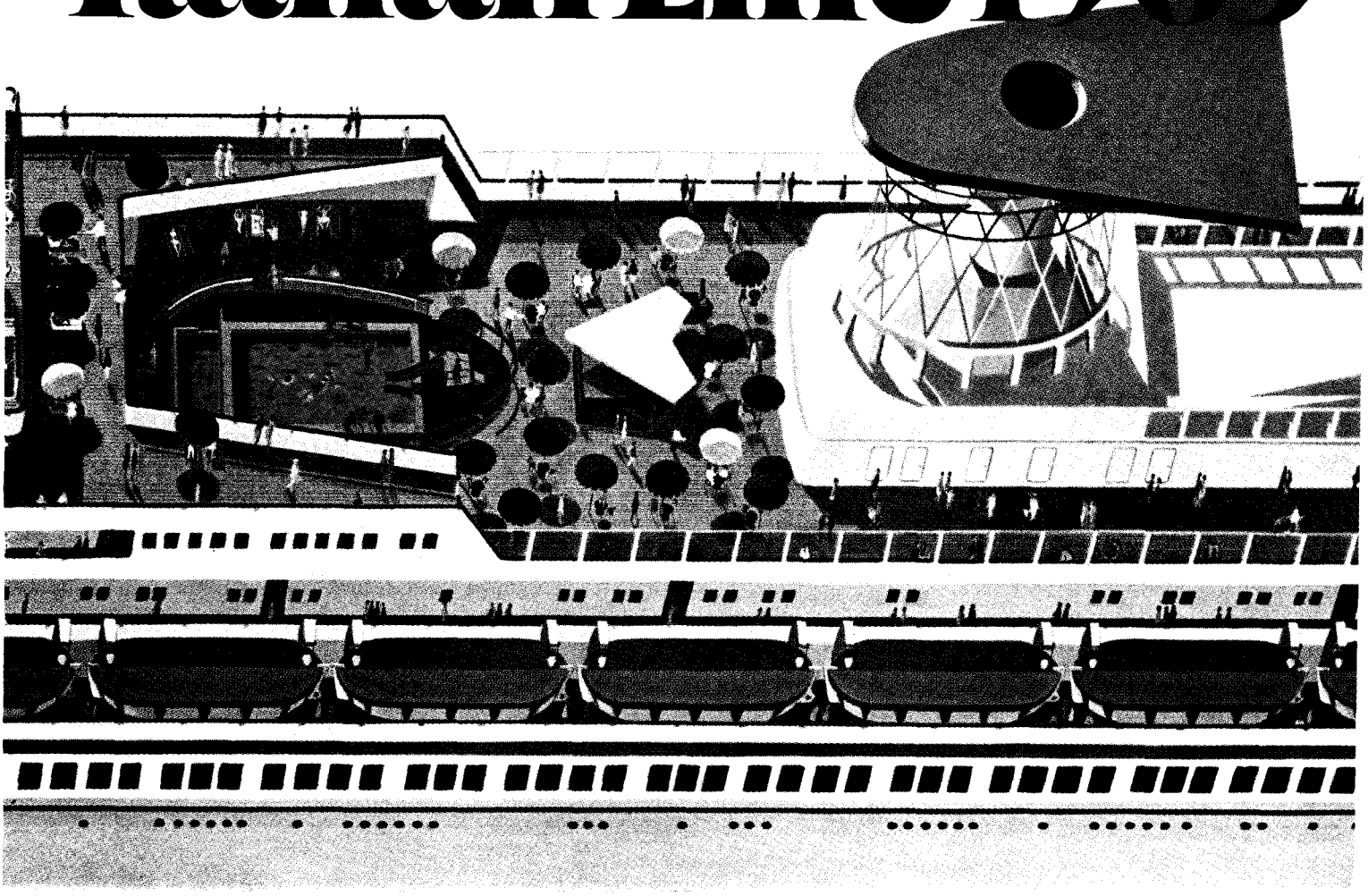
Italian Line 1965



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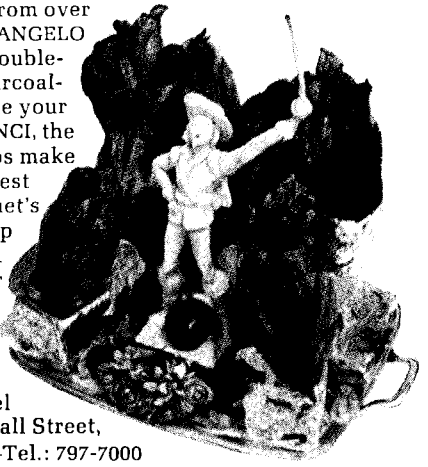

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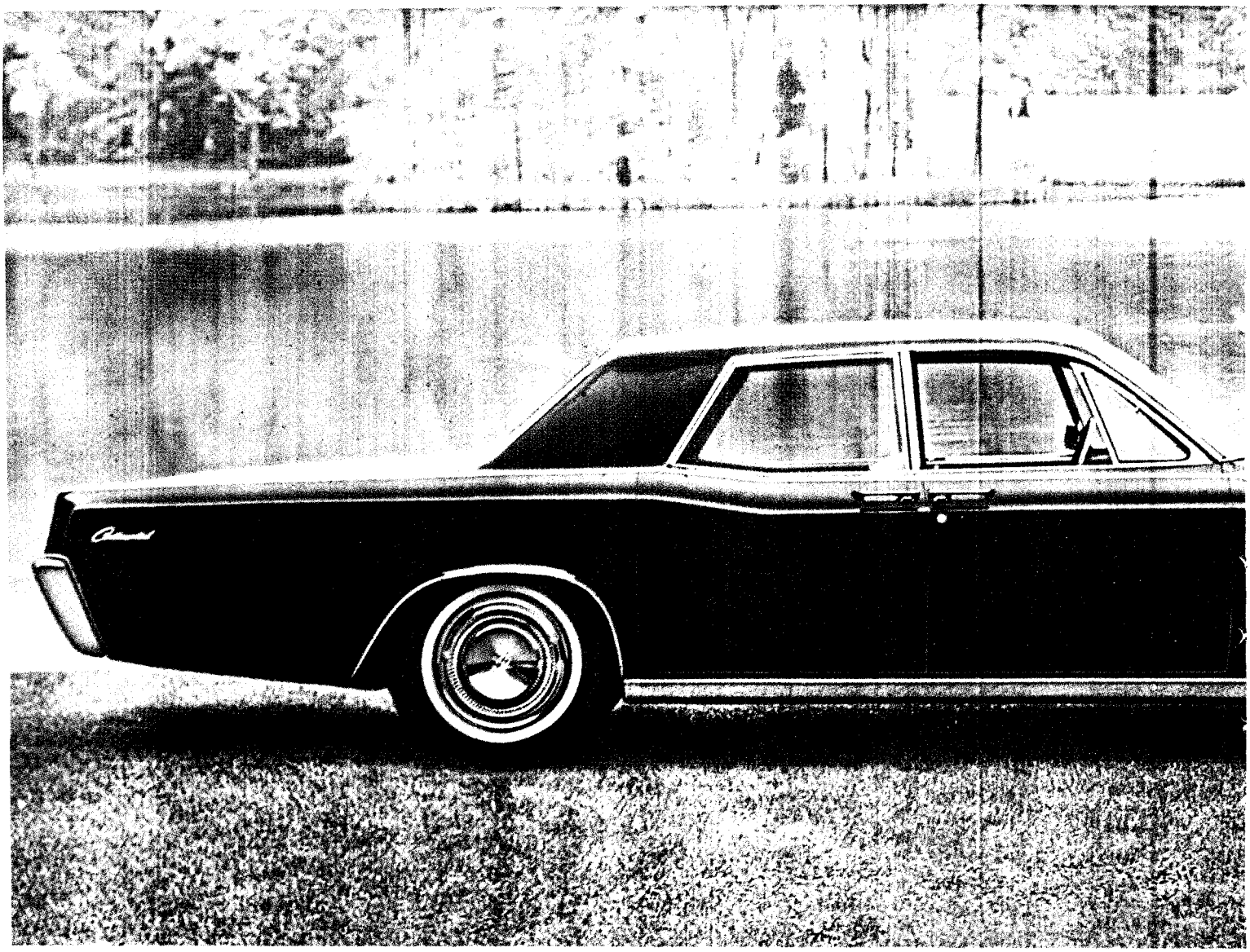

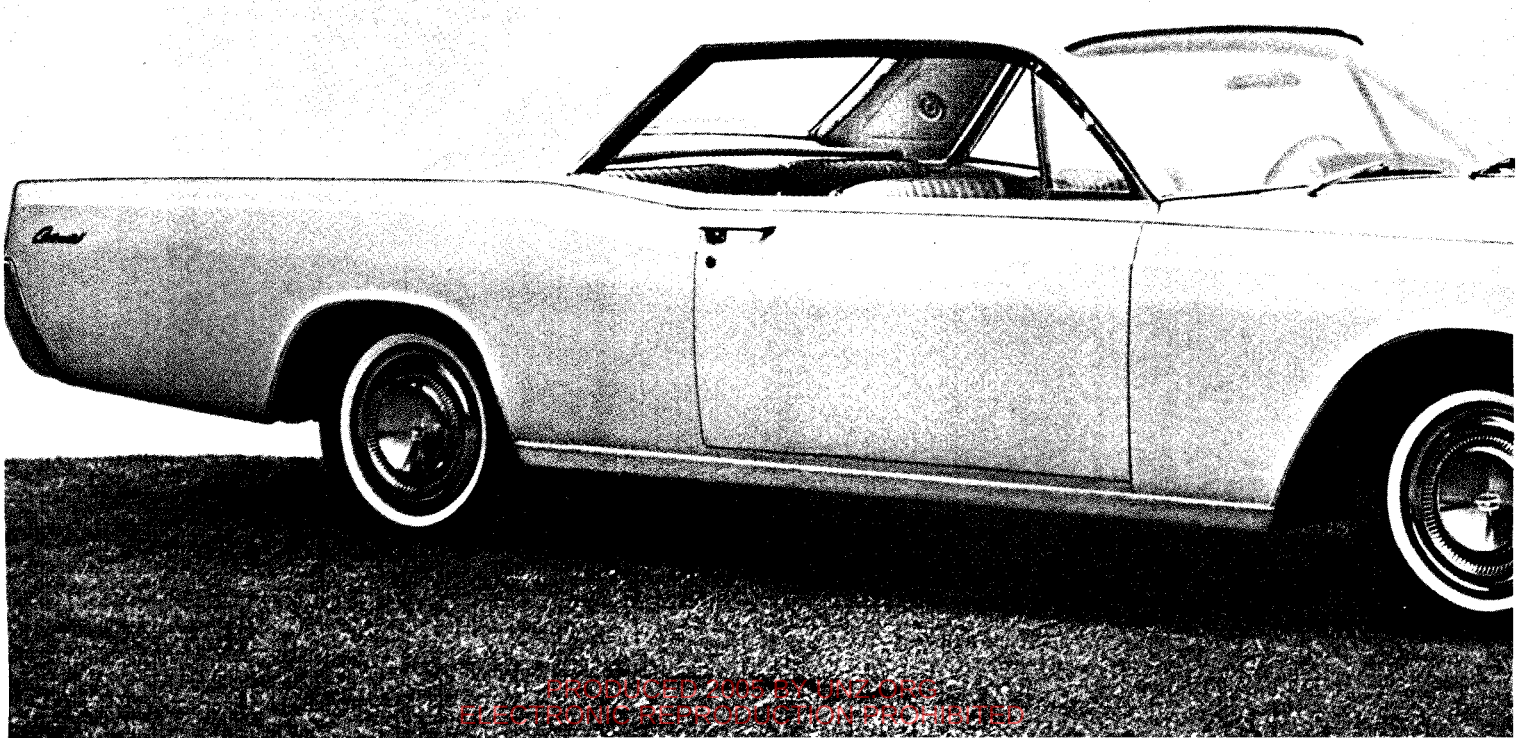

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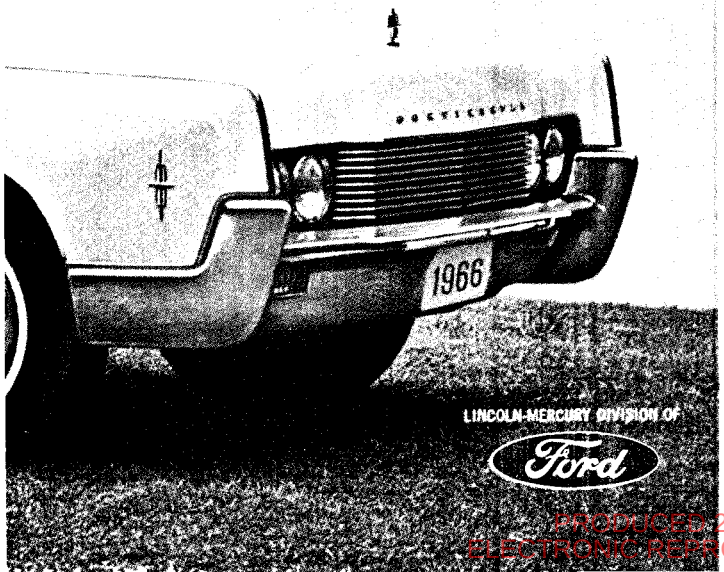

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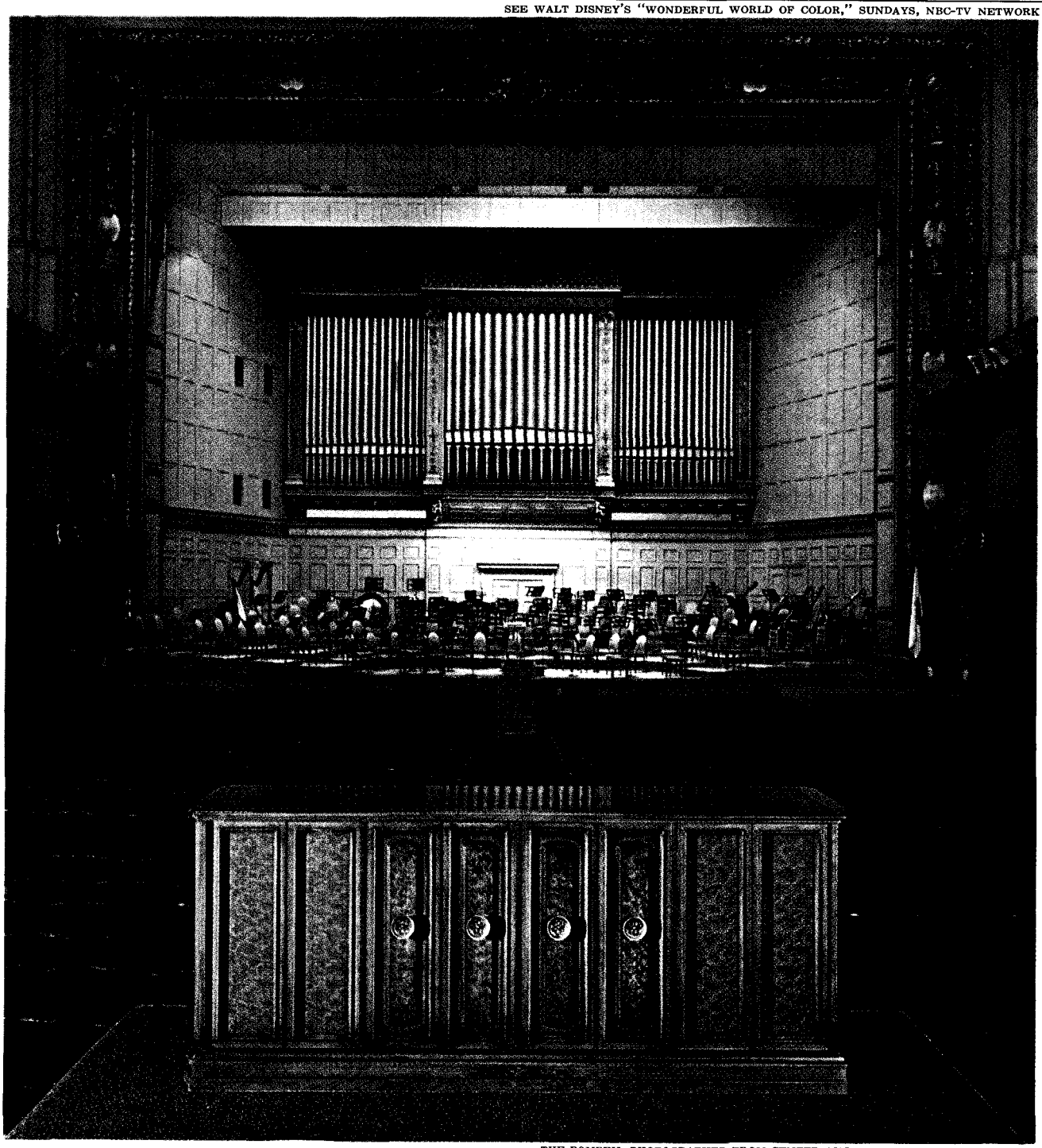

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Continued from page 54

the Upside-Down Man has a statue built to him: he's a hero. Ages up to 6.

Always Room for One More. *By Sorche Nic Leodhas. Illustrated by Nonny Hogrogian. Holt, Rinehart & Winston.* 32 *pp.* $3. Scottish rhymes, ballads, and songs, some of them using the full vocabulary of "braid Scots," some modifying it, have recently become popular. This amusing song with its music, has a wisely modified dialect and only a few words that have to be defined. The tale presents Lachie MacLachlan, who welcomed everyone to his house until it fell apart. Happily, when the house "dinged down":

> They wailed for a while in the heather, . . .
> As glum as a grumpetie grouse.
> Then they shouted "Have done with this blether!"
> For Lachie MacLachlan
> His wife and bairns,
> We'll raise up a bonny new house.

The pictures are humorous; if rather solemn in color, they are true to mists and heather. Children should have fun with the song. No age level given.

Spook. *By Jane Little. Illustrated by Suzanne Kesteloo Larsen. Atheneum.* 113 *pp.* $3.25. The fact that Grimalda was allergic to cats makes her a modern witch—and she is also one of the ugliest on record. Because of her sneezing propensities, Spook, the dog, becomes a broomstick rider, but in the end finds a happy home with a boy named Jamie. Not one of the most convincing witches but creepy. Ages 7-10.

Piccolo's Prank. *By Leo Politi. Scribners.* 32 *pp.* $3.25. In Los Angeles there is a section known as Bunker Hill, where there are old Victorian "gingerbread" houses. It is reached by a cable car, and the little, steep railroad is called "Angel's Flight." Hearing that the old houses were to be demolished, Leo Politi was indignant and went out to make paintings of them. He also made this book, to which he added the story of an Italian organ grinder and Piccolo, his monkey. It has quite a plot, and children will like Piccolo. New York children will enjoy seeing what an organ grinder was like before Fiorello La Guardia banished all street organs with or without performing monkeys. It is too bad that, in keeping with the rest of the book, the title page was not more restrained. Ages 5-9.

The Incompetent Wizard. *Story by Robert M. Oksner. Pictures by Janet McCaffery. Morrow.* 32 *pp.* $2.95. Children will undoubtedly be enchanted with a wizard who always made the wrong magic spell. When he tried to change a Bassett hound back into a doll, he produced a little dragon. No real dragon this: "He was cute and friendly and helpful . . . and needed someone he could love." Enough said. The book has bright colored-crayon pictures that look as incompetent as the wizard. Ages 4-8.

Harry by the Sea. *By Gene Zion. Pictures by Margaret Bloy Graham. Harper & Row.* 32 *pp.* $3.25. "Harry the Dirty Dog" is now the hero of four books, and children will be delighted to see him back. In this unbelievable but entertaining beach episode, Harry gets entangled in seaweed and becomes a "sea-monster." This author-artist team has an unbeatable combination of text and pictures that might be described as decorative cartoons. Ages 5-8.

Jimmy Takes Vanishing Lessons. *By Walter R. Brooks. Illustrated by Don Bolognese. Knopf.* 26 *pp.* $2.95. This slight story will entertain those who like cozy ghosts. Jimmy takes his vanishing lessons from a ghost—a ghost who does not scare people but is scared by them. Eventually he comes to live with Jimmy and his aunt. Children will like the illustrations, especially one in which the ghost wears warm socks knitted by Auntie. Ages 8-11.

A Double Discovery. *Story and Illustrations by Evaline Ness. Scribners.* 32 *pp.* $3.25.This is one of Evaline Ness's best original stories, with charming color and pictures unobscured by pattern. The story centers about a boy and a monkey who both saw double (*do* monkeys?) and who arranged to share a pair of glasses that corrected their vision. Children who wear glasses should love it, and most young readers will also love the wild pony. Some delightful words: "Now she [the monkey] stayed in her house . . . admiring the other monkeys, all clear-eyed and clever, as they skimble-skambled from tree to tree." The pictures are not merely decorative; they succeed in conveying real feeling. Ages 5-9.

Ghosts and Goblins: Stories for Halloween. *Compiled by Wilhelmina Harper. Illustrated by William Wiesner. Dutton.* 250 *pp.* $4.50. This anthologist's seasonal books have long been favorites; now they are revised and given new pictures. The stories meet the demand for scary tales at any time of year, and those suitable for younger children are starred in the index. Ages 7+.

Folding Paper Masks. *By Shari Lewis and Lillian Oppenheimer. Original masks created by Giuseppe Baggi. Dutton.* 93 *pp.* $3.95. The age level is elastic, but very little children will find origami folding too complicated. The book, which is useful for any time of year but particularly for Halloween, is really mostly for children from 9-12, who can follow the directions.

CORRECTION: Arthur Gregor, author of two books about Galileo, one on the Macmillan list, one on Scribners, draws my attention to the fact that I made an error [*SR*, Aug. 21] in comparing two conversations between Galileo and his father about the stars. The age difference in the boy is accounted for by the fact that the supernova they were observing lasted more than a year (mentioned later in the book), and both conversations took place in Florence. The blurb writer says Galileo grew up in Venice, but one should never go along with jacket copy. I apologize. —A.D.

Cried Heloise, "Abelard, Abelard . . ."

The tragic story of Abelard and Heloise, the famous ill-starred 12th century lovers who become a legend, is movingly told in a dramatic narrative poem by Harvard's scholar, critic, poet and Professor of Greek and Latin, Cedric Whitman. In his hands the tale of Notre Dame's great philosopher and poet — who was castrated for his love affair with Heloise and condemned for his heretical teachings — takes on new significance. $4.95

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by Cedric Whitman

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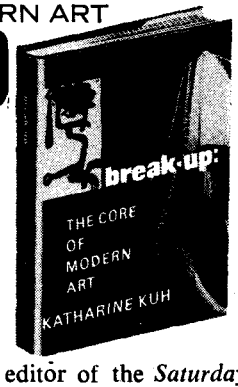

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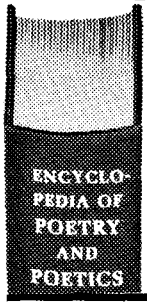

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Cassio

Continued from page 53

the Indian spook racket" in his own imitable and inhuman voice.

A contemporary Everyman, Cassio has a Greek-Jewish mother, an Italian-Catholic father, a protestant wit, and an advanced degree in literature from Columbia. Infatuated with Susanna, a beautiful, romantically neurotic American girl, he wanders after her across India, wanting, if he can, to save her (from herself, from the control of her malignantly unhappy sister), wanting in turn to be saved by her. Certain questions inform the action: who is Susanna beyond the romantic vision the narrator has of her, and how wise is the Swami Susanna has discipled herself to, and what is the nature of his wisdom, and what after all is the significance of the life divine?

There are no answers. Nothing is resolved—we never get quite close enough to Susanna to discover who or what she is—and the hero leaves India at the end neither sadder nor wiser.

There are some true moments, and the prose, which at times strains for effect, can be exciting and alive. But this is vitiated by the diffusions and the long passages of self-conscious internal monologue that follow almost every scene. And though we travel extensively through India, from place name to place name, almost nothing is seen or experienced except as idea, except as talk. The voice of Peter Cassio, the voice of contemporary fiction, conquers all, talking us to death, whimsical and abrasive and seemingly unending.

—JONATHAN BAUMBACH.

The Civil Rights Mystique

***Confrontation: Black and White,** by Lerone Bennett, Jr. (Johnson. 321 pp. $5.95), calls the shots on the civil rights struggle as seen by the senior editor of Ebony magazine. The latest book by sociologist Kenneth B. Clark is "Black Ghetto."*

By KENNETH B. CLARK

IF ONE read *Confrontation: Black and White* as merely another civil rights book, it would be easy to underestimate it. Civil rights has become so fashionable and books by and about the Negro are now so plentiful that they repeat themselves, and even the attempts at novelty seem banal. One of the main dangers of the present civil rights struggle is that discussions of these real and serious and still unsolved problems in human relations will become clichés before our society has mobilized the energy necessary to develop the programs required to bring about solutions to these long-standing social ills.

Confrontation: Black and White is not a polemic or a "how-to-change-society-in-ten-easy-lessons" book; its author does not have all of the answers. Instead, this book is a highly readable account of the seemingly endless struggle of the American Negro for justice, equality, and dignity and for those elementary rights that other American citizens appear to enjoy as a matter of course. Presenting a balanced, knowledgeable interpretation of historical facts, the book is a valuable contribution to the understanding of America's perennial number-one domestic problem.

In his consideration of the contemporary complexities of the civil rights struggle, its organization and leaders, Mr. Bennett reveals courage and insight. This part of his book is the most disturbing and significant. On the surface, the section on Martin Luther King, Jr., and the Epilogue would seem indistinguishable from the host of current civil rights books. But the crucial difference is that Mr. Bennett, who is the senior editor of *Ebony* magazine, has no sacred cows. In his comments on Dr. King he asserts:

> King contended that soft answers turned away wrath, but there was no confirmation of this theory in The Black Belt areas of the South. The period between 1955 and 1959 was punctuated by a series of violent incidents by lynchings, murders and the bombing of churches, synagogues, and schools. . . . Many Negroes, particularly intellectuals, had deep misgivings about the philosophy of love and nonviolence. Though not necessarily violent, they insisted on their right to self-defense and scorned the idea of loving their oppressors.

Even this simple description of what

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seems an obvious truth dares the limits of an acceptable, comfortable evaluation of American race relations. For discussing—somewhat stridently—the possibility of self-protection for Negroes, a local leader of the NAACP was deposed by the National Office.

Mr. Bennett's sophistication and objectivity are not restricted to the acceptance of or the inevitability of the possibility violence in the struggle for racial justice in America. He sees with equal clarity the dilemmas, the postures, and the protective myths of the turbulent Negro:

> The current of the fifties, musical and otherwise, reinforced and sustained each other, the blue note of defiance of jazz, the revolt of Negro intellectuals, the *mystique* of Negro nationalism and the myth of Montgomery all melding in a new ideology, an overarching social myth. This myth, which we shall call the Myth of the Black Man's Burden, was made up of many ripples and sub-myths, of a *mystique* of movement, of activism, of things happening, building to an apocalyptic climax. The myth gave Negroes a messianic sense of destiny and purpose, a new relation to time, to America, to themselves.

This is one of the books that our present civil rights leaders should read and think about without defensiveness. To return to the clichés: it is a book for the concerned white and Negro. And, in spite of the fact that the author does not parade his scholarship with endless footnotes, *Confrontation* also has much to say to the serious student of American society.

Probably the most important fact about the book is that, like E. Franklin Frazier's *Black Bourgeoisie*, it is another demonstration that the Negro intellectual has succeeded in moving from mere, though understandable bitterness, despair, and protests to a level—more difficult and significant as an index of Negro potential and progress—of perceptive social and group criticism.

The South Divided

War Within a War: The Confederacy Against Itself, *by Carleton Beals (Chilton. 177 pp. $3.95), sets out to demonstrate that during the Civil War the "solid South" was anything but solid. William B. Catton is co-author, with Bruce Catton, of "Two Roads to Sumter."*

By WILLIAM B. CATTON

IN THIS small volume Carleton Beals, a relative newcomer to the Civil War, tilts his lance at the well-worn image of Confederate solidarity, which, he maintains, was pure legend; the Confederacy was rent with discord, disloyalty, and disaffection from the very start. Among the examples of the "war within a war" were the high incidence of desertions from the Southern armies, the "secession" of West Virginia from the Old Dominion, the growth and spread of Unionist secret societies throughout the South, the militant Unionism in eastern Tennessee and elsewhere, the surprising scope of anti-Confederate sentiment in (of all places) Mississippi, the obstructive policies of Georgia's Governor Joseph Brown and other local leaders, and the steady deterioration of law, order, and the Confederate war effort in the face of mounting opposition from within as well as from without.

Motives for this widespread internal opposition, Mr. Beals notes, included loyalty to the Union, opposition to slavery, resentment of the oppressive policies of the Richmond government (conscription, impressment, suspension of habeas corpus), a conviction that it was "a rich man's war and a poor man's fight," and plain love of peace. As here described, resistance was so prevalent and effective that the reader is left wondering how the Confederacy managed to last as long as it did.

One is apt to wonder more than this. Mr. Beals seeks to honor the unsung valor and devotion of those numerous Southerners who suffered extreme persecution, hardship, and physical violence in their doughty resistance to a cause they detested. Unfortunately, his effort can only be termed inadequate. For one thing, his point is far from new. The myth of Southern solidarity was exploded long ago, and is not taken seriously anywhere outside that small Never-Neverland inhabited by diehard modern Confederates. Secondly, the bravery and devotion he seeks to honor are largely eclipsed in these pages by an over-all record of brutality, violence, intimidation, terrorism, and hatred in which the resisters gave every bit as good as they got. This dominant theme, effectively underscoring the essential tragedy of any civil war, is the book's strongest point.

But offsetting weaknesses are too numerous. The narrative is episodic, overly crammed with lurid detail in some sections and inadequately explicated in

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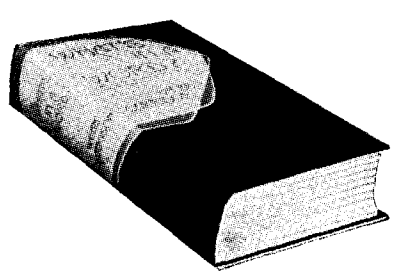

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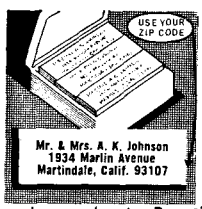

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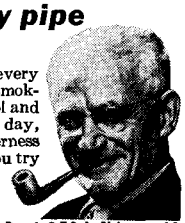

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others. Both research and writing betray haste and carelessness. Documentation is needed in this sort of book, even when designed for the popular market. The sensational nature of its content, in the absence of footnotes, suggests that dubious testimony—biased newspaper stories, memoirs, and contemporary accounts—was taken far too readily at face value. The result is exaggeration, if not distortion. How many people, one wonders, were actually shot, hanged, lynched, tortured, or raped in this fierce internecine struggle behind the Southern lines? Exact statistics, of course, are lacking, but this catalogue of tales and rumors of violence implies an impossible toll of bloodshed and a greater degree of anarchy and opposition than actually existed.

More importantly, the book totally fails to set its subject in proper context or ask the deeper questions that would give significance to such a study. Nowhere is there evidence of familiarity with the relevant scholarship of Roy Nichols, David Donald, Charles Sydnor, C. Vann Woodward, John Hope Franklin, Kenneth Stampp, Bell Wiley, Clement Eaton, Charles Sellers, or Wilbur J. Cash, to mention only a few. There is insufficient analysis or discussion of Confederate wartime policies, Southern prewar politics, the pervasive psychological influence of slavery, or the underlying strain of violence and emotionalism in Southern society. Also ignored is the puzzling question whether the phenomenon of "disloyalty" stemmed primarily from social weaknesses and tensions peculiar to the South or from basic structural flaws in American society as a whole. How different, really, was the equally startling record of opposition and mob violence that beset the Northern war effort?

To do justice to these larger questions, of course, the author would have had to write a different book. In this case such a criticism is valid. I wish he had.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich and David M. Glixon

THE TITLE IS CLEAR

Italicized in the following lines from some not-so-recent poems are the titles of some fairly recent books. Pansy Nichols of Austin, Texas, asks you to match each quotation to its poet and each book to its author. For the right combinations, turn to page 102.

1. I sometimes think that never blows *so red*
   The Rose as where some buried
   Caesar bled.
   ( ) Anon., 15th century ( ) Peter De Vries

2. Stay me with flagons, *comfort me with apples:* for I am sick of love.
   ( ) The Bible ( ) William Faulkner

3. Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord;
   He is trampling out the vintage where *the grapes of wrath* are stored.
   ( ) John Donne ( ) Vardis Fisher

4. *A little learning* is a dang'rous thing;
   Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring.
   ( ) Ernest Dowson ( ) John Gunther

5. *The reivers* they stole Fair Annie,
   As she walked by the sea.
   ( ) Edward FitzGerald ( ) A. S. M. Hutchinson

6. In tragic life, God wot,
   No villain need be! *Passions spin the plot.*
   ( ) Julia Ward Howe ( ) Margaret Mitchell

7. *Death, be not proud,* though some have called thee
   Mighty and dreadfull, for thou art not soe.
   ( ) George Meredith ( ) John Steinbeck

8. I have forgot much, Cynara! *gone with the wind,*
   Flung roses, roses riotously with the throng.
   ( ) Alexander Pope ( ) Evelyn Waugh

9. O wind,
   If Winter comes, can Spring be far behind?
   ( ) Percy Bysshe Shelley ( ) Stark Young

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The Headstrong Directors

ALTHOUGH THE more typical members of the moviegoing public are drawn to films for reason of story content and starring personalities, increasing numbers of patrons, spurred by critical evaluation, think first of the director. In Hollywood many professionals deplore this tendency and prefer to regard films as "committee" efforts in which writers, producers, actors, and others participate as creatively as the director. Critics, as a group, are biased against this point of view, and lately, so it would seem, the heads of distribution companies have been, too. Columbia, for one, has been putting solid backing behind some of the younger directorial talents, and has even gone so far as to label one of its new films *Roman Polanski's Repulsion*. Polanski recently skyrocketed to fame for his direction of the Polish film *Knife in the Water*, and *Repulsion*, made in England for a Columbia subsidiary, isn't going to harm his reputation in the least. He was presumably allowed all the freedom he wanted, and the result is a psychological horror tale, brilliantly executed, stark and absorbing, and also occasionally ugly if not downright revolting.

He has concentrated on a lonely French girl, employed as a manicurist in a London beauty salon, whose twisted sexuality is at the basis of what turns into a maniacal murderous psychosis. Her dreamy, almost ethereal exterior masks a tortured, terror-filled soul; she is given to rape fantasies and to a series of extraordinary hallucinations, and when the fantasies slowly overwhelm her she becomes a killer. Polanski's writing of the screenplay is as remorselessly diabolical and as gruesomely realistic as his direction. He is clever enough to provide convincing psychiatric detail for motivation, and at times he out-Hitchcocks Hitchcock in pictorial invention.

Being young (only thirty-two) he now and then overreaches himself to gain effect, as when he puts on the sound track the loud sounds of a woman reaching sexual climax (the sick-minded girl hears these sounds behind the thin walls of the apartment in which she lives with her older sister); he uses a skinned, uncooked rabbit as a gruesome symbol; and he visualizes the girl's fantasies in terms of a hallucinatory intruder who cohabits with her in her room at night. Compelling as all this is, the series of shocks he provides carries his film too close to the *grand guignol*. Polanski is almost too clever, and just as *Knife in*

the Water could have used more depth of understanding, so can *Repulsion*. But there is no doubt at all that he has made a remarkable shocker of a film.

Arthur Penn, too, was given his head by Columbia for *Mickey One*. He was left alone to make exactly the film he wanted to make, and so he must bear responsibility for the murky and often pretentious result. Quite obviously he didn't have much of a screenplay (by Alan Surgal) to work with, and the idea apparently was to get some allegorical meaning through the use of the suspense form. A young man is seen attempting to escape from gangland elements who "own" him; he is a night-club singer who gets into trouble, runs away, and changes his identity. But it appears he is really running away from himself, from the terrors of self-recognition. The trouble with the film is that Penn doesn't always succeed in establishing a unified style, nor does he provide much of the suspense that a thriller, even of allegorical type, absolutely requires. No matter how lively his pictorial sense, too many of the details seem arbitrary, conceived not to reveal the young man's problems, or to advance the story, but more as cinematic novelty.

Warren Beatty, as the young man, isn't much of a help; his acting is inchoate, and reminds one of laboratory exercises in a Method acting class. Audiences oughtn't to have to share a professional struggle of that sort. And perhaps audiences have the right, too, to ask that a director make his material and his intentions clear; that's what much of the business of directing is about. On the other hand, I don't want to discount *Mickey One* altogether, mainly because there is a lot to be gained through experimenting and taking chances. Arthur Penn deserves some applause for going off the deep end when he could easily have taken the safe, more typical Hollywood way. And now and then he does provide a striking moment that helps make up, visually, for the lack of genuine substance.

—HOLLIS ALPERT.

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Florida's Three-Ring City

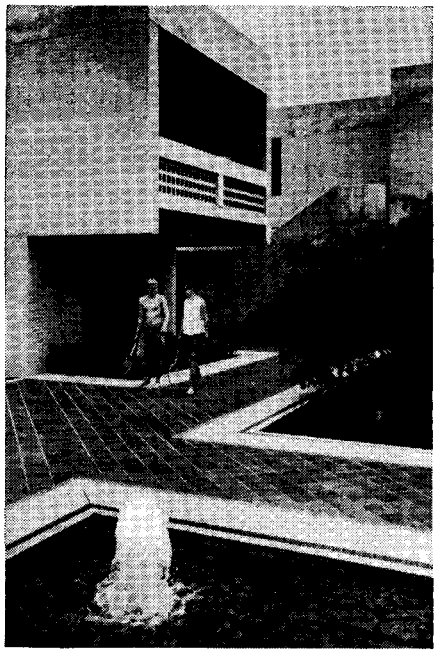
WE WERE wallowing about in South Florida on one mission or another recently when Hurricane Betsy suddenly changed directions and came thundering in from the Bahamas. Like most other refugees, we fled northward, and being unable to find space for New York we fetched up finally in Sarasota, a cerebral sanctuary on the west coast. Unlike the Gold Coast, washed by the Atlantic and sparkling with such centers of fun and sport as Miami Beach, Palm Beach, and Fort Lauderdale, the opposite shore, bordered as it is by the Gulf of Mexico, is widely whispered to be more sedate, more peaceful, less brassy, and certainly more genteel.

While waiting for Betsy to expend itself in the lands to the south I made a number of forays into the Sarasota thickets and found more things going on than were once displayed in the five rings of Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey's Circus, which used to make its home here. Glass blowers blow, whippets whip, old cars wait to be admired, parakeets wing through the Jungle Gardens, the White Sox unlimber, the snook snap, students matriculate, writers write, artists paint, mineral springs bubble, actors perform. Whew!

The departure of the circus has left some sadness here and some bitterness, too. The Ringling Museum of the Circus, which like all the Ringling memorabilia remains in Sarasota, gives 1956 as the year when the circus abandoned tents and went into arenas. It had bitter memories of the 1944 fire in Hartford, and it was losing money. To keep the show on the road the circus sold its winter quarters on Fruitville Road on the edge of Sarasota and moved to an auditorium in Venice. It staged its 95th premiere there last January. There was some feeling that the circus had sold for eventual subdivision some of the Sarasota land it had been given, and had forsaken its hallowed neighbors for an upstart community to the south.

Sarasota was a sleepy off-trail Florida town when the Ringling brothers arrived in 1911. Its first bank was six years old, its first post office had opened the year before, the same year the town had gotten electricity with complete service from dusk to midnight. John Ringling bought land in 1912 and lived in a modest house for nearly a decade of winters. But in 1923, after a trip to Italy during which they had collected every piece of available statuary short of Michelangelo's *David* (and they *did* get a copy of that), John and Mabel Ringling arrived back in Sarasota with plans to build a residence in style. The old Madison Square Garden on 23rd Street, which had been designed by Stanford White and owned by John Ringling, was particularly appealing to Mrs. Ringling. It stirred vague notions of the Doge's Palace in Venice. What she would like, she thought, was a home that would duplicate the façade of the Doge's Palace and combine the tower of Madison Square Garden, a tower in which Stanford White had maintained a studio. The macabre fact that White was murdered by Henry K. Thaw on the Madison Square Garden roof in 1906 didn't diminish the appeal of the design.

Eventually John Ringling interposed and, deciding that the tower would be too extravagant, agreed upon a more modest one. It was one of the few moves inspired by economy. Two ships brought roof tiles from Barcelona, where John Ringling had bought them from home owners whose houses were being torn down to make room for a wider street. Willy Pogany, a popular Hungarian illustrator of the day, was imported to paint a ceiling in which the Ringlings and their friends would appear in costume for a Venetian carnival. A terrace stretched along Sarasota Bay for 200 feet and measured forty feet in depth.



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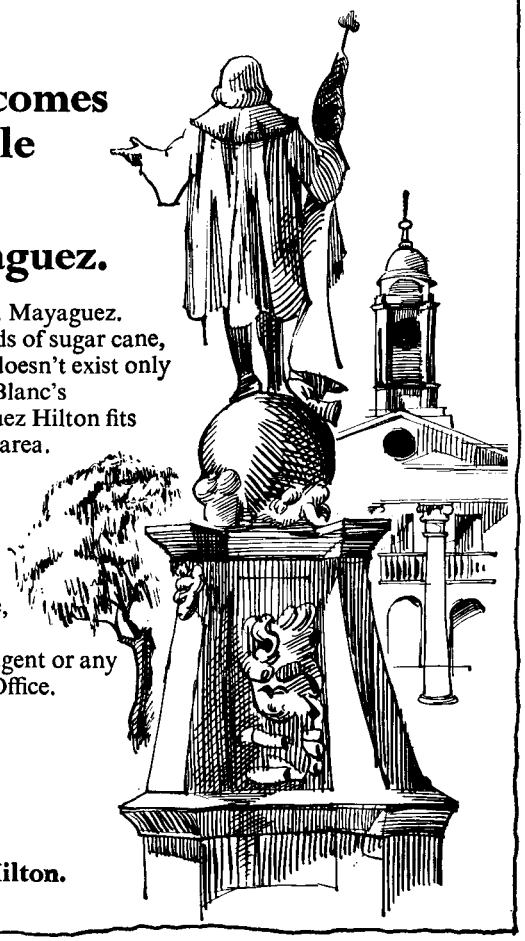

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Ringling Museum of Art—They collected everything in sight.

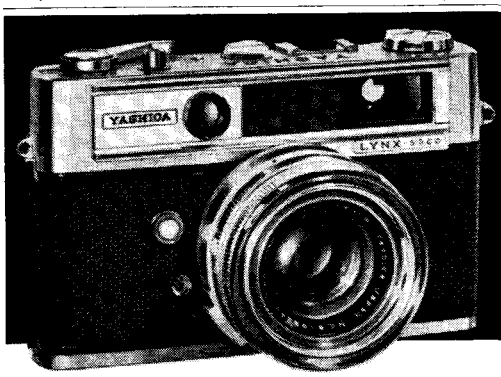
Thirteen marble steps led to a docking platform where a gondola made in Venice glided to a rest. The windowpanes were rolled in Venice of tinted glass. There were ballrooms, breakfast rooms, state dining rooms, a solarium, and a bar that would service a fine club. When it was all done the building had cost $1,000,000, the pool, seawall, and other buildings on the estate another quarter million, the furnishings an additional $400,000. The paintings were extra. The Ringlings discovered they had collected so many of them that they built the John and Mabel Ringling Museum of Art. It contains an extraordinary collection of European paintings from the fourteenth to the eighteenth centuries, and its collection of Peter Paul Rubens is widely heralded as the best in the country.

The John Ringling Residence, known as the Ca' d'Zan, Venetian patois for the House of John, is owned by the State of Florida, and it remains on public view as an American version of a Stately Home. The museum alongside and the Asolo Theater and the Ringling Circus Museum will give any visitor with stout arches enough to pore over for a week without once losing interest. The theater, which was imported whole by the State of Florida in the 1950s, is ideally suited to the Venetian atmosphere that wafts through the baroque monuments left by the Ringlings.

In the fifteenth century, when Venice was still a maritime republic, it sought to bind its alliance with Cyprus by marrying one of its daughters to the Cypriot king. Since Venice had no royal family, a belle named Catherine Cornaro, daughter of one of the wealthy merchants, was chosen. When the king died the next year, Venice annexed Cyprus and gave Catherine the town of Asolo for her court. With little to rule, Catherine amused herself with a sophisticated court of poets and writers. The little hill town thus developed a heritage for the arts, and in 1798 it built a theater.

Only twenty miles from Venice, Asolo was discovered again and again: by George Sand while visiting Italy with Chopin in the 1830s; by Robert Browning in 1834, his visit inspiring "Pippa Passes." Browning described Asolo when he wrote "Morning's at seven; the hillside's dew-pearled," and thought of Catherine Cornaro as the "lady here at Asolo where still her memory stays."

In 1857 the theater was remodeled along the style of the Teatro de la Venice in Venice, with 50 per cent more seats in boxes than in the orchestra. Browning returned to Asolo in 1889, forever lured



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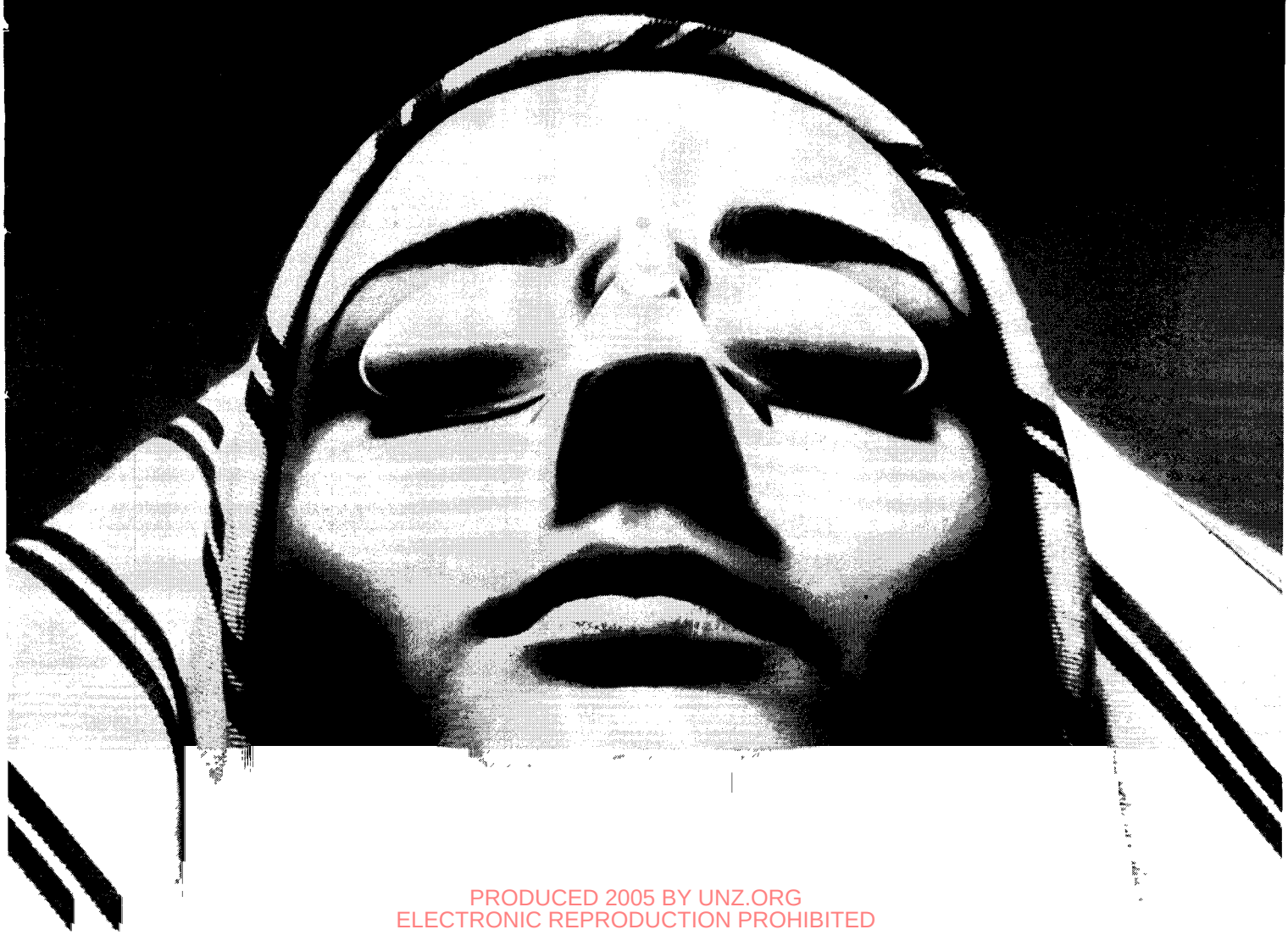

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by its call. He hoped to build a house there and call it Pippa's Tower. At one point the theater was closed for six years but the refurnishing necessary for its reopening was said to have been paid for by an American lady named Bronson, who had been attracted to Asolo by "Pippa Passes." Browning stayed with her in Asolo. He died in his son's house in Venice on the very day that his publishers brought forth a collection of his poems entitled *Asolando*. Browning's son later built a house in Asolo and became a member of the circle of American and British intellectuals who took root there. They considered the old theater to be old-fashioned and passé, and the town was persuaded to tear it down. A movie theater was put up in its place and named the Eleonora Duse, after the actress who had trod the boards of the original. In 1951 the old theater, knocked down and crated, sailed into the port of Tampa, sold by an antique dealer to the State of Florida. Ever since, it has played concerts, chorals, and a winter-long semester of theater by The Players. A summer festival included four plays in repertory, *Hamlet, Volpone, The Importance of Being Earnest,* and Giraudoux's *Tiger at the Gates.*

The Museum of the Circus, a neighbor of the theater, was established by the John and Mabel Ringling Museum of Art in 1948. It is a memorial to John Ringling, but also a rather scholarly collection of circus lore that goes back to the sixteenth-century days of the old English fairs. The circus is traced to Philip Astley, a retired sergeant who opened a riding school in 1768 and gave exhibitions in a ring while his wife scoured up customers by beating a drum. Astley's equestrian acts were supplemented by acrobats, comedians, and dancing dogs and were soon moved to their own building, eventually traveling to Paris on the royal request of Marie Antoinette. The Ringling Brothers emerged on the American circus scene in the imposing metropolis of Baraboo, Wisconsin. It was 1884. They called their show "The Ringling Brothers Classic and Comic Concert Company." By 1892 they were on rails with a thirty-two-car train, giving their performances in a huge round top. They were competing against Barnum and Bailey, the biggest name in circuses. In 1907, after Bailey died, the Ringlings bought out the Bailey interests. Consolidated after the war, Ringling Brothers, Barnum and Bailey stormed into the old Garden and was a giant success. Now it had a hundred cars and few competitors.

John and Charles Ringling, the two surviving brothers, had come to Sarasota before the war and both had acquired considerable property there. Charles died in 1926 and the next year, John, sole remaining brother of the five circus

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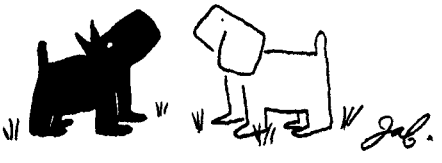
boys, moved his show from Bridgeport to Sarasota. For the small Florida town, beset by the crash of the land boom, the circus was a godsend. Homes had to be built for performers and employees and, what is more, Florida had its first real tourist attraction, and in the proper season, too. John rode high until 1929, a year that brought the crash and Mabel's death. She had lived in their great palace only a few years. John tried a second marriage, but it wasn't the same He suffered a stroke and in 1936 he died.

Although the Ringlings are gone and so is the circus, the seal of the Ringlings is still very apparent in Sarasota. John Ringling saved the city from extinction, or at least obscurity, when he gave it the winter headquarters of the circus. His home, the museum of art, and the Museum of the Circus gave Sarasota enough attractions to lure sideshows, airlines (direct service now to New York), ball clubs, and even seats of learning. This fall Sarasota's New College began its second academic year. Its 175 students, who started scholastic life last year in a motel, have moved to new dormitories designed by I. M. Pei. Studded with big street globes, marked by clean and angular lines, the dorms have the traditional Pei look. But every student's room, complete with air conditioning, has a balcony or a view of a courtyard of royal palms in parade formation or a refreshing look at a splashing fountain, or a brilliant box of bougainvillea. Students work three twelve-week class terms, get a few weeks off in between each long session, work eleven months a year, and finish in three years. A project of the United Church of Christ, New College has raised $9,000,000 to date, offers no football, and does not require an athletic program of its students. It already has a 25,000-volume library in open stacks developed from the University of California and Harvard library lists. Its 115-acre campus occupies the estate of Charles Ringling and adjoins the John Ringling complex. The college administration building is in the old carriage house and Charles's mansion is the library. Students from France, Venezuela, Switzerland, and forty-three states stroll under the moss-hung magnolias that first attracted the Ringlings fifty years ago. It's a short walk to the pool.

—Horace Sutton.



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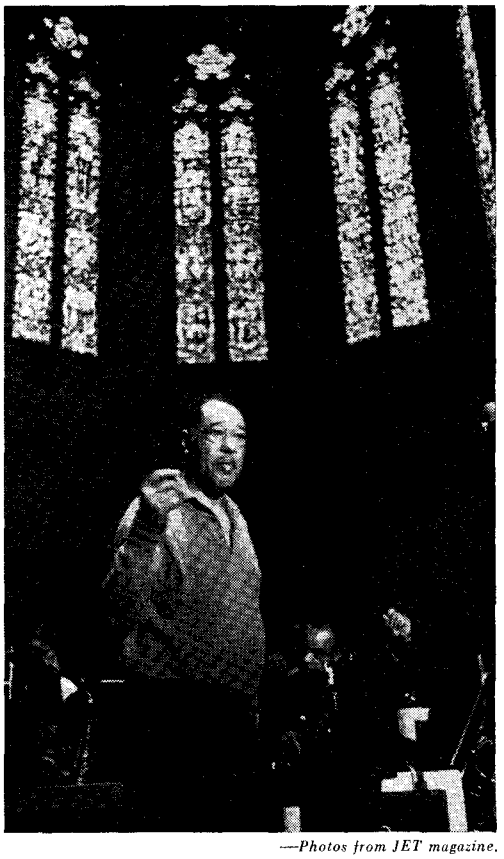
The Ecumenical Ellington



—Photos from JET magazine.

Ellington and band rehearsing in Grace Cathedral.

"EVERY TIME God's children have thrown away fear in pursuit of honesty—trying to communicate, understood or not—miracles have happened." Thus Duke Ellington in his program notes to the concert of sacred music which he presented in San Francisco's Grace Cathedral on September 16.

It certainly seemed like a miracle to see the famous faces of his famous orchestra looking down the nave from the chancel in the big, proud church on top of Nob Hill. Yet it was not without precedent of a kind, for this summer Catholic priests and a Negro choir had celebrated mass at the Antibes jazz festival. And it was no more incongruous than, say, the annual visit of a London symphony orchestra to the fifteenth-century church in the little town of Thaxted, England. For these were musicians offering what they did best—better than any others in the world—to the glory of God, the principle being, after all, the same as that of the harvest festival, when the finest fruits of the field are brought thankfully into church.

"Every man prays in his own language," Ellington explained, "and there is no language that God does not understand."

The language was perhaps not always fully understood by the well-dressed audience that packed the cathedral, for it was the Ellington language undiluted. In the "pursuit of honesty," fear of scandalizing had been put aside. So Cootie Williams spoke starkly with plunger-muted trumpet, Cat Anderson's high notes echoed around the high, vaulted roof, and Paul Gonsalves's tenor saxophone drove as excitingly as ever beneath a chanting choir.

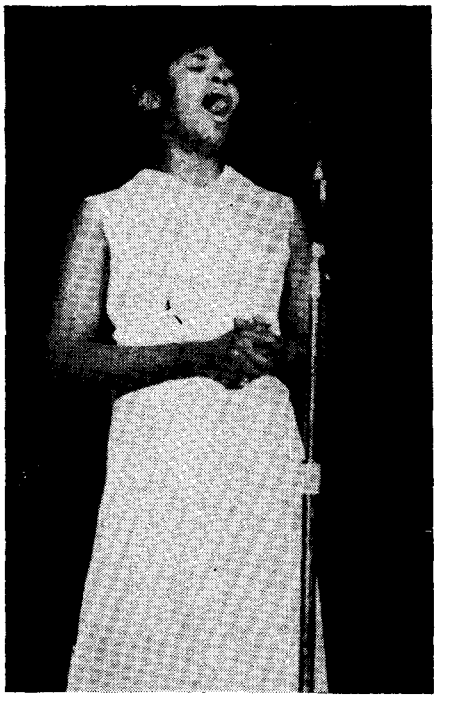
Ellington knew, too, about the medieval *jongleur* who expressed his gratitude with a performance before the statue of the Virgin Mary. The evening's visual climax came when tap dancer Bunny Briggs stepped forward to illustrate an up-tempo variation on Ellington's "Come Sunday" entitled "David Danced Before the Lord with All His Might." Briggs danced with all his might, spurred on by soft unison saxophones, by an Anderson trumpet obbligato, and by Jon Hendricks, who sang first the lyrics and then in scat.

"In the beginning God . . .," the four words that open the King James version of the Bible, provided the program's main theme and the title of an inspired Ellington composition. The six syllables were symbolized by a "phrase with six tones," which was used "many times . . . many ways." Harry Carney introduced the work on the baritone saxophone, and the full, majestic sound this musician produces with his instrument—not to mention his finely nuanced phrasing—can seldom have been employed to better effect. It expressed awe and reverence, as if at the beginning, "before all worlds," and none of the subsequent statements that were allotted to Jimmy Hamilton, Jon Hendricks, Paul Gonsalves, Cat Anderson, and Louis Bellson matched it in terms of dignity and feeling. A choir was also employed here to declaim the names of the books in the Old and New Testaments, Ellington having tutored its members in the matter of accent, so that they now sang "Corrr-inthians!" and "Eee-phesians!" to obtain the desired rhythmic impact.

TWO choirs were, in fact, used in the course of the concert: one from San Diego, directed by Herman McCoy, and the other consisting of cathedral choristers. The former sang a selection of traditional spirituals as well as three from Ellington's musical production, *My People,* on which they were joined by Jimmy McPhail. The major vocal triumph, however, was achieved by Esther Merrill, a young gospel singer from Detroit who has something of Mahalia Jackson's power and fervor. Her interpretation of "Come Sunday" gained the approval of even Johnny Hodges, who had played it earlier with serene artistry in the overture to "Black, Brown and Beige." A completely new arrangement of the number had been specially written for the concert, and following the singer the reed section made an exquisite final declaration. The score called for two clarinets (Procope and Hamilton), bass clarinet (Carney), alto saxophone (Hodges), and tenor saxophone (Gonsalves), and the resultant sound might justly be described as ethereal. Then an astonishingly joyous fusion of jazz and religious sentiment occurred when Miss Merrill sang "The Lord's Prayer," the whole orchestra swinging enthusiastically behind her. Here the spiritual and the temporal came together in a thrilling affirmation of belief.

In this arresting performance, Ellington played an extremely important role at the piano, urging on his forces with authoritative, well-placed chords. Previously, all alone, he had played his "New World A'Coming," a work descriptive of a place "where love is unconditional and no pronoun is good enough for God."

Since he had done so much to make the occasion a success—by his own inten-



Esther Merrill—"something of Mahalia Jackson's power and fervor."

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Boys of Grace Cathedral rehearse with the Ellington band.

sive work, by bringing in additional talent from all over the country regardless of cost, and by playing for scale— it was only regrettable that the cathedral's acoustics and sound system failed to do the concert justice. Indeed, it was a case of the last shall be first, for those at the back heard much better than those in front.

Two nights later, Ellington and his company were at the Monterey Jazz Festival. It was the big night, Saturday night, and the huge audience had already been brought to a peak of excitement by the magic of Earl Hines, to whom it gave a standing ovation. Ellington went on soon after 11 and played for an hour and a half, until the police began to make pointed references to the time.

He presented a fine program of new and old material. There were exhibitionistic vehicles for Cat Anderson ("El Viti") and Buster Cooper ("El Busto"), and for Paul Gonsalves an excellent piece at medium tempo that had served as the background to the Old Testament chanting in the cathedral. Johnny Hodges had a new one, too, "When I'm Feeling Kinda Blue." Written by Gerald Wilson, this had a catchy melody and a rock-'n'-roll gait. Hodges knew just what to do with it, and within eight bars he had the crowd wholly in his hand.

THEN it was Sunday, and Esther Merrill came out to sing "Tell Me It's the Truth," "Come Sunday," and "The Lord's Prayer." She touched the emotions just as surely and deeply as she had done in the cathedral, but now she sang with even more gospel fire and confidence. She exhorted the audience as a congregation—"Let me hear you moan, let me hear you moan!"—and she ended with a series of passionate and irrefutable amens.

That should have concluded the program, but Ellington could not beg off. Bunny Briggs danced as Jon Hendricks sang about David, and then, finally, there was "Rockin' in Rhythm" with Dizzy Gillespie, Rex Stewart, and Clark Terry supplementing the band's regular brass.

Well organized and imaginative, the festival as a whole was a success both artistically and in terms of attendance, for the afternoon concerts proved nearly as popular as those at night. The attractive setting and the permanent facilities of the county fairground continued to give it a decided advantage over other festivals in this country, but an unusually warm and appreciative audience contributed a great deal, too.

For example, that veteran clarinetist Buster Bailey received the ovation of a lifetime for his long, nostalgic interpretation of "Memphis Blues." There was no ballyhoo of any kind for this, but the crowd obviously recognized the artistry and skilled musicianship that were involved. The following afternoon, John Handy's modern quintet (alto saxophone, violin, guitar, bass, and drums) was the surprise hit of the festival, one that even the redoubtable Charles Mingus found hard to come after. And as at Newport, Dr. Danny Zeitlin's trio, for all its subtlety, proved very much to the taste of the audience.

The festival's theme, "Tribute to the Trumpet," was entrusted to a remarkable gathering of trumpet stars, among whom were Louis Armstrong, Henry "Red" Allen, Rex Stewart, Clark Terry, Harry Edison, Harry James, Ray Copeland, and Dizzy Gillespie. With the addition of Ellington's trumpets, they illustrated among them most of the styles dominant in jazz during the past four decades. Gillespie, who also acted as a quick-witted and humorous m.c., appeared with his own quintet, and in the premiere performances of two specially commissioned works by Gil Fuller, the leader and arranger of the twenty-piece Monterey Jazz Festival Orchestra.

The religious influence was felt again on Sunday afternoon when Mary Lou Williams, a brilliant pianist and a staunch Catholic, presented her musical tribute to the Negro saint of Peru, Martin de Porres. It was another public expression of the concern for spirituality evidenced by jazz musicians since Pope John awakened the world to ecumenism.

Northern California, many claimed, had never had it so good.

—STANLEY DANCE.

Ellington with (left to right) Bishop James A. Pike, Rev. C. Julian Bartlett and Rev. John Yarygan.

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RECORDINGS REPORTS: JAZZ LPs

TITLE, PERSONNEL, DATA	REPORT
Louis Armstrong: *I Love Jazz*. Armstrong, trumpet and vocal, in sextet, septet, and octet, and with twelve-piece band. Decca DL 4227, $3.79; stereo, $4.79.	This welcome collection is made up of several titles never issued before and others that were previously available only as singles. In the former category is "Twelfth Street Rag," a corny number that Armstrong and Earl Hines successfully translate into good jazz, whereas Jack Teagarden and Barney Bigard deliberately ham it up in solos their admirers will hardly approve. Bigard, however, is heard to advantage on "Pretty Little Missy," and there are other notable solos by Trummy Young, Billy Kyle, and Edmond Hall ("Frog-i-more Rag"). Some of the leader's most exciting playing is on the noisy "Skokiaan," but there are magisterial statements throughout, not least on the long and often moving "Otchi-Tchor-Ni-Ya." The latter, like "Basin Street Blues," dates from 1958 when Bigard and Bud Freeman—heard on earlier versions—were replaced by Peanuts Hucko and Eddie Miller.
Duke Ellington: *Will Big Bands Ever Come Back?* Ellington, arranger and pianist, with fourteen-piece band. Reprise 6168, $3.98; stereo, $4.98.	Themes of famous swing and sweet bands are here invested with the tonal qualities that are unique to the Ellington orchestra. "One O'Clock Jump," "Tuxedo Junction," and "When It's Sleepy Time Down South" remain very much in character, and the Herman and Ellington themes are treated as true band numbers with a whole string of solos, but others are wittily and ingeniously transformed. "Put it in the alley" was Ellington's faithfully obeyed instruction to drummer Sam Woodyard for Wayne King's "The Waltz You Saved for Me," and "Disturbed Sleep!" was Billy Strayhorn's laconic explanation of the violent trumpet interlude by Cat Anderson on Fred Waring's "Sleep, Sleep, Sleep." Harry Carney's baritone saxophone is heard instead of the expected clarinet at the beginning of "Rhapsody in Blue" (a model condensation with inspired improvisation by Paul Gonsalves), and Benny Goodman's signing-off theme, "Goodbye," becomes a fitting showcase for the perennial artistry of Johnny Hodges on alto saxophone. Unreservedly recommended.
Woody Herman: *My Kind of Broadway*. Herman, clarinet, alto saxophone, and vocal, with fifteen-piece band. Columbia CL 2357, $3.79; stereo, $4.79.	Nearly all of these performances are strenuously energetic in the brassy, up-tempo mode that returned the Herd to prominence. Of the six arrangers, Nat Pierce is the most aware of the value of color contrasts, his tempo and rich score providing a welcome change of pace on "Who Can I Turn To?" Here and elsewhere, however, his own piano is far too modestly recorded. Bill Holman is responsible for appropriately warm brass writing on the relaxed "Warm All Over," as well as the flag-waving arrangement of "This Can't Be Love." Among the soloists, tenor saxophonist Andy McGhee proves himself fully equal to the greatly improved opportunities available to him in this band. Thanks are doubtless due producer Teo Macero for the exemplary fashion in which details regarding personnel, soloists, and arrangers are set out.
Earl Hines: *Grand Reunion*. Hines, piano; Roy Eldridge, trumpet and flugelhorn; Coleman Hawkins, tenor saxophone; George Tucker, bass; Oliver Jackson, drums. Limelight 86020, $4.98; stereo, $5.98.	Recorded live at New York's Village Vanguard, this album is extremely successful in capturing the genial kind of atmosphere Earl Hines creates in clubs wherever he appears. For about half of each side, he plays with bass and drums only before being joined by Hawkins and Eldridge. Earlier versions of "Tea for Two" and the six-part "Portrait of Fats Waller" only help emphasize the constantly enriched improvisatory processes of this phenomenal artist. A dazzling soloist, he is also an inspiring accompanist, as is particularly audible on "Rosetta" and "C Jam Blues." "Sunday," featuring Roy Eldridge on flugelhorn, makes an interesting comparison with the performance of the same tune on Hines's recent Victor album, which featured Ray Nance. Very attractively packaged, the set includes long and discerning notes by Dan Morgenstern.
Ramsey Lewis: *The "In" Crowd*. Lewis, piano; Eldee Young, bass and cello; Red Holt, drums. Argo 757, mono and stereo, $4.98.	The best-selling jazz record in months, if not years, this is competently made to the piano trio's usual unassuming formula. No doubt the album title had much to do with popularity, but one can only conclude that the "In" crowd is a crowd with singularly unsophisticated tastes. The Lewis group has been together for a decade and works well as a unit, especially in unpretentious blues grooves. One track, again as usual, is devoted to Eldee Young's cello, which he plays pizzicato with a very infectious beat.
Freddie McCoy: *Lonely Avenue*. McCoy, vibraphone; Gil Askey, trumpet; Richard Harris, trombone; Tate Houston, baritone saxophone; James Thomas, organ; Napoleon Allen, guitar; Martin Rivera, bass; Ray Lucas, drums. Prestige 7395, mono and stereo, $4.98.	Although not strikingly original, McCoy plays vibraphone with good phrasing and a consistent feeling for melody. His performances are considerably enhanced by the supporting sextet, for which Gil Askey wrote simple but compelling arrangements. The organ gives them far more body than might be expected, and the replacement of guitar by trombone adds further strength and fulness to the ensemble on the second side. In view of the potential in the personnel, it is perhaps unfortunate that McCoy is the only soloist.
Shelly Manne: *Shelly Manne and Co*. Manne, drums, and Eddie Heywood, piano, in trio with Barney Bigard, clarinet; in trio with Johnny Hodges, alto saxophone; and in sextet with Ray Nance, trumpet and violin; Aaron Sachs, clarinet; Don Byas, tenor saxophone; John Simmons, bass (four titles). Contact CM-4, mono only, $4.98.	The music in this collection, drawn from the Signature catalogue of 1944, shows no awareness of the be-bop revolution then in progress. Manne, for the most part, seeks to provide a steady beat with brushes, while Heywood furnishes a full and comfortable piano foundation. Heywood's playing is occasionally florid, but it usually has admirable continuity and an irresistible rhythmic pulse. Byas, at this time, blew with surging vitality as well as splendid tone, while Nance—then as now—was a moving musician on both trumpet and violin. Bigard, so successful in trio with Jelly Roll Morton years earlier, finds his true form only in a couple of blues choruses here. Johnny Hodges, on the other hand, blows with his customary nonchalance and ease of expression, albeit at a faster tempo on "Sunny Side of the Street" than that he subsequently favored.
McCoy Tyner: *McCoy Tyner Plays Ellington*. Tyner, piano; Jimmy Garrison, bass; Elvin Jones, drums; Willie Rodriguez and Johnny Pacheco, Latin percussion. Impulse A 79, $4.98; stereo $5.98.	The seven Ellington compositions chosen by John Coltrane's pianist include three unusual items in "Mr. Gentle and Mr. Cool," "A Gypsy Without a Song," and "Searchin'." The last was composed in 1959 but has not previously been recorded. To these and more familiar numbers, Tyner applies his precise technique with its strong left hand and glitteringly affirmative treble runs. It is characteristic of this thoughtful young man that "Solitude" should be played at a bright tempo with little trace of melancholy. The "Latin percussion" is, as ever, no bargain, but the adjustments made by Elvin Jones in this context are fascinating, and Garrison contributes an effective solo to "Mr. Gentle and Mr. Cool," a vehicle orginally reserved for the transport of Harold Baker and Ray Nance.
Fats Waller: *'34/'35*. Waller, piano and vocal, solo, and with quintet and sextet. RCA Victor LPV-516, mono only, $4.79.	Is it a coincidence that humor and happiness progressively declined in jazz after 1943, the year in which Fats Waller died? Certainly it takes a little while to adjust to his boisterous good spirits nowadays. "Woman, they tell me you're flooded with currency!" he exclaims in "Serenade for a Wealthy Widow," instantly transplanting the listener into an adult world where teen-agers were minors. Besides the humorist, the magnificent pianist is well in evidence, and of three solo performances one, "Blue Black Bottom," has never been issued anywhere before. On the other thirteen titles he is in the good company of his "Rhythm," which includes such compatible musicians as Herman Autrey, Gene Sedric, and Al Casey. —STANLEY DANCE.

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Five English Poets

CHAUCER. *"The Canterbury Tales." The Prologue Read in Middle English by Neville Coghill, Norman Davis, and John Burrow.* Argo RG 401, with text, mono only, $5.79.

BYRON. *"Don Juan." Selections from Cantos I and II. Read by Richard Johnson assisted by Peggy Ashcroft.* Argo RG 374, with text, mono only, $5.79.

SHELLEY. *Readings by Patrick Garland, Gary Watson, and Richard Marquand.* Argo RG 380, with text, mono only, $5.79.

ELIOT. *"The Waste Land and other Poems." Read by Robert Speaight.* Argo RG 10, no text, mono only, $5.79.

DYLAN THOMAS. *"15 Poems." Read by Richard Burton.* Argo RG 43, no text, mono only, $5.79.

Argo Record Company, Ltd. (113 Fulham Road, London S.W. 3) announces a long-range project that will eventually make available sixty LP records of the English poets from Chaucer to Yeats, and the first three of the series come to hand with two companion albums of Eliot and Thomas that are not, I gather, officially listed as part of the series but that are clearly related to it.

Given the tendency of recording companies to launch such projects, the series was more or less inevitable, and certainly as worthy as inevitable. Yet, if the first three releases listed above are to be taken as an accurate foretaste of the series, I am left to foresee a certain stodginess. The readings are proper enough but almost with the propriety of a good freshman anthology. Shelley, to be sure, is hardly likely to be a source of excitement in our day, even when given a capable reading. And let there, of course, be Chaucer, but with several recordings of "The Prologue to the Canterbury Tales" already available, must the master forever be re-represented by the set piece?

Richard Johnson, I am delighted to report, comes through with a finely sustained and suavely modulated interpretation of selections from the first two cantos of "Don Juan," a reading I shall want to return to for more than to pay my respects. On average, however, and pending the evidence of future releases, I shall have to think of the series as solidly professional but without particular excitement.

I am afraid I am left to feel about the same way toward Robert Speaight's Eliot. Speaight is a fine reader, and one who has often moved me, but I cannot feel that he sufficiently captures the world-weariness-cum-religious-intensity that speaks through these poems. I have to believe that Eliot himself has left a better reading of his poems (Caedmon. TC-1045, $5.95), and though the poems chosen for the Speaight reading only partially overlap Eliot's choices, there still seems to be little point in buying the echo when the original voice may be had as readily.

Speaight does well enough with "Prufrock" and the other poems on the second side, and well enough with the Tiresias voice of "The Waste Land" but he seems especially weak in rendering Madame Sosostris, Lil, and the other ladies of the piece. I doubt, in fact, that "The Waste Land" can be most effectively read by a single voice. A few months ago I took part in a Channel 13 presentation of "The Waste Land" directed by Lewis Freedman, who scored the reading for four voices and presented it with Marion Winter, Frances Sternhagen, Lester Rawlins, and Richard Kiley. My only part in the program was to fumble out a twenty-five minute commentary straight into one camera and without cue cards (a murderous experience), and I can say, without personal involvement, that I found that four-part reading tremendously moving. If Channel 13 is in any way inclined to release that reading on record, without the sweaty incoherencies of this commentator *manqué*, that would be an album I should be delighted to own.

As, let me rush to report, I am delighted to own Burton's new reading of Dylan Thomas. It is no easy thing to read, so to speak, in the shadow of Dylan Thomas himself – with Thomas's own delivery still powerfully in memory, and with his own recordings at hand. Thomas, to be sure, was not always a flawless reader; he was often a hammy one, and he was not always sober at the microphone. Yet, at his best, his was the most powerful speaking voice in our poetry.

I doubt that any other man now living could have managed a reading of Thomas fit to stand beside Thomas's own. Yet Burton does it. The wildness, the control, the rhythm, and the resonance are all there in the full orchestra of Burton's voice as it broods and exults over the lines. The result is better than anyone could have expected—an experience like the gooseflesh of poetry itself—and perhaps the absence of an accompanying text matters relatively little with Thomas's work so readily available.

—JOHN CIARDI.

Music to My Ears

Continued from page 39

and, by some Italian standards, a chiseled sense of phrasing. Worthy of comment, too, was the excellent Marcello of Calvin Marsh, the sturdy Colline of John Macurdy, and a Musetta by Heidi Krall that was acted better than it was sung. Fausto Cleva was the conductor.

Also included in this first Metropolitan week was a *Lucia* with Anna Moffo in which Ion Piso, a Rumanian tenor, performed the kind of Edgardo in which the sextet became a quintet, and an *Arabella* directed by Georges Prêtre. He collaborated well in the vocal interplay of Lisa della Casa as Arabella and Anneliese Rothenberger as Zdenka, but not so much to the advantage of Strauss's carefully conceived orchestral texture. That is, his knowledge of this score, by comparison with those of Saint-Saens and Gounod he has previously directed here, sounded general and approximate

rather than specific and exact. Donald Gramm's sonorous tones added something that the part of Count Waldner has not previously possessed. The Mandryka was Walter Cassel.

What has been done over the summer to improve the acoustical characteristic of Lincoln Center's Philharmonic Hall was apparent even before Leonard Bernstein's first concert with the Philharmonic Orchestra began (after his year-long sabbatical). That related to the better spread of audience noise through the frequency range—less brittle and high pitched—than had prevailed before the resurfacing of the walls with wood (acacia) panels, the introduction of reflecting surfaces at the rear, and similar refinements.

It was, gratefully, even more apparent when the program began, with, as it happened, the happy choice of Sibelius's Third Symphony, with its repeated figurations in the low strings. This was a particular point of weakness in the original arrangement, but, to judge from the solid sound now, it is no longer. When the woodwinds came in, one could hear that the fine edge of clarity for which the hall was distinguished from the start, had not been impaired. Phyllis Curtin was heard as soprano soloist in a group of Sibelius's songs and his *Luonnotar*, and Bernstein directed the third symphony of Carl Nielsen, for which he has a particular affinity.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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Heard at the High Fidelity Show

THE 1965 High Fidelity Music Show was smaller and less crowded than usual, but hardly quieter. There were few new trends to be spotted, manufacturers seemed interested mainly in refining the products introduced at previous shows, and preliminary estimates indicated that New York's newspaper strike would limit public attendance.

Video tape was the major new trend, perhaps the only one. Both Sony and Ampex demonstrated their systems on the upper exhibit floors, while Norelco showed glimpses of Andy Warhol's first "Underground video tape" in the second-floor area. The Norelco system, rather more expensive than the other two, is intended more for institutional than for home use.

Among the audio tape recorder makers, Crown was alone in presenting a model selling for more than the Ampex and Sony videocorders. Its professional-featured SS800 series includes two-channel stereo recorders as high as $1,460, and four-channel machines as high as $2,800. Magnecord, in the Telex booth, showed the 1020, its first machine in several years designed with "decorator" look, rather than the "studio" look of most recent Magnecords. The 1020, a redesigned version of the professionally based model 1024, features headphone jacks on the front panel, a digital counter, and a price of $570—$125 lower than that of the Model 1024.

Both the recent Magnecords (including the 1020) and such European machines as the Ferrograph (imported by Ercona) can accept reels up to 8¼ inches in diameter, with 50 per cent more capacity than normal 7-inch reels; while such reels have only been available in Europe until now, their large-scale introduction should come within a year or two. The new ReVox recorder accepts 10½-inch reels, with twice the capacity of 7-inch reels.

A good deal of professional tape equipment was seen at the show. Viking showed its new series 235 tape duplicating system and RP120 solid-state recording amplifier; Sony showed a new version of its 777-S4 recorder and three new additions to its line of professional condenser microphones. Sony also showed two new amateur microphones and a stereo microphone mixer, as well as several new home recorder models, including one with an automatic tape reverse triggered by ten seconds of silence on the tape.

Portables were very much in evidence. Uher's 4000-L is a restyled version of its popular 4000-S, with a push-button reset index counter, and an improved motor speed control circuit. Tandberg announced a similar four-speed portable with microphone and line mixing facilities. Sony offers its Servocontrol 800, a three-speed unit that operates from batteries or AC without adapters, and incorporates both a digital tape counter and automatic volume control, with a variable speed and pause control available as an accessory. These three portables all accept reels up to five inches in diameter, and all operate at 7½ inches per second as well as lower speeds.

Concord's new Model 350, while lacking the 7½-ips speed, does include automatic reverse and is the first battery recorder to do so. Concertone announced a new, expanded line of Reverse-O-Matic recorders, plus a new solid-state amplifier and the wall-hanging "Audio Composium," incorporating amplifier, record changer, tuner, and tape deck in a single, compact cabinet.

Tape enthusiasts are discovering the fun of live recording and the importance of good microphones. At the Shure, Electro-Voice, and Ercona (PML) booths, microphones were very much in evidence.

New record players, though not as common as new recorders, were also prominent. Dual's new 1019 adds anti-skating compensation and a cue control to the features of the earlier Dual 1009 (still available). The new RFS Balfour line includes an automatic stylus brush, among other features, while the Miracord 40 adds a dynamically balanced tone arm to the features of the Model 10.

Most expensive and elaborate of the single-play turntables on display was the $295 Marantz SLT-12, with a radial straight tracking arm for zero tracking error, now shown for the first time in a production version. Elpa is showing two new turntables, a revised TD-124 and the TD-150AB, incorporating the latest Thorens arm design.

Several new cartridges were shown: the Empire 888 series, the IMF Mark 4 pickup cartridge with non-cantilever drive; Grado's new Model "B" solid state cartridge, and the Stanton "Longhair" cartridge, with stylus cleaning brush.

For the first time in several years, new tuners included AM band provisions: Harmon-Kardon's SR-400 receiver (also incorporated in its Stratophonic Compact), and Electro-Voice's sleekly styled E-V 1156 tuner and E-V 1178 receiver.

Main new product at Fisher is the 440-T receiver, an all-transistor unit with 70 watts Music Power Rating at 4 ohm load impedance (50 watts at 8 ohms), for $329.50. Scott's new 315 solid state tuner is its first transistor FM unit retailing at less than $200. Altec Lansing, Bogen, and Sherwood also showed solid-state receivers, the Altec and Sherwood, using only silicon transistors.

Marantz and Dynaco, the industry's two major holdouts against transistorization, have announced solid-state plans. The new Marantz "Model 7T Stereo Console" has the performance and features of their Model 7 tube preamplifier, plus two center-channel output jacks and extra front-panel input and output jacks for easy connection of a tape recorder. Dynaco promised a sixty-watt-per-channel solid state amplifier for 1966, and displayed a prototype. IMF has also announced a custom transistor amplifier to be built under Dynaco license. J. B. Lansing showed an integrated stereo amplifier. Hadley showed its 621 solid state preamplifier and their model 622 stereo amplifier, the latter styled attractively enough to be left in plain sight in the home.

Shure displayed a transistorized headphone amplifier incorporating RIAA equalized and flat inputs, while Koss has announced preliminary specifications on a similar but more expensive headphone amplifier that will also be capable of driving high-efficiency speakers.

Several speakers incorporated new features. Wharfedale offered a solution to the audiophile's problem of whether to buy a bookshelf system now and trade up later, or to hold off until he can afford a larger system; Wharfedale's W30, W40 and W60 speakers can be upgraded by slipping them into the appropriate "Expandule" unit, which incorporates a larger woofer and crossover network to extend the range of the original speaker.

Hartley showed its 220MS coaxial speaker with compliance-linked dual voice coils. KLH's only exhibit was the new Model Twelve speaker system with separate response switches for treble, mid-range and bass contours.

KSC announced a speaker adjustment and test record; one is packed with every KSC speaker. J. B. Lansing showed a new, high-styled patio speaker. Fisher has increased the magnet weight and voice-coil diameter of its XP-5 compact speaker system; the resulting model XP-5 has greater power handling capacity and efficiency. —IVAN BERGER.

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The School for Parents

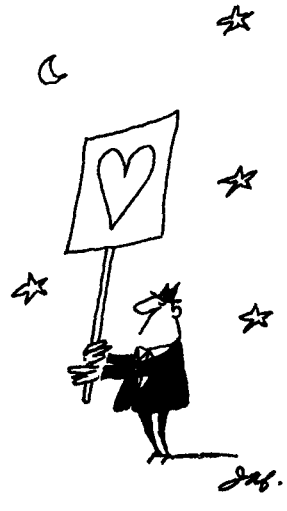
ONE SUSPECTS that Philippe Hériat's 1960 French hit *Les Joies de la Famille* may have been a very civilized painting of those barbaric anti-parental instincts that seem to flourish most enormously within rich families. In Ruth Gordon's Broadway version, titled *A Very Rich Woman*, the locale is Boston and the comedy's emphasis appears to have been shifted in the direction of eccentricity and parody. Although one can accept most of Miss Gordon's adaptation as reasonably feasible under the circumstances, and can even admire some of its uncompromising satire, one soon realizes that without the subtle French framework the play has turned into a succession of forced wisecracks. And in the title role, Miss Gordon puts so much body English behind each curve she throws that it emerges ridiculously mannered and forbiddingly unsympathetic.

For some reason director Garson Kanin has permitted her to construct the seventy-five-year-old Mrs. Rosebud Lord as an outrageously tenacious "wheeler-dealer," without the leavening warmth and gaiety that saved her portrayal of Dolly Levi from seeming all predatory in *The Matchmaker*. Rosebud has loads of money and she's determined to think big, live big, and to have a "demise" rather than a plain ordinary "death." There's not an ounce of romanticism in her description of the Greek Islands, "where burning Sappho sung." This delivery is funny enough, and true to the satirical character she has created, as is her constant intentness on the coveting of material pleasures. But these things, plus her rhumba-like walk, make it hard for us not to believe that she hasn't long since written off her equally covetous daughters. While the script calls for her to have vulnerable moments in which she needs her daughter's love, Miss Gordon's tough portrayal belies her words. For her world is devoid of tender emotions, and even her talks to God are hardboiled and untrusting.

But in Act II the mood is suddenly wrenched. We leave the trivial world of the wealthy for the grimmer reality of a mental institution, designed with an appropriately relentless impersonality by Oliver Smith. There Rosebud sits, wretched in a plain open-at-the-back hospital nightshirt and pondering her life in a way reminiscent of Winnie in Beckett's *Happy Days*. For a few minutes Miss Gordon relaxes and puts her marvelous talent to its best use. She is the victim and a nicely drawn example of how impossible it is to be put in the position of defending one's sanity. But the will that amassed so much wealth fights back. When offered her freedom in exchange for giving her daughter power of attorney she refuses magnificently, saying, "Before I give you that, you can kiss mine in Jordan Marsh's window and in the garment I'm wearing for which it probably was designed." And this defiance leads to the play's best speech, as she tells her daughter to stop referring to them as "we." "*We*," she points out, "is for the family who plays together, prays together, and don't put their ma in the nuthouse."

There is other memorable dialogue, including the aphorism "Once you make someone your heir, you create a damn halfhearted well-wisher." But unfortunately such plain-dealing lines make us loath the daughters without making us very fond of their mother. Indeed, the only characters we'd like to have around for very long are the two octogenarian servants—a grumbling maid played by Ethel Griffies, and a butler with a hearing aid played by Raymond Walburn. As the two "Miss Lears" Joan Wetmore and Carrie Nye are suitably poisonous (the latter's inflections sound a bit like those of New York mayoral candidate William Buckley). While one is glad to have Ernest Truex's special charm back on Broadway, his portrait of the family lawyer is only occasionally amusing.

It is probably true that to have retained the flavor of the Paris original might not have worked here. But it is also true that this frenetic American version fails in too many of its attempts to be funny and, except for Miss Gordon's one fine soliloquy, also fails to make us give a damn about this particular affluent society. —HENRY HEWES.



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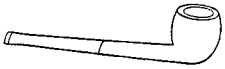
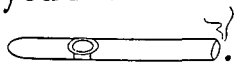
He starts right in with "Buon giorno" and, through a process as natural as an infant learning to speak, you'll soon know the difference between una pipa  and un sigaro  . In fact, within five minutes you'll be saying a sentence as complicated as "Io preferisco la pipa al sigaro."

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EDUCATION IN AMERICA

Education Editor: PAUL WOODRING
Associate Education Editor: JAMES CASS

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This monthly supplement is sponsored by the Charles F. Kettering Foundation. The editors of SR retain responsibility for its contents.

Correspondence for the Education Supplement should be addressed to: Education Editor, Saturday Review, 380 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017

The New Intermediate School

THE RECENT DECISION of New York City to return to four-year high schools came as a shock to many educators, particularly those who had committed their careers to junior high administration. But New York was not leading the way; it was following a trend. Many smaller school systems have made or are contemplating similar changes. It now appears that the 6-3-3 plan, with its junior high school, is on its way out.

There will be no return to the old 8-4 system with eight elementary grades in a single building. Most of the systems undergoing change in organization are planning intermediate schools that, in most cases, will incorporate grades five, six, seven, and eight. Many of the boys and girls entering the first grade this fall may expect to spend four years in a primary school, followed by another four years in a larger intermediate school located at a somewhat greater distance from their homes, and then to move into a still larger and more comprehensive four-year high school.

The junior high has only a brief history. In 1900, when "high school" almost everywhere in the United States meant grades nine, ten, eleven, and twelve, the adjectives "junior" and "senior' were unnecessary. Early in the century a few school systems began experimenting with the 6-3-3 plan (six years of elementary school followed by three of junior and three of senior high) and the results encouraged others to follow. During the Twenties and Thirties many of the large-city school systems adopted the 6-3-3 plan while smaller districts chose the 6-6 plan with six high school years in a single building. By mid-century, more than half the boys and girls of the nation entered some kind of high school immediately after completing the sixth grade. Educators freely predicted that the old-fashioned four-year high school soon would go the way of the horse and buggy.

For nearly half a century the junior high was seen as the best solution to problems that had plagued the 8-4 system. It was clear that the subjects taught in grades seven and eight are not really elementary; they require greater depth of knowledge than can be expected of a single teacher who must teach all subjects. The junior high school plan made departmentalized instruction possible. It also removed budding adolescents from the company of elementary school children and made possible a social life geared to their special needs. It was a response, in part, to the studies of adolescence, particularly those of G. Stanley Hall, which were interpreted to mean that boys and girls undergoing puberty—including many of those in the ninth grade—did not belong with the older adolescents found in high school. And, at a time when many children left school immediately after completing the eighth grade, it was argued that the 6-3-3 organization would keep them in school for at least one more year.

By mid-century these arguments had begun to lose their force. The legal leaving age had been raised to sixteen in most states and to eighteen in some. A new teen-age culture had changed and extended the social meaning of adolescence and for some unexplained reason the mean age of puberty had dropped a year or so, with the result that ninth graders no longer seemed out of place in high school. And meanwhile the junior high schools

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had adopted many of the social patterns of senior highs—dating, dancing parties, an excessive emphasis on competitive athletics, and in some schools even fraternities and sororities—so that the junior high was no longer a distinctive institution. Socially it had become merely an imitation of the senior high. Many parents complained that the social climate of the junior high was forcing their children to grow up too soon.

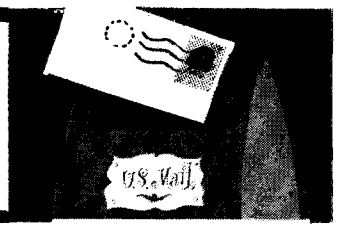
It has never been easy to build a permanent faculty for a junior high school. Because of the difficulties of teaching at this level, the great majority of teachers have chosen to move up to the senior high school as soon as possible, with the result that junior highs have been staffed with an undue proportion of inexperienced teachers. Many of those who teach at this level in New York are classed as "permanent substitutes." But perhaps the most serious difficulty encountered by the 6-3-3 plan was that the colleges persistently refused to accept the three years of senior high as college preparation. Admissions officers continued to require transcripts that reported subjects studied in grade nine as well as grades ten, eleven, and twelve. When only a few went on to college this was not a serious matter, but

when the time came that a majority of high school students were preparing for college it became apparent that the four years considered college preparatory should be planned as a unit and taught within a single school.

The new intermediate school, because it is not bound by college entrance requirements, offers abundant opportunities for experimentation. New staffing patterns, including the many varieties of team teaching and dual progress plans are particularly appropriate at this level. There are opportunities for the use of programmed learning and for new course content, including an early approach to foreign language. The social life can be geared to children within the prepubescent age range rather than to adolescents.

The emerging intermediate school creates a demand for a new kind of teacher education that will differ substantially from the preparation of either primary or high school teachers. If this demand is met in time, and if those who plan the schools show imagination and courage, the new school organization can contribute greatly to the improvement of educational quality. —P.W.

Letters to the Editor



Education for What Future?

Dr. Robert Hutchins's article [*SR*, Sept. 11] might most kindly be described as containing some perceptive educational vision limited by a large pair of economic blinders. I have seldom been more frustrated by an article with which I alternately agree and disagree so strongly.

His projection of future employment—or rather "full unemployment"—is a case in point. His argument slurs over from the statement that "we shall find ourselves without work as we have understood work in the past" (which is largely true) to a prediction of "a world in which work has lost its significance" (which most certainly is *not* true). Because the *character* of work is changing is not to say that there will be *no* work, or no significant work. In arguing otherwise, Dr. Hutchins seems still to be tied to the puritanical concept of equating production with work—a concept he himself roundly condemns.

We are already (never mind the future) in an economy in which production workers no longer constitute the majority of our labor force. The statement that the "happy marriage between production and employment is being dissolved" is nothing new—but what about the new marriage between employment and, for example, Fritz Machlup's "knowledge industry" (education, research, and communications) and the services industries in general? These sectors already account for most employment growth, and their importance will continue to grow. This certainly is different work; but equally certainly it is not "no work" or work without significance.

Again, it is true that education must prepare man for "lifelong learning." We must indeed free ourselves from the notion that we "get educated, then go to work." Work of the future will entail continuous education, and the most prized skill will be the ability to learn new skills. It is admirable to suggest that we should educate for "manhood," for "human powers." But to suggest that we should educate a man only for leisure-time use of these powers—for "human use of his free time"—is to do education as great a disservice as to perpetuate a narrow job orientation.

Ian H. Wilson.

Westport, Conn.

May I express my surprise and dismay at *SR*'s printing of the article by Robert Hutchins. I hope this unfortunate piece of writing is not an indication of the quality *SR* is aiming for in its educational section.

Kathy Beeler.

Lompoc, Calif.

Whither the Student?

Professor Lewis may of course be right ["The New Breed: A Dissenting View," *SR*, Sept. 11] in thinking that the number of students actively involved in agitating the great issues of public policy are few, relatively constant in number, and heavily concentrated in a "handful of leading colleges and universities." He has a long stretch of history to back up any generalization about the uninvolved, uncommitted, politically apathetic character of the American college student. And there's no doubt at all about many student bodies mindlessly continuing to pretend that Selma, Saigon, and Santo Domingo are unimportant.

From Berkeley happenings alone, nothing can be inferred, but the immense amount of interest in those happenings may well signify. There was widespread "adult" disgust: "Bunch of dirty beatniks!" "Oughta be drafted!" "Communists!" But there was also, I believe, a rather extraordinarily exuberant reaction on the part of college students in universities and colleges large and small, famous and obscure, secular and churchly, urban and bucolic, all over the country. One suddenly heard of civil rights demonstrations and peace marches and demands for greater student freedom occurring in the most unlikely places, campuses one had supposed to be permanently asleep. And if one observed these student activists, one had to be impressed with the way they combined seriousness and fun. It is a powerful combination.

This fall, possibly, all will be back to normal: American college students, except for a tiny nonconformist subculture, will concern themselves with football, proms, and easy courses at convenient hours. My guess is, though, that a significantly larger number of students on a significantly larger number of campuses will begin to press for lifting bans on radical speakers, for a recognition of their right to be noisily visible in demonstrating for causes, and for an increased say in the educational decisions of their institutions. My further guess is that especially on the campuses where such things do happen, the faculty is going to develop a new sensitivity to the quality and relevance of their teaching. Mr. Lewis is right: "Publish or Perish" is a faculty slogan, and it is wildly unlikely that scholarly publication will dwindle in importance; but an astonishing discovery is being made here and yon: Research does not preclude good teaching! Students are, sometimes with a shocking lack of tact, promoting this discovery.

James L. Jarrett,
University of California.

Berkeley, Calif.

The All-White World

Congratulations on Nancy Larrick's article, "The All-White World of Children's Books" [*SR*, Sept. 11]. The study was well done and interestingly written.

I do have one question, however, con-

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cerning one of her criteria used in judging children's books; that the word *Negro* must appear. It seems to me that unless the other children of the story are then labeled *white*, the story is still written for white children and to make them aware of Negro children.

Thank you for an interesting piece of reading.

RUTH T. LEHMAN,
Professor Emeritus,
Home Economics Education,
Ohio State University.
Columbus, O.

I READ WITH INTEREST Miss Larrick's survey because I work as a VISTA (domestic Peace Corps) volunteer at the Henry Street Settlement in New York, and spend many after-school hours working on reading with elementary school children.

If there is one book the children reach for again and again, it is *The Snowy Day*, by Ezra Jack Keats. Thus I was surprised and dismayed to encounter Miss Larrick's criticism. I think the boys and girls would rather think of themselves as people than as Negroes. Therefore Mr. Keats's beautiful understatement is just what is called for.

NORMA KERLIN.
New York, N. Y.

I HOPE THAT Miss Larrick's needling will stir some potentially good Negro and other-colored authors to produce qualified candidates for selected lists.

RUTH A. BRISTOL.
Charlottesville, Va.

LOUD BRAVOS to Nancy Larrick for her sharp and much-needed article.

ANNIS COX KOCHER,
Henry M. Gunn Senior
High School.
Palo Alto, Calif.

In "The All-White World of Children's Books," Nancy Larrick quotes Albert Whitman's experience in the 1950s. This leaves a negative impression that does not apply today.

CAROLINE RUBIN,
Editor,
Albert Whitman and Company.
Chicago, Ill.

THE ARTICLES "The All-White World of Children's Books" and "Color Me Brown, I'm Integrated" deserve careful study by writers and publishers of children's books. However, I should like to add the comment that Negroes are not the only ones neglected in children's literature. The children of the poor of all colors find little that they can recognize as life in the stories about clean, well-fed, secure little Dick and Judy with their toys, pets, and loving parents. They need so much, mostly help to work with their present and to hope for the future. Books planned to meet the needs of a specific group are not necessarily "separate but equal" books in a cultural, economic, regional, or racial sense. The writing of them is a challenge to authors. Well, I say, "Have at it, do!"

SISTER AVILA.
Academy of the Holy Angels.
Minneapolis, Minn.

I AM SORRY that my reply to the letter from Ezra Jack Keats about my article "The All-White World of Children's Books" was not printed in the same issue with his [*SR*, Oct. 2].

I did not mean to imply that the word *Negro* should be used in the text of a book showing Negro children, any more than the word *white* should be used to distinguish the white child. And I certainly cannot believe Mr. Keats is serious when he suggests that armbands be used to clarify racial differences.

In the article, I cited a number of books that show Negro children living perfectly normal, happy lives, apparently unperturbed by racial issues and therefore not even mentioning the word *Negro*. This seems to me to be perfectly valid and in the best of taste.

On the other hand, a number of books—especially those for older readers—plunge into social and economic issues that spring from racial conflict in our society. Obviously these books must emphasize the identity of Negro and white characters and the events that result from their racial identity. For example, it would have been difficult for Dorothy Sterling to write *Mary Jane* without mentioning the word *Negro* since the whole plot hinges on the fact that a Negro girl is facing the unfriendliness of a previously all-white school. Her Negroness is the key to the story.

But in *The Snowy Day* and *Whistle for Willie*, Ezra Jack Keats paints a beautiful picture story of a warm and wonderful child who might have been white, brown, or black without in any way altering the charm of his simple adventures. I see no reason why he should be called Negro any more than Alice and Christopher Robin are called white.

Instead, I rejoice in the fact that a Negro child is depicted as joyfully as Willie is in these two books. I hope that the living child of whom Willie is the counterpart may grow up in a world where he is as untouched by racial prejudice as Willie and where all mankind will accept the individual for his intrinsic worth regardless of the color of his skin.

NANCY LARRICK.
Quakertown, Pa.

Sponsoring Foreign Students

MR. HAUSSAMEN'S ARTICLE, "When Foreign Student Scholarships Are Misused"

[*SR*, Aug. 21], serves the useful function of posing problems that need more public discussion. The whole complex activity of having foreign students here—under governmental or private programs—leaves no room for complacency.

The same, however, can be said of scholarship grants for our own students. Not all American students turn to the constructive careers suggested by their early promise. But this does not affect our basic commitment to scholarship programs. They are wagers, and the factor of uncertainty that exists among foreign students should not affect our basic commitment to the broad advantages for young people of study in another country. Moreover, the overwhelming majority of scholarship students, American and foreign, *do* justify our confidence.

Mr. Haussamen's references to "The United States policy" and to "our present policy" leave the impression that he is most concerned with government-sponsored programs. It should be noted that nongovernmental foreign students are in the majority (by some nine to one), and most of the problems outlined in the article lie largely in this nongovernmental category. Indeed, governmental programs are largely limited to graduate students, and it has been demonstrated that they have fewer problems of adjustment, of motivation, and of successful re-entry into their own societies.

Looking to solutions, the article proposes a sweeping reallocation of scholarship funds, both in our country and in other countries. Whether or not people will agree with Mr. Haussamen's approach, there is the practical difficulty—if difficulty it be—that many different individuals, organizations, and government agencies make decisions about who shall receive scholarships and for what reasons. In this country, for example, one of these agencies, the Board of Foreign Scholarships, which has authority for the academic programs administered by the Department of State under the Fulbright-Hays Act, offers scholarships probably to less than 5 per cent of the foreign students in the U.S.

While the record made under this system has been good, we on the Board are seeking to make improvements in the screening, counselling and guidance of students overseas before they come to this country.

There are many other complex issues with which the article deals. I would say a word only about Mr. Haussamen's proposal that vastly greater funds, presumably both public and private, be channeled into educational institutional development in other nations, particularly the newer ones. We can all agree that greater capacity in higher education in many other countries is desirable. However, there is no single, neat solution to this problem applicable across the board. In many circumstances, the training of students outside their own countries is a necessary and desirable instrument for institution building at home, and often the only way in which this can be done.

JOHN M. STALNAKER,
Chairman,
Board of Foreign
Scholarships,
Department of State.
Washington, D.C.

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WHY TEACHERS FAIL

Many contemporary experimental psychologists of the first rank are unwilling or unable to translate their discoveries into language that will make them useful to teachers who must apply the principles of learning in the classroom. B. F. Skinner, Edgar Pierce Professor of Psychology at Harvard, is one notable exception; much that he has to say about the processes of learning bears directly upon classroom practice. The paper that follows is based upon investigations supported by a grant from the National Institute of Mental Health and by the Human Ecology Fund. It is adapted from an address given to the Philosophy of Education Society.

By B. F. SKINNER

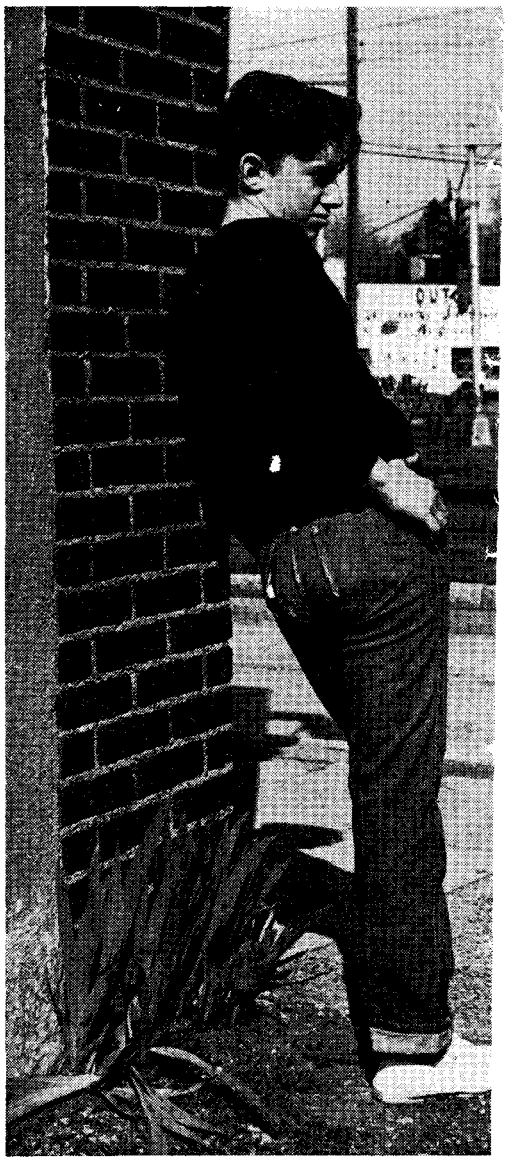
THE most widely publicized efforts to improve education show an extraordinary neglect of method. Learning and teaching are not analyzed, and almost no effort is made to improve teaching as such. The aid which education is to receive usually means money, and the proposals for spending it follow a few, familiar lines. We should build more and better schools. We should recruit more and better teachers. We should search for better students and make sure that all competent students can go to school or college. We should multiply teacher-student contacts with films and television. We should design new curricula. All this can be done without looking at teaching itself. We need not ask how those better teachers are to teach those better students in those better schools, what kinds of contact are to be multiplied through mass media, or how new curricula are to be made effective.

Perhaps we should not expect questions of this sort to be asked in what is essentially a consumer's revolt. Earlier educational reforms were proposed by teachers—a Comenius, a Rousseau, a John Dewey—who were familiar with teaching methods, knew their shortcomings, and thought they saw a chance to improve them. Today the disaffected are the parents, employers, and others who are unhappy about the products of education. When teachers complain, it is as consumers of education at lower levels—graduate school authorities want better college teaching, college teachers work to improve high-school curricula, and so on. It is perhaps natural that consumers should turn to the conspicuous shortcomings of plant, personnel, and equipment rather than to method.

It is also true that educational method has not been brought to their attention in a favorable light. Pedagogy is not a prestigious word. Its low estate may be traced in part to the fact that under the blandishments of statistical methods, which promised a new kind of rigor, educational psychologists spent half a century measuring the results of teaching while neglecting teaching itself. They compared different methods of teaching in matched groups and could often say that one method was clearly better than another, but the methods they compared were usually not drawn from their own research or even their own theories, and their results seldom generated new methods. Psychological studies of learning were equally sterile—concentrating on relatively unimportant details of a few typical learning situations such as the memory drum, the maze, the discrimination box, and verbal "problems." The learning and forgetting curves that emerged from these studies were never useful in the classroom and came to occupy a less and less important place in textbooks on educational psychology. Even today many distinguished learning theorists insist that their work has no practical relevance.

For these and doubtless other reasons, what has been taught as pedagogy has not been a true technology of teaching. College teaching, indeed, has not been taught at all. The beginning teacher receives no professional preparation. He usually begins to teach simply as he himself has been taught, and if he improves, it is only in the light of his own unaided experience. High-school and grade-school teaching is taught primarily through apprenticeships, in which students receive the advice and counsel of experienced teachers. Certain trade skills and rules of thumb are passed along, but the young teacher's own experience is to be the major source of improvement. Even this modest venture in teacher training is under attack. It is argued that a good teacher is simply one who knows his subject matter and is interested in it. Any special knowledge of pedagogy as a basic science of teaching is felt to be unnecessary.

The attitude is regrettable. No enterprise can improve itself to the fullest extent without examining its basic processes. A really effective educational system cannot be set up until we understand the processes of learning and teaching. Human behavior is far too complex to be left to casual experience, or even to organized experience in the restricted environment of the classroom. Teachers need help. In particular they need the kind of help offered by a scientific analysis of behavior.



—Sybil Shelton (Monkmeyer).

Escape from school—"The dropout is a legal truant."

FORTUNATELY such an analysis is now available. Principles derived from it have already contributed to the design of schools, equipment, texts, and classroom practices. Programmed instruction is, perhaps, its best known achievement. Some acquaintance with its basic formulation is beginning to be regarded as important in the training of teachers and administrators. These positive contributions, however, are no more important than the light which the analysis

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throws on current practices. There is something wrong with teaching. From the point of view of an experimental analysis of behavior, what is it?

Corporal punishment, which has always played an important role in education, provides one clue. As H. I. Marrou says in *A History of Education in Antiquity*: Education and corporal punishment appeared as inseparable to a Hellenistic Greek as they had to a Jewish or an Egyptian scribe in the time of the Pharoahs. . . . When the men of antiquity thought back to their schooldays they immediately remembered the beatings." The cane is still with us, and efforts to abolish it are vigorously opposed. In Great Britain a split leather strap for whipping students called a taws can be obtained from suppliers who advertise in educational journals, one of whom is said to sell 3,000 annually. (The taws has the advantage, shared by the rubber truncheon, of leaving no incriminating marks.)

The brutality of corporal punishment and the viciousness it breeds in both teacher and student have, of course, led to reform. Usually this has meant little more than shifting to noncorporal measures, of which education can boast an astonishing list. Ridicule (now largely verbalized, but once symbolized by the dunce cap or by forcing the student to sit facing a wall), scolding, sarcasm, criticism, incarceration (being "kept after school"), extra school or home work, the withdrawal of privileges, forced labor, ostracism, being put on silence, and fines—these are some of the devices that have permitted the teacher to spare the rod without spoiling the child. In some respects they are less objectionable than corporal punishment, but the pattern remains: the student spends a great part of his day doing things he does not want to do. If a teacher is in any doubt about his own methods, he should ask himself a few questions. Do my students stop work immediately when I dismiss the class? (If so, dismissal is obviously a release from a threat.) Do they welcome rather than regret vacations and unscheduled days of no school? Do I reward them for good behavior by excusing them from other assignments? Do I punish them by giving them additional assignments? Do I frequently say, "Pay attention," "Now remember," or otherwise gently "admonish" them? Do I find it necessary from time to time to "get tough" and threaten some form of punishment?

The teacher can use aversive control because he is either bigger and stronger than his students or able to invoke the authority of parents or police who are. He can coerce students into reading texts, listening to lectures, taking part in discussions, recalling as much as possible of what they have read or heard, writing papers, and so on. This is perhaps an achievement, but it is offset by an extraordinary list of unwanted by-products traceable to the basic practice.

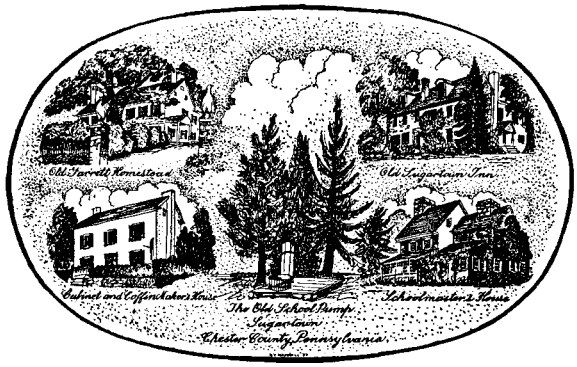
The student who works mainly to escape aversive stimulation discovers other ways of escaping. He is tardy—"creeping like snail unwilling to school." He stays away from school altogether. Education has its own word for this—"truancy"—from an old Celt word meaning wretched. A special policeman, the truant officer, deals with offenders by threatening still more aversive consequences. The dropout is a legal truant. Children who commit suicide are often found to have had trouble in school.

There are subtler forms of escape. Though physically present and looking at teacher or text, the student does not pay attention. He is hysterically deaf. His mind wanders. He daydreams. "Mental fatigue" is usually not a state of exhaustion but an uncontrollable disposition to escape, and schools deal with it by permitting escape to other activities that, it is hoped, will also be profitable. The periods into which the school day is broken measure the limits of successful aversive control rather than the capacity for sustained attention. A child will spend hours absorbed in play or in watching movies or television who cannot sit still in school for more than a few minutes before escape becomes too strong to be denied. One of the easiest forms of escape is simply to forget all one has learned, and no one has discovered a form of control to prevent this ultimate break for freedom.

An equally serious result which an experimental analysis of behavior leads us to expect is that students counter-

(*Continued on page* 98)

The "Don'ts" of Good Behavior



ESSAY OF SCHOOL RULES

Read and agreed to at a meeting of the School Committee the First Day of the Ninth Month: 1798

1st *Mind to have your Hands and faces washed and Heads Combed every morning before you come to school and be careful to be there by the time appointed.*

2nd *Come into School quietly and Soberly, and when there be Quiet and still at your proper business; and mind the instructions of the Teacher, move not from seat to seat, or go out unnessecerily, and but one at a time.*

3rd *Do not scribble in your own, or one anothers Speling, reading, writing or Cyphering Books; nor use one anothers pens etc without leave.*

4th *In coming to or going from School, behave with decency and sobriety, not differing with or purposly hurting or offending each other; mock not nor insult any person, neither stop on the road to play, nor make a great and unbecoming noise.*

5th *Tell no untruths, or miscall one another, nor use the corrupt or unscriptural Language of you to a single person; also be Careful to Call the months and days of the week by their proper names as 1st 2nd 3rd etc and date your Books accordingly.*

6th *Let none make bargains, Sell, swop, or exchange on any account at school.*

7th *Let there be no Quarrels, fighting or chalanging to fight, no wrestleing or wilfully provoking one another to anger in or out of school, no throwing dirt, sticks, stones or snowballs.*

8th *and Lastly let these rules be observed by all, and if any wilfully trample and despise the good order of the school, after being cooly admonished without manifest signs of amendment with the approbation of two or more of the Committee they are to be discharged.*

—Regulations governing student conduct in an eighteenth century common school in Pennsylvania.

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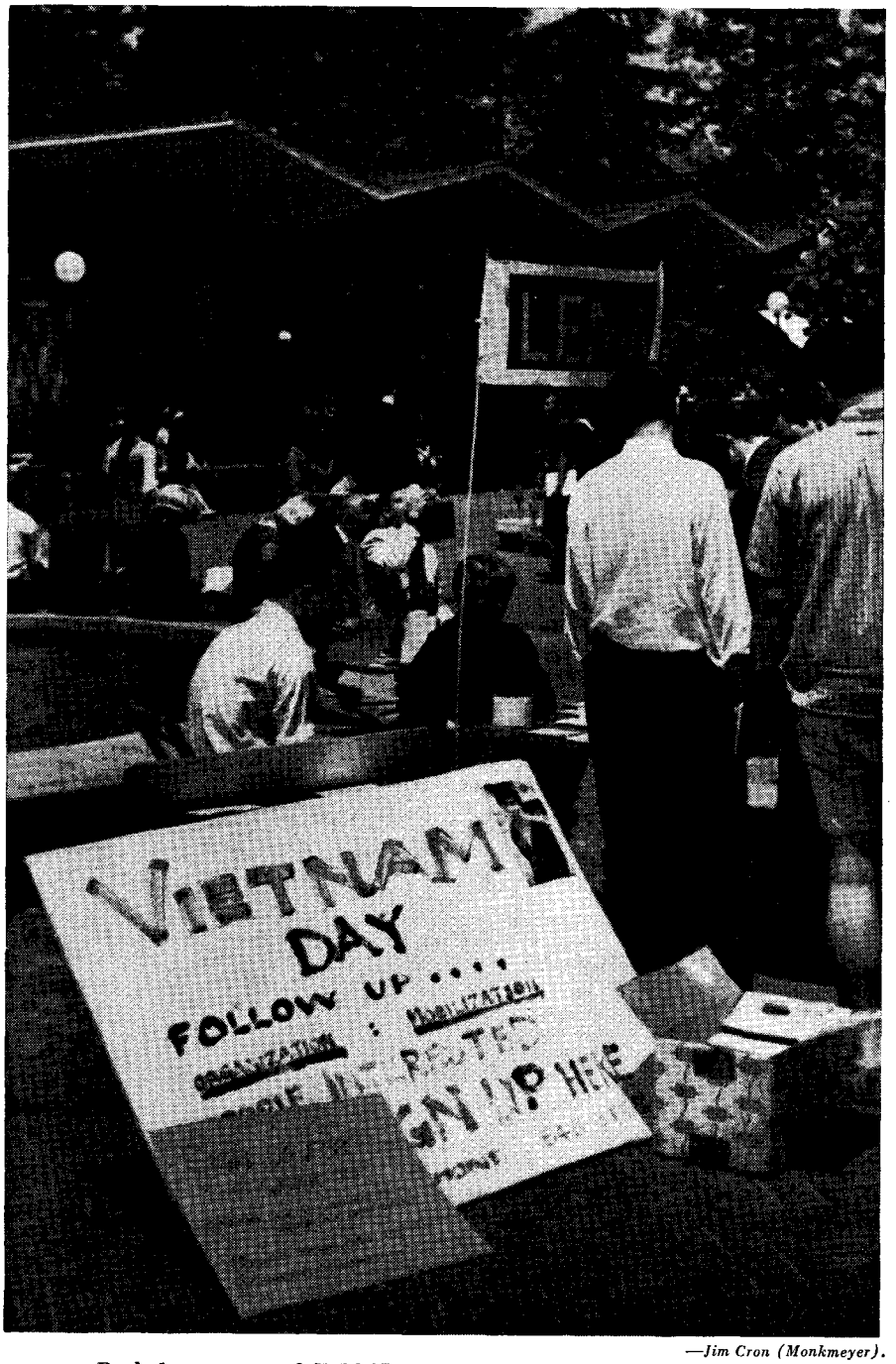
Students Speak for Action

Many words have been written in recent months about student activism and the attitudes that engender it. But few interpretations have come from those who are closest to the action—the students themselves. Here SR presents excerpts from two commencement addresses given last spring by students at opposite ends of the country. Mr. Wagner was graduated magna cum laude from Harvard University. Mrs. Gatlin was graduated summa cum laude from San Francisco State College and is now a graduate student in American Civilization at the University of Pennsylvania.



—Jim Cron (Monkmeyer).

Berkeley campus, fall 1965—"At their best, protests and demonstrations can lead to more penetrating thinking about issues."

1. The Dimension of Commitment

By ROBERT F. WAGNER, JR.

COUNTLESS commencement addresses have focused on the problem of student unrest, and almost without exception they have concentrated on the more radical outbursts—particularly the picketing over faculty appointments at Yale, the teach-ins across the country, and the rioting at Berkeley. All of these are forms, concrete and substantial, of student dissatisfaction. They are symbols of ferment, of a refusal to accept traditions as absolutes, the tried as the best.

But student unrest is much broader, if less strident, than most commencement speakers admit. What is significant about Berkeley, in my opinion, is not that 10 per cent of the students rebelled, but that the majority supported their rebellion. Indeed, according to a Harris survey, two-thirds of all college students sympathized not only with their cause but with their tactics as well.

To be sure, student unrest has no single credo, no one goal. Yet in it there is one unifying theme: a search for adventure that too often seems lacking in both education and society. By adventure I do not mean that students are looking for a joy-ride or a lark, but a sense of excitement that is constant and purposeful.

They fear stagnation that comes from two directions: one in the present, the other in the future. At some point in college, usually toward the end, many students find formal education increasingly removed from their real concerns. An exam becomes little more than gamesmanship; a paper, an exercise in technique.

A general sense of helplessness reinforces the pattern of frustration. Students feel helpless because of anxiety about their future and their society. Cer-

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tainly opportunity abounds, but opportunity for security, not adventure. To many of us the world seems bureaucratized, a kind of massive civil service. I do not mean to toll the bell of doom. But this helplessness is there, and its existence helps explain the increased popularity of politics, journalism, and, especially, civil rights—all fields in which an individual can assert himself and in which the restrictions on adventure are more the result of self-will than the system.

And it is in this context, against this background, that student unrest has led to student activity in the 1960s. Action—above all, political action—came partially as a result of the excitement conveyed by President Kennedy's example and his ideas. It was also the crystallization of discontent that remained inchoate but real, under a blanket of apathy, in the 1950s.

The rise of involvement, which has been the most significant development in our four years at Harvard, is both natural and healthy. It has brought to the surface discontent that had long existed below. It has made students aware of problems of education and society, and has provided the added dimension of commitment.

At their best, protests and demonstrations can lead to more penetrating thinking about issues of deep concern, as the teach-ins on Vietnam have done. Even at their worst, they can compel people who have not thought before to think, to clarify, to form opinions.

But action for the sake of action should not become the motto of student unrest. Doubtless, though, in the years ahead, at Harvard and elsewhere, there will be outbursts that defy reason and countermand good sense. There will be outbursts that lack constructive ends and well-defined aims.

In such cases, authority should display all the tolerance and forbearance it can muster. Of course, there are bounds beyond which disrespect cannot go, but these should be bounds of law, not of taste or personal judgment.

And those who are dissatisfied or actively rebel should remember that theirs ought not to be an attack to destroy the machine, as Mario Savio said, but an attempt by man to assert himself over the machine. Theirs should not be a battle between individuals and society, but an attempt by individuals to overcome all that is stultifying and dehumanizing in society.

Unless based on such beliefs, student unrest will become only a negative force. Its protests will present a shrill, irritating dissonance rather than a critical voice that can be heard and hopefully heeded. Without genuine commitment to reason and understanding, student activists will alienate their sympathizers and at the same time justify their critics.

But despite some doubts about the future of student unrest, I do not envision an inevitable process of degeneration and deterioration, as some educators and writers have suggested. I do not believe that anarchy will become its philosophy or irresponsibility its hallmark. The vast majority of us who are dissatisfied shun ideology. Instead, we seek to find honest alternatives that permit adventure without destroying principle. Ours is not an unrest to be feared or suppressed. Rather, it should be accepted, tolerated, and encouraged, for from it can come fresh thoughts and new directions, as America examines and questions the quality of its life.

2. *A Radical Frame of Mind*

By ROCHELLE GATLIN

COLLEGE STUDENTS of the 1960s are different from those of ten years ago. Specific issues in which questions of ethics are sharply defined have impelled them to reject the beat-style withdrawal of the 1950s. To paraphrase Crane Brinton, "Many of the new generation have thrown themselves into movements like the Peace Corps, civil rights, disarmament, and international government. They do this often to the accompaniment of words of despair and anger, but their deeds belie their words." Many of the same students who heroically went to Mississippi last summer were carried out of Sproul Hall last winter. Although the Berkeley Free Speech Movement contained a few hipsters and revolutionary zealots, there was a surprisingly large proportion of what U.C. graduate Michael Miller calls the most intellectually serious and morally alert students on campus, who demand the most from the university, who are concerned with putting knowledge of the past to work in the present and who believe that the educational process should provide a continuum between ideas and social action.

Fortunately demonstrations, sit-ins, and arrests are not the only ways to affect university and social reform. The Free Speech Movement was a dramatic event that occasioned sensational headlines, but at other institutions less publicized programs have been initiated. For example, the Committee for an Ideal Campus at Brandeis University in Massachusetts is an officially recognized organization, which receives a budget from the associated student body. Some of the programs of this committee include: compiling a critique of professors and courses, tabulating a student-faculty poll intended to ascertain what issues concern the campus community, making plans for a national convention of similar student groups, and initiating the Spinoza Institute—which will offer nongraded courses and seminars next fall in the Modern Cinema, Eastern Thought, Psychedelic Stimulants, and the History of Peace Movements.

In its first Statement of Purpose, the Committee for an Ideal Campus summed up principles which are advanced by student reformers and university critics all over the country. This statement says in part:

> We believe that the ideal university is an intellectual community of teachers and students. . . . knowledge is advanced as a force which is personally relevant and meaningful, not as a commodity which is produced and marketed. . . .
>
> By virtue of its intellectual freedom, the university can serve society as a center of independent thought and criticism. The members of the university may challenge undesirable customs and values, offer suggestions for their improvement, and exercise their rights as citizens to participate in social and political action.

Obviously the constant scrutiny of university and social practices found in the above declaration may lead to unrest, but I do not believe that unrest is something that can or should be "remedied" by suppression. To state this positively, the effect of current student unrest may be a critical analysis—even exposé—of hypocritical practices in relation to traditional American values of peace, equality, and individual freedom. For example, it took the Freedom Riders and the registering of disenfranchised Southern Negroes—and unfortunately the murder of a few white Northerners—to focus the country's attention on the wide discrepancy between the ideal and the practice of equality.

One characteristic of socially alert students is their dissatisfaction with and even discarding of the liberalism of Woodrow Wilson, Franklin Roosevelt, and Clark Kerr. Stanley Kauffmann has expressed the growing irrelevance of liberalism with its optimistic belief in progress by saying that although liberal sentiments are unimpeachable, they are almost irresponsible in the light of existing conditions—the contemporary equivalent of a hundred Hail Marys to avert the Black Plague. To many students, there is something ineffectual about the liberal bureaucrat with his tools of mediation and compromise. Furthermore, (as Michael Miller has said in a recent article in *Dissent*) "the more militant

(*Continued on page* 103)

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A PLATFORM FOR CITIZEN-STUDENTS

By ABRAHAM Z. BASS, *education writer, The Milwaukee Journal.*

CAMPUS student governments, long scorned by student activists as pallid reflections of administration policy, are beginning to assume a vital role in the campus movements for educational and social reform. The growth of active student political groups, covering the whole political spectrum, has taught students that the boundaries of their classroom are actually the boundaries of the world. Now student government officers are striving to join the militant leaders in order to bring a sense of vitality and involvement into the student government.

Because of the strength of this movement the eighteenth annual Congress of the National Student Association, a confederation of some 300-odd student governments, last month in Wisconsin took its firmest stand so far in support of student involvement in campus, community, and national affairs. In essence the Congress declared:

> When all responsible efforts at negotiation have failed, students should actively, non-violently protest the unjust policies of the college administration.
>
> When the war on poverty and for civil rights stalls, students should attempt to organize rent strikes, sit-ins and boycotts.
>
> When the federal government ignores their stand on foreign affairs, students should hold teach-ins as a creative and legitimate way to make their opinions felt.

These declarations were passed by student body leaders from 310 colleges and universities, representing one-fourth of the students in American higher education. In a series of policy decisions, they emphasized that both students and student governments should be where the action is.

To this end, the congress came to the support financially and philosophically of the Free Speech Movement at the University of California. The resolution, passed 274 to 19 after four hours of floor debate and a week of continuous discussion, strongly affirmed the rights and duty of students to participate fully in society. The delegates then urged the individual student governments to raise money to pay for legal expenses of students arrested in the incidents at Berkeley.

Broadening this principle, the delegates instructed NSA officers "to offer all possible support in the form of fund raising, publicity, mediation, and coordination of support efforts of member campuses for any protest movement taking place on the campus of a member school and whose ends and means are in accord with NSA policy."

Actions proposed for dealing with off-campus affairs were equally militant. In a resolution on "The Student and the City," the Congress said that students had an important role in eliminating slums "by actively working in the community to develop leadership and organization." Social action and civil disobedience were again endorsed as means of forcing action.

Humphrey
On Student Action

"I wish to suggest that ample opportunity does exist for dissent, for protest, and for nonconformity. But I must also say that the right to be heard does not automatically include the right to be taken seriously. The latter depends entirely upon what is being said, and how often or how loudly."

• • •

"I am here today to salute those students who not only voice constructive criticism and wholesome dissent, but who by the logic and substance of their arguments have compelled the citizens of America to pay attention to their views—to take them seriously."

• • •

"The tactics of freedom rides, sit-ins, and picket lines have been crucial factors in tearing down the barriers of legalized discrimination in America. The protests were legitimate. They dramatized outrageous conduct against fellow citizens. And they pricked the conscience of America."

—*From an address by Vice President Hubert Humphrey before the National Student Association, August 23, 1965*

The delegates also told their officers to begin a program of action aiding the nonviolent civil rights movements. This position is not completely new for the congress, which has been supporting civil rights for a long time, a position which has led to the withdrawal of some conservative members. Now the delegates have instructed their officers to be ready to act wherever and whenever the next confrontation should develop.

The most time-consuming single subject at the congress, however, was Vietnam. The debate began in the opening days of the meeting in a seminar on Asia, and concluded with a resolution calling on the United States Government to stop the bombing of North Vietnam as "a positive step toward a cease fire," but saying that the United States presence in South Vietnam is one of the elements necessary until guarantees can be found to assure self-determination to the South Vietnamese.

The final resolution was a compromise, with the more radical students wanting a bigger slap at the government and the more conservative students also slightly disappointed. In the liberals' informal caucus, any demand for immediate withdrawal of American troops had been squelched.

An amendment made it clear that the delegates thought students should be heard on subjects of national purpose and concern.

This resolution and others are intended to do more than merely reflect the opinions of the student leaders representing their campuses. They must also serve as guidelines for the NSA international affairs vice president in his dealings in the diplomatic world of international student cooperation and meetings.

Since NSA is a loose confederation of student governments, the congress can only make recommendations to its member campus units. Thus, the delegates primarily create policy and project mandates for the national officers. The resulting national programs guide and serve the individual campuses, providing direction and a link.

So the final practical question is whether the delegates can carry back some of the congress enthusiasm to their campuses and lead this vast number of citizen-students, eager to participate in society, in the spirit with which the congress concluded—the singing, one after the other, of the National Anthem and "We Shall Overcome."

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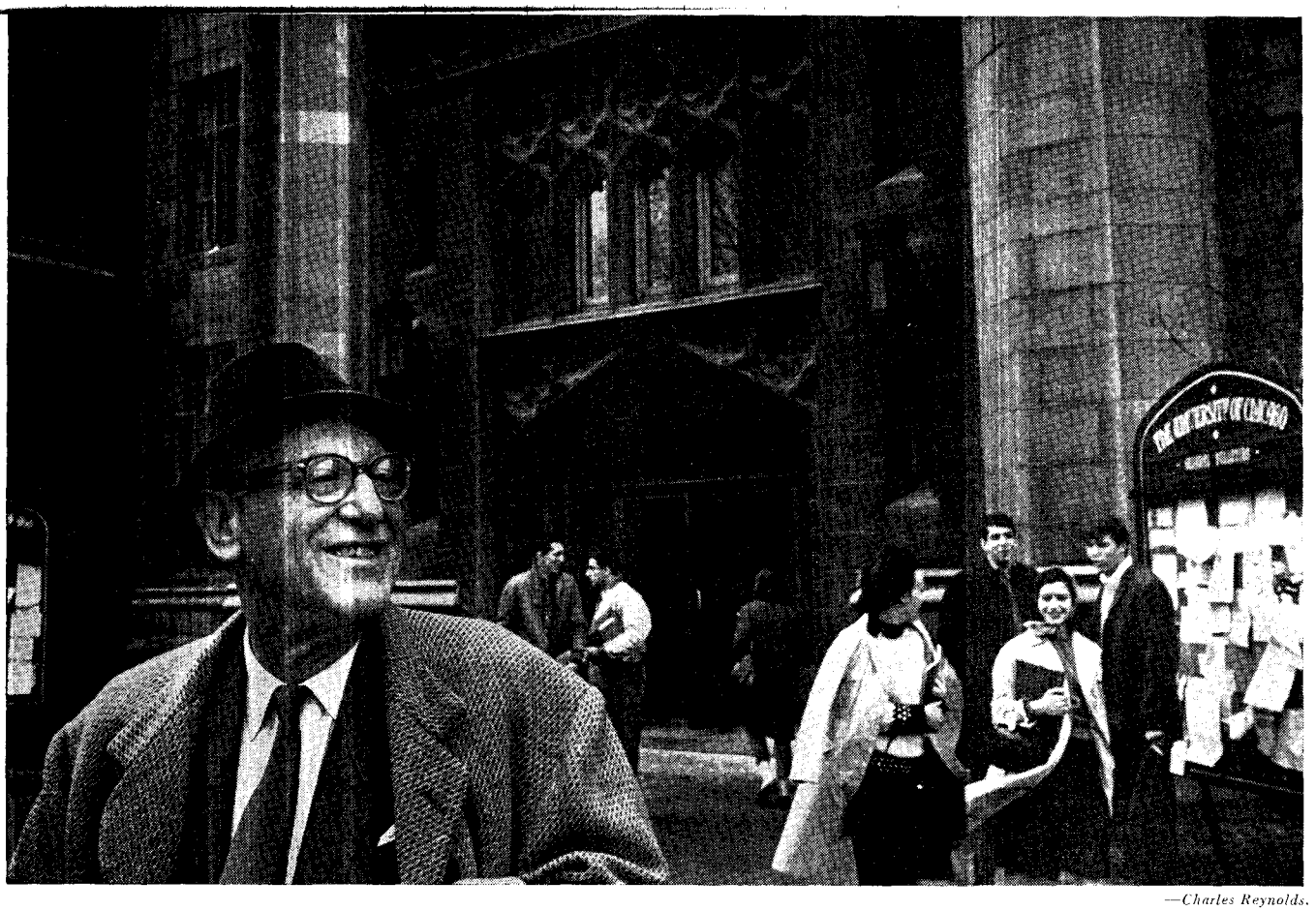

—*Charles Reynolds.*

The author on campus—"Chicago grads were bright in my day, too, but not as terrifyingly bright as today's leaders seem to be."

AN OLD GRAD RETURNS TO CHICAGO

John Gunther, who attended the University of Chicago in the 1920s, says he was not a particularly good student and has not been a loyal alumnus—he has never attended an alumni reunion. But when the university invited him back to take a look at the changes of the past forty years he accepted with alacrity. He reported his impressions in the university magazine, Chicago Today, from which the following article has been adapted by special arrangement with the author.

By JOHN GUNTHER

THE University of Chicago often reminds me of one of those peculiar miniature principalities that still survive in Europe, like Liechtenstein, Andorra, or San Marino, although there is nothing trivial about it. Or it might be compared to a medieval city-state, tenaciously keeping up its status as an independent and somewhat isolated community while maintaining close, intricate relations with the surrounding countryside.

This university has, one might say, its own nationalism. It has a special tang and color, quite without regard to the State of Illinois or the City of Chicago, its hinterland. It has its own foreign policy (there has been trouble on its frontiers) and, like governments, it faces problems in demography, finance, and personnel. It has its own structure of power politics, and is served by a thoroughly competent president, secretary of state, and cabinet. Recently it even had to fight a war—against crime and encroaching slums—which it won, but by a narrow squeak.

Irrefragably independent, tough-minded, and even haughty as this principality may be, it is a small principality, dominating an area whose borders measure about a mile and a half by a mile. The actual campus covers some 125 acres, on which stand no fewer than 110 buildings.

There are 945 full-time faculty members, practically all of whom have the Ph.D. or equivalent degree, 400 research associates, and 140 teachers in the university's pre-collegiate school system (Chicago will take a child from the age of three!). The ratio of teachers to students is roughly one to eight, a high proportion. The faculty is supported by a staff of 7,300 (including 1,200 part-time student workers). This makes the university one of the ten largest employers within the central city.

The student body on the Midway campus numbers only about 7,000. In these days of multiversities, this is a very small figure. But the University of Chicago, a particular kind of institution, has no interest in largeness for its own sake.

The main campus has changed little since I first saw it. It has, so to speak, been filled in, but the central design, the basic structure and pattern as laid down by the first builders, remains intact. It is still a handsomely self-contained community of lawns and quadrangles, the battlements of which are built of grey Indiana limestone in the Gothic manner. The gargoyles, ivy, spires, apertures, red slate, scrolled designs, look mildly anachronistic, but are pleasing.

Looking at the university anew after many years' absence, I wanted first of all to find out something about the rock-bottom citizenry of this principality, this city-state—in other words, the undergraduates. Of course the University of Chicago is, and always has been since its foundation in 1890, primarily a graduate school—a bastion for archers and men with catapults, not the junior in-

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fantry. And in fact students working for advanced degrees and those in the graduate professional schools outnumber undergraduates today by a ratio of two to one.

The university acquires as undergraduates the scholastic cream of the cream. It has appeal for all sorts of bright youngsters, and especially favors vigorous "achievers" with serious motives and imaginative, independent turns of mind. Director of Admissions Charles O'Connell every year conducts a nationwide grass roots campaign to find emerging talent in rural high schools—and the academic performance of these recruits more than justifies the effort and expense of locating them. Chicago students come from farms and hamlets, from slums and suburbia. Although they study in the lea of a great graduate school, the College students are not repelled by their more mature and more extensively educated colleagues—instead, they are attracted. Chicago is not an obvious place for the average student, but gifted youngsters find it supremely challenging, and some others discover abilities they never knew they had.

Five foreign countries and forty-six states are represented in the Class of 1968. In June, 1964, the 745 graduate students who were given advanced degrees came from 190 different colleges and universities. They had come from everywhere: there is nothing provincial about Chicago's Midway.

Interestingly, several faculty members whom I met expressed mild displeasure at the special quality of Chicago undergraduates. They would like to have fewer egg-heads, more hell-raisers, to give the College community better balance, although nobody wants to make it a charm or glamour school. Be this as it may, the quality of the average Chicago undergraduate is remarkable. Of the present freshman class three-quarters ranked in the top 10 per cent of their high school senior classes; another 15 per cent ranked in the top fifth; 77 out of a class of 680 (418 men, 262 coeds) were class valedictorians at high school, and 496 had special honors of one sort or another, including twenty-five who were National Merit Scholars.

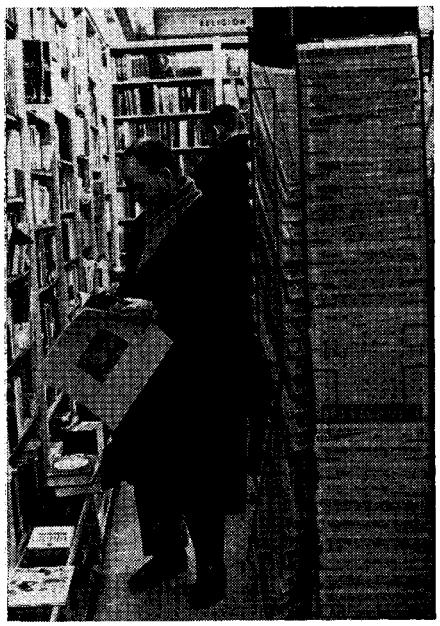
No quota system of any kind governs entrance to the university. No questions are asked on application forms about race or religion, and a photograph is optional. Tuition comes high—in the $1,700-range for three quarters—and an additional $1,500, at a bare minimum, is necessary for living expenses. About half the undergraduate body has help in the form of scholarships, and nearly two-thirds have part-time jobs of one sort or another. The university is spending about $10,000,000 this year on various forms of aid to college and graduate students.

Of course University of Chicago grads were bright in my day too, but not as terrifyingly bright as today's leaders seem to be. I noticed some other changes:

1) A married student was a great rarity in the 1920s, today of course this is common not only at the U. of C. but all over the country.

2) Undergraduate social life was almost entirely dominated by the Greek-letter fraternities although, even then, the fraternity system was not so all-embracing as at other middlewestern schools. Today only nine national fraternities survive at Chicago.

3) In my day a large percentage of students came from the Chicago area and lived at home. Now the institution has become an almost completely residential college; residence on the campus



—*U. of Chicago.*

The university bookstore—"Academic liberties are enormously respected, contact with stimulating minds is assured . . ."

is, in fact, obligatory for one year for all men, for two years for women.

4) Student government is much stronger (I am not sure that this even existed in my time) and there are two lively and somewhat pugnacious students' political organizations, Polit and Gnosis. Polit is the more radical. Several of the members took a strong line against the late President Kennedy over Cuba, and a campus crisis followed which led to the recall of its leaders from the Executive Committee of Student Government. Gnosis was formed in 1963 by the merger of two former parties, the University Party and the Independent Reform Party. It believes in "positive knowledge of spiritual truth," and tends to keep away from issues like Cuba, Southeast Asia, or the Berlin Wall.

One professor put it to me that the campus still boiled with "impassioned cliques," but surely this is a healthy sign. Another said that the chief distinguishing mark of the contemporary student was his vivid capacity for "enthusiasm—which he would go to any length to hide!" The gist of the matter is that students want to be part of the policy-making activity of the university as a whole. They like to negotiate with faculty committees, have a hand in decisions about curricula, and be able to give effective voice to complaints ranging from the scarcity of coffee dispensing machines to "the moldy half thought" of some members of the faculty.

I spent one afternoon with four bright, knowledgeable undergraduates. One was a vice president of the student government; another, a Negro, was editor of the *Maroon* (the campus newspaper, circulation 10,000). These youngsters, one of whom was a blonde, pretty girl who seemed to be appallingly young, but who was specializing in Russian Civilization and had already had her first extensive trip in the Soviet Union, impressed and puzzled me. I asked them what they liked most about the university. Well, it was one hell of a good *school.* They did not feel at all that they, as undergraduates, were overshadowed by the prevailing emphasis on graduate study. Quite the contrary—they were being amply prepared for graduate work. Complaints? First, tuition charges were too high. They wanted to get at the bottom of the accounting system used by the university and see why costs could not be reduced. Second, the general education courses were sometimes "badly" taught and did not reach fully enough into the present. They wanted more emphasis on the contemporary, particularly in history and the humanities. Third, the university was behind the times in its approach to the racial problem. Fourth, although they freely conceded that the university was thoroughly liberal, youngsters *could* get into trouble by being overvociferous on civil rights, censorship, and so on. Recently a minor fight took place because a student publication serialized *The Naked Lunch,* by William Burroughs. Fifth, intelligent youngish teachers might, my informant said, be in danger of being fired just before they got tenure if they did not "conform."

I did not inquire into every student complaint, of course. I did look into some of the objective questions raised by the students I met. For instance, it appeared to be true that there were comparatively few Negro undergraduates. But there are as many at Chicago, I suspect, as might be found at other equally expensive universities maintaining equally Spartan entrance requirements. Expense is only a small part of the story; substantial financial aid usually can be provided for the deserving student who needs it. The most impor-

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tant factor, as colleges across the land are discovering, is that secondary school education available to minority groups has proved inadequate to the demands of the prestige universities and thus has provided few qualified Negro applicants. Nevertheless, Chicago can boast that one of its illustrious alumni is Dr. Hastings Banda, Prime Minister of Malawi, who received his undergraduate degree in the Thirties. Several prominent Negro professors were appointed to tenure positions on Chicago's faculty long before desegregation became a burning national issue. John Hope Franklin, a Harvard-educated Negro who has become one of the nation's leading historians on the Reconstruction, has joined Chicago's faculty after teaching at Cambridge as a visiting professor.

It was difficult to determine precisely what the students meant by such phrases as "getting into trouble" and "conform." I certainly did not get the impression that Chicago has an oppressed student body. In the civil rights field alone, several national leaders for CORE (Congress for Racial Equality) and SNCC (Student Non-Violent Coordinating Committee) once were students at Chicago.

I doubt that a professor ever has been fired at Chicago for "non-conformity," despite what students may say loosely. In my interviews with them, faculty members were generous in their praise for the freedom and independence they are granted by the administration of the university. If there is pressure on them, it probably is the social pressure of the academic community to work hard, teach well, and contribute in positive terms to mankind's storehouse of usable knowledge. I heard the dictum "publish or perish" quoted light-heartedly over luncheons at the faculty club.

The curriculum has changed vastly and for the good. When I went to Chicago I was obliged to take only two courses (and each for only a single quarter) in my entire four years of work for a bachelor's degree—English Composition and Shakespeare. Outside of these two, I was pretty well free to roam as I pleased providing I took enough courses in English, my major. This was in the 1920s—a period of electivism gone wild. As a result I was never subjected to a proper educational process at all. Mostly I took what I liked and what was easiest. I was never compelled to spend a single hour in four years on a foreign language. I was permitted to graduate—with honors—without ever having had more than the barest of economics, political sciences, philosophy, or sociology, and nothing at all in music or the arts. I never had five minutes in classics, religion, geography, geology, archeology, anthropology, or any biological science at all. All I did was read English and history (my minor) and have a bit of chemistry and math.

This was, by hindsight, a scandalous system – but one widely used then throughout the country. It has been stopped at Chicago. Nowadays the advocates of general education are listened to with respect. The alert, bright-eyed early careerists receive an excellent pre-professional education and often move rapidly toward their chosen goals. But the university makes it clear that it values the well-rounded person, with a solid underpinning of general knowledge, before specialization begins.

What the university wants to stress is the "interrelation of disciplines," and thus arose the now-celebrated broad-beam courses (don't call them "surveys"!) which every student is obliged to take and which totally occupy two of his four years unless he can prove by "placement tests" that he doesn't need them.

One should also mention that instruction in the fourth year may be tutorial, and that "specialization" does not mean vocational education. Chicago is certainly not the place to go if one wants to study ice-cream manufacture or hotel management.

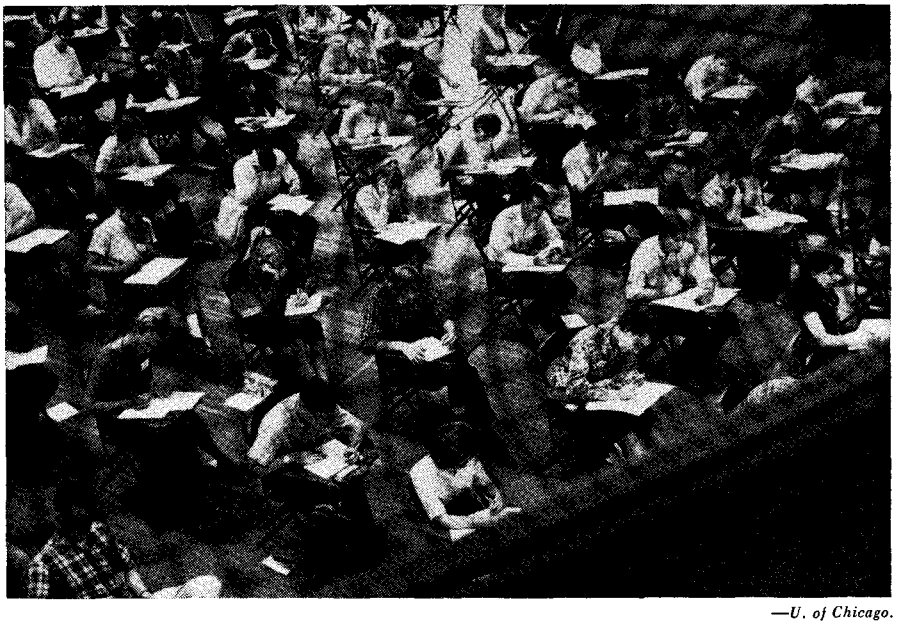
Now we approach the higher ramparts of the Chicago principality—the graduate divisions and the graduate professional schools. The graduate divisions are the Humanities (roughly 565 students), Biological Sciences excluding medicine (260), Physical Sciences (505) and Social Sciences (1150). Here are enticing realms of the recondite; courses exist from Balkan Linguistics to Neuropharmacology. Here, too, in spite of close emphasis on the refinements of particularized scholarship, we find that some of the frontiers between disciplines have already broken down—particularly in the sciences. The university encourages this. There are professors who scarcely know whether they belong to one department or another. Nobody knows these days where biology stops and physics starts.

Many universities today have a tendency to be choosy about students who apply for graduate work. Chicago takes a more liberal attitude and prides itself for its hospitality to "risk" admissions; it will take a chance on a bright boy, no matter how spotty or unconventional his previous education has been. Some of these have paid off well. And, of course, undergrads from Chicago itself are encouraged to proceed. In fact more than 75 per cent of those receiving bachelor degrees go on to pursue advanced work; a higher proportion of Chicago undergraduates progressed to earn a doctorate between 1936 and 1956 than from any other institution in the country.

Needless to say, the graduate and professional schools spawn an enormous amount of talent. Chicago ranks as the nation's largest per capita producer of college and university teachers in the nation. No fewer than 167 presidents of other American colleges or universities—one out of ten – either are Chicago alumni, or have been faculty members—an almost unbelievable statistic.

The university has 67,000 living alumni. I don't want this article to bristle unduly with statistics, but surely it should be mentioned that one out of every seventeen names in *Who's Who in America* is that of a Chicago man, representing fifty-eight different occupations; one out of every fifteen in *American Men of Science*; one out of every eleven in

(*Continued on page 96*)



—*U. of Chicago.*

Students taking a proficiency test—"Several faculty members whom I met would like to have fewer egg-heads, more hell-raisers, to give the college community better balance."

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Allan M. West

PERSONAL OPINION

What's Bugging Teachers

On this page, each month, a distinguished educator, writer, or critic of education is given an opportunity to express his views freely on a topic of his own choosing. The opinions expressed may differ sharply from those of the editors.

By ALLAN M. WEST, *Assistant Executive Secretary for Field Operations and Urban Services, National Education Association.*

THE SIGNS of the middle 1960s are clear: The elementary and secondary public school teachers of the United States are in a state of ferment bordering on rebellion. Almost every day in some way in some school district the symptoms of this condition are starkly revealed. Some of these symptoms are: an official declaration by a teachers' association that educational standards in a school system are so bad that no self-respecting teacher should continue to make his services available, an illegal strike, a street demonstration, a refusal to perform extracurricular activities, and similar self-help techniques that are characteristic of social revolutions. The phenomenon is all the more startling since it fits neither the tradition nor the image of the American public school teacher.

Why are teachers raising hell?

There are many reasons. Low salaries, large classes, lack of supporting services, and inadequate teaching materials, equipment, and supplies are all conditions that are directly related to the fact that education remains the most underfinanced and underdeveloped activity in which the public is engaged.

But there are other reasons, perhaps not so obvious, but equally important and even more productive of conflict because they threaten one of the traditional concepts of public school management—that school boards make policy, superintendents administer policy, and teachers teach.

The truth is that school boards sometimes administer policy. Superintendents sometimes make policy, and one or the other (and sometimes both) often intrude themselves into the teaching process. Historically only the teacher has been kept in his place.

The enormous difference between the autonomy of the college teacher and the regimentation of the public school teacher is understandable when one looks to the differences between the historically limited function of higher education, much of it private, as distinguished from the universality of the American common school, which is publicly financed and open to all.

But times have changed. Fifty years ago the concept that public school teaching was a profession of persons with a high degree of creativity, special competence, singularly qualified to determine the best ways and means of serving their pupils was a dream. Today it is a fact.

Today's teachers have more college training. Fewer hold substandard credentials than ever before. The proportion of teachers holding bachelor degrees or better has increased from 60 per cent in 1947 to 90 per cent in 1963. The proportion holding masters degrees or higher has increased in the same period from 15 to 25 per cent.

These men and women are emerging as the teacher leaders of today. They understand that professionalism is not synonymous with subservience. They insist that professionalism gives them rights as well as responsibilities—the right to exercise professional judgment, the right to a voice in the selection of teaching materials, to help plan the curriculum, to have the rights of full partners in making those decisions that affect the conditions under which teachers teach and children learn.

They rebel at those regimental systems that exist too often in our large cities where the week's lesson plan must meet a prescribed standard enforced by a subject matter supervisor who rates performance on the basis of adherence to plan rather than how much pupils learn. They demand the right to influence the school board and superintendent on policy matters.

Finally, they understand that, in the large depersonalized school systems of today created by urbanization and consolidation, the professional rights they claim can only be exercised effectively through collective action.

Teachers are raising hell in large part because of the inability or unwillingness of school boards and some superintendents to grasp these facts and respond to these aspirations. Thus, while teachers reach for their place in the sun, many school boards and their national organization are firmly resistant, standing on tradition and prerogative.

THESE attitudes, while human and understandable, pose a major threat to the survival of the tradition of local autonomy.

This is true for two reasons:

First, since the new breed of teacher is right, he will ultimately prevail. Prolonged intransigence by school boards can only deepen and widen the area of conflict.

Second, the educational problems in the growing urban and suburban areas are so complex, and the pressures and demands so diverse and severe, that acceptable educational programing and administration is a task that threatens to overwhelm local school boards. Perhaps the most dramatic and explosive illustration is afforded by the conflict between groups who on one hand achieve racial balance at the sacrifice of all other educational values and those groups on the other hand who think that the neighborhood school principle was divinely ordained.

The danger is that policies on such difficult and divisive matters will be made, not on the basis of carefully reasoned judgments by persons who are responsible for the school program, but on the basis of which community group can outdemonstrate, outlitigate, and outshout the other. What is needed, if local control and management of public school systems is to survive, is a countervailing force that can effectively offset such pressures and, together with school boards and school administrators, play a major role in keeping the formulation and administration of school policy in responsible hands. A strong, cohesive, independent local teachers' organization can and will provide such a force. The wise school board and superintendent will welcome this diffusion of responsibility. It is evidence that the teaching profession is reaching maturity.

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Do School Boards Take Education Seriously?

By JOHN WALLACE and PHILLIP SCHNEIDER

DESPITE the fact that most school board members feel that their actions prove otherwise, the majority of them do not take education seriously. Moreover, as long as they persist in construing their functions as they presently do, school trustees will never take education seriously.

At first blush, such a statement appears shocking and indeed, unfair. However, school trustees may take consolation in the fact that few in our society do take education seriously. While huge expenditures are made for education in this country and while many people are expending vast amounts of energy in maintaining the present educational establishment, neither fact ensures meaningful involvement in education. It is not entirely the fault of the school trustee that he finds himself in the paradoxical position of serving edution but not being able to take it seriously.

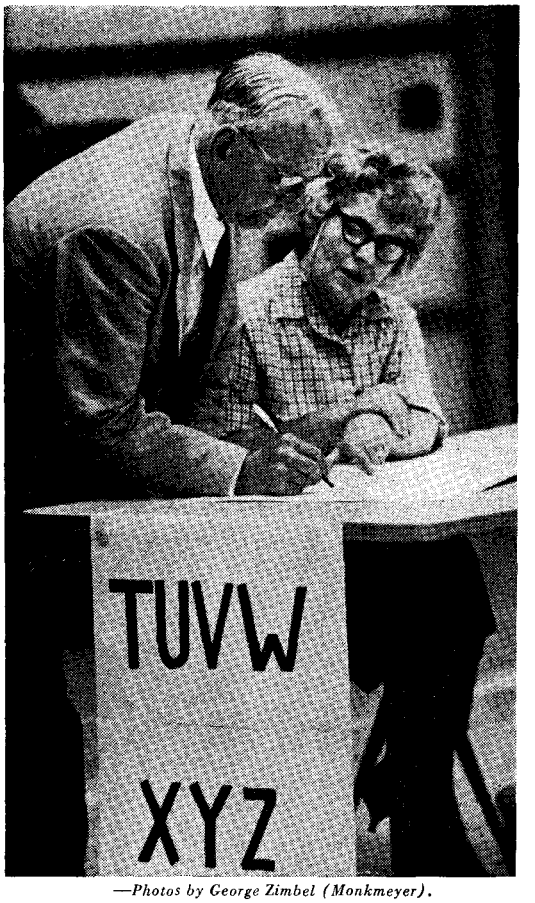
If board members don't take education seriously, what is it that they do take seriously? Obviously, they appear to be deeply involved in education. They give unselfishly of their time. They attend numerous meetings, make many decisions, conduct studies, attend conventions, and participate in many other activities. However, one may with reasonable justification assert that the majority are concerned with the accouterments of education rather than its essence. They have accepted unquestioningly a traditional role which militates against meaningful involvement in education.

Traditionally, school trustees have viewed themselves as guardians of the purse strings of the inhabitants of some limited geographical area, and as defenders of the status quo. On the surface, these would appear to constitute necessary and valuable functions. However, it is precisely this conception that has impeded educational progress and limited severely the contribution of the school board member to the community he purports to serve.

Given their present functions, school board members might best be recruited from the ranks of company controllers, transportation workers, food service employees, and building contractors. Unfortunately, the very same statement could be made about school superintendents. It is significant that at recent meetings of school trustees and superintendents from throughout the State of California held in Los Angeles, not a single text book was in evidence. In an extensive "education exhibit," the virtual absence of instructional materials, curriculum suggestions, and other matters directly related to education was conspicuous. The remarkable array of folding doors, desks, construction materials, etc., suggested that somebody had confused the "educational exhibits" with those intended for a convention of building contractors.

Matters of transportation, buildings, cafeterias, budgets, school district reorganization, are certainly important. However, that such matters should capture the imaginations and energies of public school representatives to the exclusion of real concern with education *qua* education is most deplorable. On the other hand, considering the manner in which school trustees construe themselves, would one really expect any other outcome? After all, learning *per se* doesn't cost money. The acts of learning and discovery, in and of themselves, are indeed "costless" as well as priceless. But it is the conditions under which learning is to take place, *i.e.*, the areas, the buildings, the materials that cost money. Hence, if one's principal concern is with the cost of education, one will be most concerned with those features.

Unfortunately, one may seriously question whether or not school trustees in their traditional roles as guardians of the public purse strings best serve even the economic interests of the public. Without serious examination and understanding of both education and society, school trustees are incompetent to authorize the expenditure of a single penny of public funds. The vast majority of school trustees have got the cart before the horse. One cannot spend money wisely for the accouterments of education while disinterested in the act of learning itself. In their anxiety to assure the public that funds are being used in a "no nonsense" way, to represent willingly even grossly ill-informed public opinion, and to avoid controversy at all costs, trustees, for all their expended energies, are failing to provide the kind of representation and leadership desperately needed.



—*Photos by George Zimbel (Monkmeyer).*

School board election in Lake Mohegan, N.Y.—"A trustee is ideally a person interested in education in the broadest sense of the term."

A trustee is ideally a person interested in education in the broadest sense of the term. Trustees unwilling or unable to grasp the significance of events occurring outside their narrow areas of influence are antiquated. The abysmal provincialism of school trustees as the zealous guardians of something called "local control" has done more to impede progress in education than we realize. Witness the tenacity with which many school trustees have blocked efficient reorganization of schools under the banner of "loss of local control." Curiously, such trustees fail to realize that their refusal to recognize and deal with gross disparities in equality of education throughout their states must of necessity encourage greater involvement of state legislatures in education at local levels. And legislative involvement at the local level will not likely end with concern over school reorganization as long as trustees cling to a concept of school districts as islands unto themselves. One can expect increasing legislative participation in the specifics of curriculum, the

John Wallace is an Assistant Professor of Psychology at Stanford University and a member of the Board of Trustees of the Whisman, California, Elementary School District. Phillip Schneider is the Superintendent of the Whisman Elementary School District.

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nature of instruction, and the management of learning. Numerous inefficient small school districts cannot provide the excellence demanded of modern education nor can they provide organized political power necessary to influence legislative trends. Paradoxically, then, the more trustees vehemently demand their right to what they call "local determination," the more they insure increased involvement of state legislatures in education.

The significance of the acute myopia of trustees reveals itself in other important ways. Many elementary school trustees refuse to concern themselves with such critical problems as the school dropout. They see this as a problem for the high school since it makes its appearance at the time the child becomes of legal age to leave school if he chooses. Given the fact that a potential dropout can often be identified simply on the basis of his learning experiences in the elementary grades, such an attitude is astonishing! The problem of the high school dropout may well be solved in the elementary school or even through development of pre-school clinics. In these early formative years crucial attitudes and expectancies concerning learning are established.

Just as it simply won't do for the elementary trustee to consider the problem of the high school dropout as out of his realm of responsibility, it won't do for the high school trustee to view events on the university campus as irrelevant to his major interests. There are many reasons for the rather dismal state of affairs in teacher training and not all of them can be attributed solely to education departments of institutions that provide teacher training. A major portion of the present difficulties in teacher preparation can be traced directly to public indifference and lack of involvement in what is surely the most crucial ingredient of education. During the many years in which we permitted the training of our teachers to take place in essentially anti-intellectual environments, were we taking education seriously? Happily, renewed efforts within the educational establishment to develop effective teacher preparation programs are now apparent. However, there is no question that much remains to be accomplished. Informed, interested, and involved school trustees can contribute in many ways to improving teacher training.

Rapid developments in basic scientific information and technology coupled with significant changes occurring within our society in such areas as civil rights renders ours an age of transition. School trustees must grasp the significance of these changes if they are to administer properly to the educational needs of children. It simply won't do to focus one's attentions entirely upon extant local needs. By doing so, trustees may find that they have helped to prepare many students for a life of unemployment and poverty. And perhaps worse than poverty, a life of "absurdity." Local needs are affected by events occurring in the society at large. The attributes of the "educated" person in the latter half of the twentieth century are slowly emerging. One must set one's sights on the broad domain of American society and its relationship to other societies in order to glimpse these qualities which define an "educated" person.

EDUCATION is not and will never be a static process. In contrast to their traditional position of defenders of the status quo, board members must encourage and facilitate needed change. A conception of education as the vehicle through which a traditional stable fund of information is transmitted must be challenged. The rapidly accelerating rate at which new knowledge is being developed and disseminated in our scientific culture has rendered many of our "truths" about the nature of man, his physical universe, and his values little more than curious historical relics. In an age in which the probabilistic nature of knowledge has become increasingly apparent, we persist in teaching our children the comforting myths of "facts," "absolutes," and "certainty." Much more than supposed "basic" information, our students must come to understand the conduct of the inquiry, *i.e.*, the strategies through which new knowledge is developed. Clearly, they must learn how to pose answerable questions and how to proceed to answer them. Students must learn to go far beyond the information given to them. They must learn to question, examine, leap beyond the obvious, reason, and evaluate. A "fact," in and of itself, is dull. Examination of the logical antecedents of a "fact" can be exciting. Moreover, understanding of the processes by which a "fact" came into being, may result in modification of it or even abandonment. School board members who are inclined toward the status quo need the comforting illusion of "facts." And most tragically, at a time when mankind is in desperate need of creative solutions to massive problems that threaten his very existence, many board members will insist that the same myths be transmitted to their children.

While we are in need of creative solutions to our problems, it seems the case that few educators and fewer trustees are cognizant of the dynamic forces developing in our society which militate against creative behavior. And though we pay lip service to the desirability of developing creative behavior in our children, few would accept the conditions necessary in schools to permit such behavior to take place. In general, we tend to create conditions in schools that discourage rather than encourage creative behavior. And we do so because we subscribe to the myth that creative people are born not made. In the midst of all the mystical nonsense that has been written about the creative process, one necessary ingredient of this process stands forth with remarkable clarity. Stated quite simply, this ingredient is freedom. In order to create, one must be free to examine alternatives, to reject that which is given, and to imagine worlds not extant but dimly perceived. In short, one must have the courage as well as the freedom to re-examine his assumptions about the nature of truth. Through constant re-examination of his own values as well as those of others, the school board member must work toward providing conditions in our schools that encourage rather than discourage creative behavior. He must be prepared to discard values appropriate to a less complex culture and to create new and pertinent values.

If it is true, as we have attempted to show, that the traditional role of the school trustee militates against meaningful involvement in education, in what way can the present situation be corrected? The solution is clear. The school board member must come to reconstrue his place in the educational enterprise. The most vital function that he can perform is to engage both the educa-

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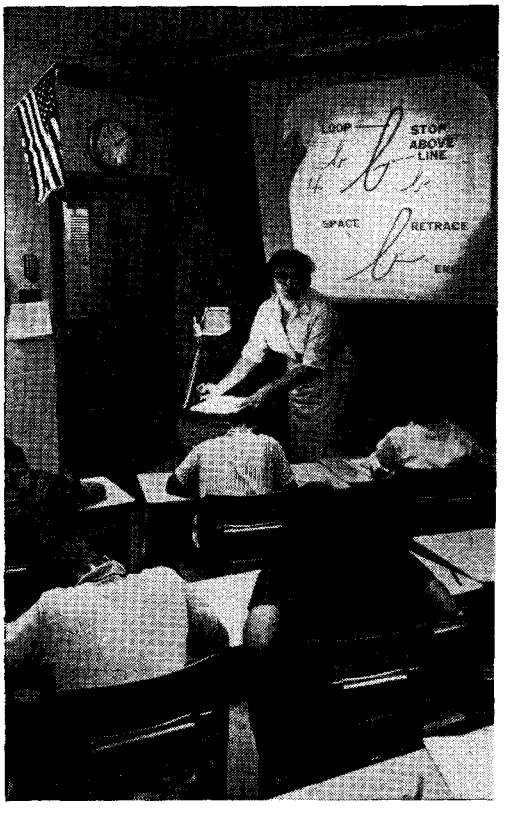

An overhead projector at work in the classroom—"Board members must encourage and facilitate needed change."

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Schools Make News

A "head start" is needed not only by pre-school children. Disadvantaged students facing the critical transitions from elementary to high school and from high school to college also need help, and this summer some of them were getting it.

In Newark, New Jersey, Seton Hall University ran a six-week "Pre-High Head Start" program for 105 children from the economically disadvantaged sections of the city. The stated goals were "to help stop high school dropouts and to break the chain of poverty and ignorance." The program offered remedial work in reading, "English expression," and mathematics. Music appreciation, sculpture classes, a trip to the New York State Theater, and similar activities provided many with their first creative and artistic experiences. The program was in great demand and is expected to be continued and even expanded next summer.

For college-bound students, the University of Pennsylvania and Lincoln University in Pennsylvania carried on similar programs. Project College Bound offered Pennsylvania high school graduates who were already accepted to college, remedial and cultural opportunities.

At the University of Pennsylvania, another project, the Counselor Institute, aimed to help guidance counselors work with students from low-income backgrounds. In lectures and small group discussions, counselors studied low-income group attitudes, changing employment conditions and opportunities, and the development of an improved liaison between school counselors and industrial personnel.

Both Project College Bound and the Counselor Institute were pilot projects for a statewide program and will be continued through the academic year. If the planned statewide program becomes a reality, high school graduates from disadvantaged backgrounds will enroll in a five-year college program, each student taking twelve semester credits of regular courses and six credits of remedial work, rather than eighteen of regular courses.

Whatever happened to Calvin Gross? The former Superintendent of Schools in New York City, whose dismissal last winter stirred nationwide controversy, is now Dean of the School of Education at the University of Missouri at Kansas City, Missouri.

"The National Program of Educational Laboratories is designed to identify educational problems, to create new institutions to conduct educational research and research-related activities, to train individuals for leadership in such activities, and to assure educational improvements by implementing that research. The program will work toward these objectives through the initiative and the cooperative planning of scholars, school personnel, and representatives of various other groups interested in education."

This is the opening paragraph of "Guidelines," a pamphlet describing the new laboratories program of the U.S. Office of Education, established under the Elementary and Secondary Education Act of 1965. Individuals or groups interested in establishing or becoming a participant of a laboratory should write the Division of Laboratories and Research Development, U.S. Office of Education, Washington, D.C. 20202, for "Guidelines," information, and application instructions.

Profiles in Courage, the television series based on the book by John F. Kennedy, is now available to school systems for use in the classroom. The series, approved by President Kennedy before his death, has received the George F. Peabody award and has been cited by the National Council for Social Studies as an "outstanding contribution to the social studies curriculum."

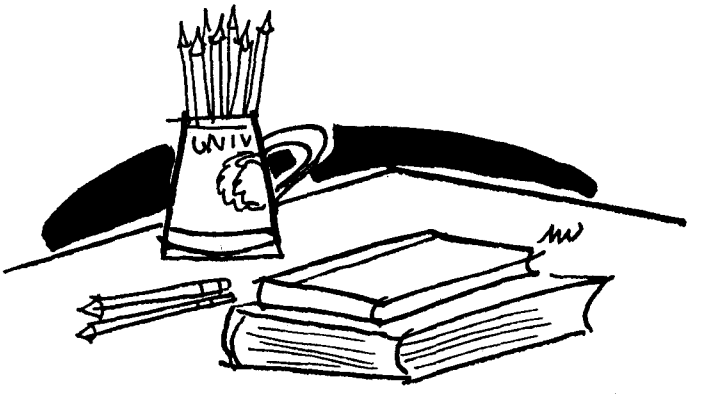
The films may be purchased with funds made available under the National Defense Education Act or the Elementary and Secondary Education Act of 1965. Educators seeking further information about the films or purchase procedure should contact Profiles in Courage, Robert Saudek Associates, 630 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10020.

New Publications. The National Student Association has launched a new quarterly, *The American Student,* of which two issues have already appeared. Well edited, usually well written, the magazine focuses on the projects and activities of the organization, both domestic and international. First issues have covered topics ranging from sit-ins to sports, and included articles on "Student Action on Apartheid" and "Americans in Asia," as well as "The Impact of Berkeley" and "Lessons of the Teach-in." The twenty-four pages appearing four times a year carry a surprising amount of worthwhile news about the student world. For more information, write the NSA at 3457 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Southern Education Report is a bimonthly magazine published by the Southern Education Reporting Service. It takes the place of *Southern School News,* which was discontinued last June. The new magazine will maintain the same policies of factual, objective reporting that won such respect for the *News.* The emphasis will be on reporting programs designed to expand educational opportunities for the socially and economically handicapped in the seventeen southern and border states. A regular feature of SER will be an objective survey of developments in school desegregation.

Subscription rates are $2 per year and $3.75 for two years. Write: Southern Education Report, P.O. Box 6156, Nashville, Tenn. 37212.

Volunteer's Digest is a newsletter put out six times a year by the Volunteer Community Activities Clearing House, Inc., "a non-profit service providing information on community activities of volunteer organizations throughout the country." The *Digest* offers summary descriptions of projects dealing with youth, poverty, prejudice, as well as other community services such as park maintenance and health. The descriptions intend to inform and make no attempt to evaluate the effectiveness of the projects. Subscriptions are $7 a year and may be obtained from *Volunteer's Digest,* 5507 Third Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20015.



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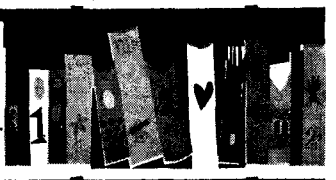
the Editor's Bookshelf



G. Stanley Hall is one of the more interesting of the forgotten men of American education. During the last decade of the nineteenth century and well into the twentieth, he was a towering figure whose fame rivalled that of his professor William James or his student John Dewey. But the years have dealt harshly with Hall's reputation. Today his name is rarely heard.

In 1878 Hall received from Harvard the first Ph.D. in psychology granted by an American university. After two years at Leipzig, where he worked with Wilhelm Wundt, the foremost psychologist of the day, he returned to America to become professor of psychology and pedagogy at Johns Hopkins, then a new university patterned after the German tradition. In 1888 he became president of Clark University, a small institution which, during his presidency, became one of the nation's most distinguished graduate schools, granting doctorates to men who were to play a major role in psychology for three decades.

In 1892 he became first president of the American Psychological Association, which was founded in his home. He founded the *American Journal of Psychology*, a pioneer organ in the field. He was a leader of the "child study movement"; his interpretations of the nature of childhood and adolescence dramatically influenced the views of a generation of teachers; and he, more than John Dewey, was responsible for the "child centered school."

A selection from Hall's voluminous writings is available in a new paperback, *Health, Growth, and Heredity: G. Stanley Hall on Natural Education*, edited by Charles E. Strickland and Charles Burgess (Classics in Education Series No. 23,Teachers College Press, 188 pp., paper, $1.75). Included is a chapter from a book published a year before his death in 1924 in which Hall reasserts that he is a Darwinian naturalist whose goal is to conceive the whole world as an organic unity and to eliminate all breaks between the material and the spiritual. He says, "As soon as I first heard it in my mouth I think I must have been almost hpynotized by the word 'evolution,' which was music to my ears and seemed to fit my mouth better than any other." The need in psychology, he was convinced, was for a Darwin of the mind. His own contribution was the recapitulation theory: "Ontogeny recapitulates phylogeny";—*i.e.* the doctrine that the individual, in his personal development passes through a series of stages that parallel the evolutionary development of the species. Hall's view of child development stems from this theory.

In a charming piece, "The Story of a Sand-Pile", first printed in Scribners Magazine in 1888, Hall reveals both his own keen interest in childhood and the origin of some of the views of education later to be called "progressive." In a chapter from *Adolescence*, published in 1904, he says, "Adolescence is a new birth, for the higher and more completely human traits are now born. . . . The child comes from and harks back to a remoter past; the adolescent is neo-atavistic, and in him the later acquisitions of the race slowly become prepotent." Hall was opposed to coeducation in high school because of his conviction that coeducational schools inevitably become dominated by a feminine point of view and that "boys need a different discipline and moral regimen and atmosphere."

Hall's enthusiasm for physical education was boundless. In a paper published in 1902 titled "Christianity and Physical Culture," he advocates muscular Christianity in words that must have delighted Theodore Roosevelt. He also stressed the importance of sex education. Though he spoke more frankly about sex than was customary at the time, his language still is characteristic of the Victorian age: "All girls before leaving the secondary schools should be told of the commonest wiles and arguments used for their betrayal . . ."

Editors Strickland and Burgess inquire into the reasons for the decline in Hall's reputation and influence. One reason was that his interpretation of the natural man, with its echoes of Rousseau, became outmoded by twentieth-century thought. "As he interpreted naturalism in education, it was an aggressively nonintellectual, if not anti-intellectual, doctrine." Twentieth century psychologists turned their interest from growth to learning and Hall was left behind. And the editors add,

> . . . Hall's reputation suffered much from his own uncritical enthusiasm. Psychologists may readily admit Hall's influence on their discipline and grant that he was among the first to suspect the richness and enormous variety of knowledge that would emerge when Darwinism was brought to bear on the study of mind. But even in areas that he opened up for investigation, such as heredity, instinct, maturation, and the unconscious, the most promising research soon passed to other, more disciplined minds. Hall's cast of thought was betrayed by his writing, which is all too frequently marred by lengthy, rambling, Teutonic sentences, complicated by esoteric terms, irrelevant scientific technicalities and blatant contradictions. Seeking to provide in child study a marvelous synthesis of all psychological knowledge, Hall seized on almost any new idea that captured his fancy in philosophy, literature, biology, sociology, anthropology, and all the emerging fields of modern psychology. The resulting mixture awed many of Hall's contemporaries, but he might have had a greater impact on later generations if he had attempted less.

Hall's present obscurity may also result from the fact that his social views led him into proposals that were, in the words of Strickland and Burgess:

> . . . ominously parallel to twentieth-century totalitarianism. Longing for a stable social order under the direction of an elite, and glorifying physical vigor and juvenile idealism over intellect and mature judgment, Hall suggested a retreat from modern life to the national and racial past, with natural education leading the way. This past may have existed only in Hall's fertile imagination, but his effort to turn back the clock raised in dramatic form the problem of retaining democratic social and political institutions amidst the complexities of modern existence. Hall's concern with that problem, if not his proposed solution, claims our sympathy and gives his writings a relevance peculiar to the Age of Anxiety.

—Paul Woodring.

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New Views of Schools

The New Campus in Britain: Ideas of Consequence for the United States, *by Richard Dober,* ***Middle Schools,*** *by Judith Murphy, and* ***Schools Without Walls,*** *by Margaret Farmer and Ruth Weinstock (all published by Educational Facilities Laboratories, 477 Madison Ave., N.Y.C.; no charge; 72 pp., 64 pp., 56 pp., respectively) present architectural innovations in schools at the college, secondary, and elementary levels. The reviewer is a partner of Engelhardt, Engelhardt and Leggett, Educational Consultants.*

By STANTON LEGGETT

HAROLD GORES and his merry band at the Educational Facilities Laboratories have taken on the task of loosening the girdle of American education. Three booklets recently published by EFL illustrate their success in this laudible endeavor and may even cause conservatives to wonder if, with all this attention, the old girl is not becoming a trifle unstayed.

The New Campus in Britain brings us lessons at the collegiate level. *The Middle School* deals with change in a school organization that, with inescapable logic, falls between upper and lower schools. *Schools Without Walls* is an exposition, largely at the lower school level, of the impact of openness on what has long been a closed society. All of these have as their purposes the dissemination of knowledge and ideas about school facilites to the end that educational space can support education not constrict it.

In *The New Campus in Britain* Richard Dober, an architect involved in campus planning, has written about significant developments in Great Britain relating specifically to the master plans of some eight universities. The case studies deal with substantial additions to existing facilities and to entirely new universities. A good deal of the presentation is in diagrams, photographs of models, and in plans. The last were, for my eyes, difficult to read and lacking in continuity of labelling—a minor defect but one that subtracts from enjoyment of what otherwise is a most interesting exposition.

Mr. Dober's work deals quite lucidly and succinctly with generalizations about the state of the art of campus planning in Britain as he sees it and then moves on to explore two major views of collegiate plans, the University of York and the University of Essex.

York is organized as a series of colleges to each of which 300 students, about half non-resident, and a share of the faculty are assigned. For the most part both teaching and housing are accommodated in each college.

Essex takes a different tack. Residential towers are located in close proximity to educational space and the compactness of plan intermingles housing, teaching, and recreational space in what is approaching one building for 10,000 students. For example, the first teaching block combines "laser shock rooms with squash courts, lecture halls with faculty offices, and meets the needs of a university in miniature." The teaching block is connected to a larger dining hall with snack bar, club rooms and the like. Both buildings are closely related to residential towers.

Two plans with diverse views. York is criticized because it looks backward to Oxford yet seeks to maintain close contact between small numbers of students and a faculty. Essex, Dober says, creates deliberately an urban environment in a park, avoiding the notion of "pavilions in the park," compressing and creating the feel and excitement of the city—a "twenty-four-hour university."

These are nice juxtapositions and I liked particularly Mr. Dober's conclusion: "For the American scene is it York versus Essex? Not necessarily. The conscious formulation of connections between educational philosophy and housing goals is the idea of consequence."

There are several generalizations of real interest to this country. Perhaps the most important is the reiteration of the importance of housing to the student. The double student room, almost universal in the United States, is viewed as "an anachronism, perhaps unduly prolonging the weaning period from home to collegiate life." More spacious individual quarters and frequently individual study rooms for non-resident students are provided. In this country those who live off campus study in automobiles.

The essentially linear shape of the universities shown here illustrates basic differences in approach between the countries. In describing the mathematics-geology building at Leeds, it is stated: "The building is fifty feet wide, the maximum area that can be naturally lit by windows on opposite sides of the space with a twelve-foot ceiling height." This view has long since been abandoned in this country for spaces that provide their own environment.

Continuous teaching environment is represented as a major contribution of the plans, expressed most directly in Essex and featuring the intermixing of instructional, communal, and residential space that "preserves communication and contact while allowing external accretion and internal change."

The New Campus in Britain does have real significance for America and, although its readership may be relatively narrow, its influence will be wide indeed.

The Middle School, by Judith Murphy, defines the middle school as an "alternative to the junior high school" embracing grades 6 (or 5) through 8. Beyond this point the definition falters through sixteen pages of such phrases as "take better account of the needs and abilities of between-age youngsters" or "concentrate on provisions for individual differences." There is a delightfully "fluid" conclusion to the introduction that absolves us from any attempt to define what is going on and leads into an illuminating examination of the efforts of a variety of school systems to build the facilities to house it.

IF I were teaching now, I would like to be on the staff of the Barrington, Ill. Middle School, the Bedford, New York Middle School (if it ever is finished), or the Plainview, New York Junior High School. These facilities reflect the impact of vigorous educational ideas in the creative results secured by the architects.

Barrington has an interesting configuration of teaching spaces, a marvelously large library in a traffic space carefully calculated to defy the packrat proclivities of most librarians, a submerged gymnasium, and a combination of lunch and assembly room that bears the dismal designation, "creative programing."

Bedford makes a strong commitment to individual study and contains, in the plan, an embryonic, random information-retrieval system. There is a welcome fluidity in the shop, homemaking, and arts space, rooms that elsewhere in the booklet appear with monotonous rigidity, I have often thought that the arts areas offered the best of all possible worlds for cooperative faculty effort and open physical planning and yet this area is one in which least has been done.

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Here would be a good place to plant some EFL seed money to see what would grow.

Plainview is a junior high school or, perhaps better, a middle school with a ninth grade. The school nicely reflects a combination of teaching materials, faculty spaces, and work areas for students. I hope its central resource area (read "library"), the audiovisual area, and the divisible auditorium will work well. It is a good job of design. The interior courts are wonderful looking spaces.

On the other side of the ledger, one school shows a gymnasium lovingly clustered with classrooms while a library has a solitary position on the second floor. Architecture triumphed over teaching again.

Another school built around a traditional program shows itself geared for disaster in proposals for possible future use. Design for innovation results in the appalling loss of the one science laboratory for 1,200 students, wiped out to make room for lecture space and a Kafka-like corral of carrels and faculty offices. Clearly not too much attention was given to what might be.

On balance *The Middle School* is a highly successful and useful booklet, attractively presented and containing many provocative ideas. A dogmatic assumption threads through the material insisting that team teaching and flexible schedules and carpet and movable walls constitute a kind of infallible and inevitable innovation. I would prefer that these techniques and gadgets be expressed in terms of aids to accomplish some end or aim of education. The changing tricks of the trade are not, in themselves, useful.

Schools Without Walls is an enthusiastic case for the use in elementary schools of the "big room." These are open areas without walls and containing three to five classes of children and their teachers working together or separately as the program dictates and finding it possible to survive and flourish in a king-size architectural togetherness. The booklet carefully reviews the "pros" of this approach, shows how the difficulties can be surmounted, and borders on panacea.

There is an unfortunate kind of Alice-in-Wonderland chatter in the booklet that causes it to lose some of its value. The sheep herding characteristics of well publicized innovation can be gleaned throughout. For example, it is stated proudly that currently in new school construction in California 20 per cent of the buildings contain nothing but open teaching space. Yet the booklet states that all teachers should not be involved in open plans and that really sophisticated open plans have an increasing amount of closed or closable space about them. Indeed—"To exclude such 'special areas' imposes a rigidity no less undesirable than the rigidity imposed by rows of equal size classroom boxes."

The really cozy comment relates how children are color coded in one school. "These home groups are designated by the color of their chairs—red for fast-moving children reading on a fifth-grade level, yellow for students reading on a fourth-grade level and so on."

Essentially, in the open plan, floor area is substituted for walls. The rooms work well, according to the report, where the occupancy level is low. Higher density occupation of space results in distraction and interference.

The programs in these elementary schools described are organized generally as departmentalized tracks, with tight scheduling. In addition, any activities such as music, dance, or, in some cases, art demand that all classes do the same thing at the same time. It would appear that in order to get the freedom to regroup children frequently by subject and achievement level some other kinds of freedom may have to be sacrificed or more rooms with walls built.

The booklet describes several programs and buildings in enough detail to give a clear picture of how open plan schools operate. The plans are well illustrated and the photography of children in action is illuminating. Curiously, children, judging by a statistical study of the illustrations, sit on the floor more often than on chairs. The school furniture industry had better watch out.

It would appear that the chief advantage of open planning lies in bringing the teacher into closer working relations with other teachers. As in educational television, the advantage of the change is largely to the professional staff. The system allows for systematic induction of novice teachers for sharing ideas and for common planning by the teachers. The primary advantage for the children is "the freedom to move from group to group more easily."

Why Educate — and for What?

The Genius of American Education, *by Lawrence A. Cremin (University of Pittsburgh Press, 122 pp., $2), explores the purpose of American education and its bearing on the structure, nature, and politics of the education system. The three essays were originally prepared under the Horace Mann lectureship at the University of Pittsburgh. The reviewer is Education Consultant to the New World Foundation and SR Editor-at-Large.*

By FRANK G. JENNINGS

THE SPECIAL virtue of American education lies in its capacity to induce increasing enlightenment among the electorate. *The Genius of American Education,* by Lawrence A. Cremin, suggests that the distinctive purpose and animating spirit of our education lies in its commitment to popularization.

To make popular means, to some people, to make palatable to the greatest number of consumers some product, process or idea. *To make popular* also means to make as widely available as possible some product, process, or idea so that the greatest number of people will benefit and the community will be thereby enriched. It is in this latter sense that the phrase has significance for education.

The Genius of American Education is the most important statement on our schools since the publication of Jerome S. Bruner's *Process of Education.* In fact, it provides the long-needed focus for that earlier work. Whereas Bruner discussed the "what and the how" of instruction, Cremin addresses himself to the "whys" and the "for-whats." He calls for and suggests the sources of what he describes as "a new, tough-minded progressivism that is at the same time consonant with the best in our tradition and appropriate to contemporary needs."

Cremin's purpose is frankly didactic: he examines the structure, nature, and politics of American popular education, warts and all. Fundamental to the discussion of *purpose* in education, as he sees it, is the answering of Herbert Spencer's nagging old questions, "What education is of most worth?" and "To what end should we educate?" As Cremin puts it, "There are no more important questions for us to be asking, and yet we have asked them neither insistently nor well in recent years." He points out that with all the new ideas about curriculum and all the new programs (and he wants more of the best of both), it will not add up to a row of wilted beans ". . . for Americans to quicken their pace in education if they don't know where they are going."

Professor Cremin is well qualified to raise these strictures. He is a productive and respected historian who writes philosophy better than most of the practicing philosophers of education. He knows

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Plato, Whitehead, and Dewey as well as he knows the historical documents of nineteenth-century America. He writes with economy and fluency, with grace and a sense of style that is a rare delight.

He knows the tensions that develop between centralized policy-making (which can be creative and health-giving for the body politic) and centralized administration (which at the state and national level can be deadening). He is sensitive to the issues raised by Dwight Macdonald and his dour associates who see mass culture leading directly and only to the degeneration of taste.

Television soap opera, Cremin reminds us, drawing on the work of Edward Shills, is not the warped descendant of Shakespeare and the folk ballad; it has taken the place of bear-baiting and public executions. Put quite bluntly, we stink less than the eighteenth-century. We live cleaner, healthier, and generally more useful lives than any of our ancestors. And we do so in the main as a consequence of popular education. We may never develop a general public that has a taste for formal philosophy, but the basic issues of the human condition do stir our souls. We are concerned, as Plato was, about the making of The Good Society. We are persuaded that it must be the work of all of us. As Cremin puts it, "Ultimately, the case for popular education rests on the proposition that culture can be democratized without being vulgarized."

Popular education is a blend of two potent but unequal forces: the formal instruction of the schools and the informal induction into the ways of society by all the other agencies of life. The newspaper, the street gangs, the church, the family, the library, the mass media, the games that children play, the causes that people espouse, their hates, loves, and prejudices—all of these teach the child for more hours in the day and more days in his life than school can ever command.

It is a uniquely twentieth-century and specifically American notion that the school must, for the sake of order and sanity, preempt some of these informal functions. It must do this because, so runs the argument, industrialism has had a corrosive effect upon so many institutions within society that they have lost much of the salutary educational functions they once possessed.

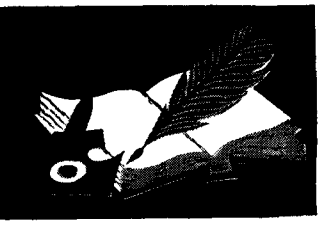
It was John Dewey who made this analysis most tellingly and who offered as a corrective the enlarged role for the school, which he saw as "society's great instrument for shaping its own destiny."

The consequences of Dewey's decision were far-reaching: greater sophistication was brought to the uses of the school; popular education was infused with new vitality and high purpose. Cremin points out, however, that public educators, with their more sharply defined roles, almost completely lost sight of the agencies of informal instruction. This loss of vision and contact took place at a time when these agencies, especially the press, the film, radio, and the youth agencies, to name only the obvious few, were entering upon periods of extraordinary development. "And for years," Cremin reminds us, "Dewey's disciples continued to confuse notions of schooling the 'whole child' with nonsense about providing the whole child's education."

When one considers the range of the agencies that educate outside the school, it becomes very clear what the school is uniquely equipped to do and wherein a central purpose of education lies. It is the school's job, Cremin insists, ". . . to make youngsters aware of the constant bombardment of facts, opinions, and values to which they are subjected; to help them question what they see and hear; and ultimately to give them the intellectual resources they need to make judgments and assess significance." And, it must be added, to act upon these judgments and deal with the consequences.

We are left, then, with the question Plato raised twenty-five centuries ago: how can we achieve the good life? There are, Cremin reminds us, prior questions. We must ask how we can build the good society. We must discover the kind of citizen who can build that society. Those questions lead us around and back to the question of the school and the making of teachers and students. For *The Genius of American Education* is concerned fundamentally with *purpose* in education. That concern makes this book immediately required reading for every school administrator, every official of government who has an assignment that relates in any way to education, every layman who has any community responsibility for the governance of our schools, and all the rest of us who would celebrate with Professor Cremin this faith: "With all its limitations, man's rationality remains his best instrument for comprehending and dealing with his experience . . . men will learn to face their problems more intelligently in the future than they have in the past."

New Books



New Life for Old Schools. *Great Cities Program for School Improvement* (228 *North LaSalle Street, Chicago, Ill.* 60601). 99 *pp. Paper,* $2.50. The first report in a study of the updating of outmoded school buildings in fifteen major American cities.

The Dynamic University. *By Zakir Husain. Asia Publishing House (Taplinger Publishing Company,* 119 *West* 57th *Street, New York, N.Y.* 10019). 119 *pp.* $4.50. A collection of addresses by the Vice President of India, examining the need for reorientating higher education to suit national needs in a developing country.

Society and Education: Readings. *Edited by James Raths and Jean Dresden Grambs. Prentice-Hall.* 281 *pp. Paper,* $3.50. A source book for students' use in courses focusing on the sociological foundations of education.

Children Discover Reading: An Introduction to Structural Reading. *By Catherine Stern and Toni Gould. Random House.* 226 *pp.* $6.95. Describes a new method that has been tested and is being used to teach reading to very young children, including those from culturally deprived backgrounds, and to older children with reading problems.

Prescriptive Teaching. *By Laurence J. Peter. McGraw-Hill.* 246 *pp.* $5.95. Deals with the means of achieving sound educational goals for disturbed or handicapped children; links medical, psychological, and social diagnoses in a synthesized plan for the individual child whether in the classroom or in special education.

Tradition and Change in Education: A Comparative Study. *By Andreas M. Kazamias and Byron G. Massialas. Foundations of Education Series, Prentice-Hall.* 182 *pp.* $4.95. Aims to examine education in a variety of cultures and to point to an interdisciplinary approach to the study of comparative education.

Instructional Materials for Anti-poverty and Manpower-Training

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Programs. *McGraw-Hill. (Mr. Alan Kellock, Special Adult Education Department).* 95 *pp. Paper, no charge.* A bibliography of over 400 McGraw-Hill books, programed materials, and audio-visual materials dealing with basic education, pre-vocational education, and occupational training of students ranging from functional illiterates to those training to be technicians.

Teaching the Troubled Child. *By George T. Donahue and Sol Nichtern. The Free Press* (60 *Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y.* 10011). 202 *pp.* $5.95. Describes a program for teaching disturbed children started in Elmont, N.Y., in 1959, and now being adopted elsewhere.

After School Integration—What? *Graduate School of Education, Yeshiva University* (110 *West* 87th *Street, New York, N.Y.* 10010). 120 *pp. Paper,* $2.50. *Proceedings of the Third Annual Invitational Conference on Urban Education, May* 20, 1964. Examines the problems that will still remain after schools have been physically integrated, and attempts to provide guidelines for their solution.

Rewarding Creative Behavior. *By E. Paul Torrance. Prentice-Hall.* 353 *pp.* $6.95. Formulates a set of principles by which to create an environment where high value is placed on individual creativity in the learning process.

Learning to Teach in Urban Schools. *By Dorothy M. McGeoch and others. Teachers College Press, Columbia University (New York, N.Y.).* 140 *pp. Paper,* $1.95. The story of four first-year teachers who chose to work in the slum schools of a great city system.

Motives, Values and Realities: A Framework for Counseling. *By Ruth Barry and Beverly Wolf. Bureau of Publications, Teachers College, Columbia University* (*New York, N.Y.*). 278 *pp.* $4.95. Provides a comprehensive theory of motivation to aid in the counseling of normal students.

Dropout Studies: Design and Conduct. *By Daniel Schreiber, Bernard A. Kaplan and Robert D. Strom. Project: School Dropouts, National Education Association* (1201 *Sixteenth Street, N.W., Washington, D.C.* 20036). 84 *pp. Paper,* $2. Recommends adoption of a standardized definition of what a dropout is and a standardized questionnaire to find out how and why he got that way, in order to obtain valid comparisons and eliminate current confusion.

Chicago

Continued from page 87

Leaders of Education; one out of every ten in the *Directory of American Scholars*. In 1962 the American Physical Society chose more Chicago Ph.D.'s for membership (ninety-seven out of 1,138) than those from any other university.

Quite apart from the graduate divisions, the student at Chicago has a choice of seven professional schools—Business, Divinity, Education, Law, Library, Medicine, and Social Service Administration.

The Law School, which takes no more than 140 students a year out of an average of 1,200 who apply, is incontestably one of the foremost in the nation. The Graduate School of Business has a similar prestige and reputation. The School of Medicine is an integral part of the Division of Biological Sciences, and medical students at Chicago have exceptional opportunities. There are 600 scientists and doctors in the Division; however, the freshman class in the School of Medicine is limited to seventy-two students every year.

The Graduate School of Education, established in 1958, is the newest of Chicago's professional schools. But the university from the beginning has won renown for its research in education. Research is translated into direct service through a number of centers in the graduate school—the Reading Research Center, the Urban Child Center, and the Comparative Education Center, which investigates the differences in teaching and learning the world over.

The Laboratory Schools, as the name implies, serve both as a demonstration center for effective teaching—from nursery school through twelve years of pre-college education—and as a research tool for testing and validating educational theory.

What makes the University of Chicago great is neither endowment nor equipment, but men—the faculty. And by this criterion Chicago is, by almost unanimous consent, one of the three or four greatest universities in the world. Twenty-four Nobel Prize winners have been associated with the university in one way or another so far; seven of these were alumni.

Professors at the University of Chicago have several advantages. 1) Salaries are high, as high as at Harvard or California, perhaps even higher. The average salary of a full professor is $21,094 a year, including fringe benefits. 2) The teaching load is probably lighter than in any other American university, averaging six hours a week, and may be only three. This naturally makes the university a magnet for scholars who are encouraged to give as much of their time as possible to research. There are some formidable men of learning who never even hold formal classes. 3) No particular teaching rules apply, and the organizational structure is light. A professor has a very flexible position; he can create or drop a course at will. Moreover, Chicago is famous for giving teachers unlimited time for a project (for instance in the humanities) without interference. It will wait ten years, twenty, thirty, for a job to be well done. 4) Academic liberties are enormously respected, contact with stimulating minds is assured, the level of intellectual energy is high, and, above all, the atmosphere is free.

Tenure, I discovered, is a complicated subject. A man starting at the bottom in Chicago, not somebody in mid-passage seized in a raid from another university (raids and cross-raids are a frequent phenomenon today all over the country) will normally serve four years as an instructor, six years as an assistant professor. Then, having completed ten years, he either must leave or become an associate professor and thus achieve tenure, which means that he cannot be fired thereafter except for misconduct.

Chicago does not give sabbaticals. Instead, the man who wants to get away for a year can more or less take leave when his campus commitments are fulfilled.

The University of Chicago was founded in 1890 by the curious impingement of three forces—the American Baptist Education Society which contributed the idea, John D. Rockefeller who contributed most of the money, and the first President, William Rainey Harper, who contributed almost everything else. It opened its doors on October 1, 1892, as a full-fledged university, not a college. This was something unusual at the time, when a university normally grew out of a previously existing college. The original faculty of 103 included eight college presidents, whom Harper enticed from other institutions, as well as other eminent scholars. The student body numbered 594.

Harper was one of the most extraordinary figures in the history of American education. He was a round, short, bristly man who radiated creative energy. At the time of his appointment he was Professor of Hebrew at Yale, and only thirty-four. He had been a child prodigy (he got his Ph.D. at eighteen), Chautauqua lecturer and an intellectual lion-tamer at large. During his youth, which was spent in near log-cabin circumstances, he insisted that he was not a "Christian," but he became converted to the Baptist faith at the age of twenty.

The Baptists urgently wanted a denominational school in Chicago to replace an older university which, founded in 1857, had been forced to close its doors by financial difficulties. For a long

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time the new university had a Baptist tinge. The president and two-thirds of the trustees were obliged to be Baptists, and one of the early jokes was that ambitious young deans should turn Baptist as soon as possible. But this Baptist coloration has long since disappeared, and the U. of C. is strictly non-denominational today.

Rockefeller, contrary to legend, was not gulled by Harper into making his original dramatic contribution, which was $600,000, on condition that $400,000 more should be raised elsewhere. Relations between these two men were fascinatingly complex. The demonic Harper, a whirlwind, captivated the cautious and rigid man who was the richest man in the world. Rockefeller's bequests through the years became enormous.

Harper, assuming charge of the creation of a new university, was enthralled by its possibilities; after being assured of getting a free hand, he issued an extraordinary manifesto of policy—policy so revolutionary that it provoked the amusement or scorn of almost all the orthodox pedagogues of the time. First of all he announced that his institution would be primarily a graduate school. In addition, he went on to say that Chicago would abolish the old system of four classes and establish instead two colleges, the junior and the senior; he demanded equality of opportunity and treatment for women in the student body and on the faculty—this in an era when women teachers were unknown; a system of exchange professorships by which scholars all over the world would exchange courses with Chicago scholars; a system of extension work by which lectures under the auspices of the university would be given elsewhere in the Middle West together with a system of affiliation with minor colleges; and an extensive correspondence school system. He even said that varsity sports should be played for health and pleasure, "not for the spectacular entertainment" of vast crowds. Obviously, his university was going to be like none other ever witnessed by the eyes of man. Rockefeller backed him fully, and covered immense deficits every year.

At this period the theory of higher education in America was dominated by the German concept of *Wissenschaft*, the scientific method. Harper wanted humanists, men of learning, men who would devote their whole lives to research with full freedom of inquiry. To get good men he paid salaries fantastic for the time—$7,000 a year to full professors, which was the equivalent of $30,000 today.

Soon this remarkable innovator and energizer evolved a novel idea which is still one of the most distinctive marks of the university—the four quarter system. He scrapped the old September-to-June schedule, and established in its place the first all-year-round university. The year was divided into four quarters which were made as nearly as possible identical in the work offered and the professors in attendance; the university was to keep its doors open the whole year, in full blast all the time. By this scheme university education was made more flexible than it had ever been before. A student—even today—may come when his finances permit, leave again, come back, and graduate at any season when his work is complete; on the other hand, he may work all four quarters for three years without interruption and thus get out a year ahead of time. Another advantage is that a student at Chicago takes no more than three or four courses during each quarter.

Harper's program was greeted with contumely and ridicule. One jokester called the new university "Harper's Bazaar," and there were loud complaints about the "oil money" supporting it. Once a professor at a rival institution was asked the reason for the absence of a humor magazine at Chicago; he replied that there was no need for one because the University of Chicago was funny enough in itself.

But—Harper's idea worked. The university grew apace. More Rockefeller money poured in; more teachers came; more buildings rose. The campus grew up so fast that one of the early deans perpetrated a joke which is still current; "When in doubt lay a cornerstone."

Harper died, worn out, in 1906, aged forty-nine. The university has never changed much from the pattern stamped on it by this extraordinary and indomitable man. There followed the deflationary, cautious, and comparatively tranquil presidency of Harry Pratt Judson (1907-23), followed in turn by two shorter administrations, those of Ernest DeWitt Burton (1923-25), a theologian, and Max Mason (1925-28), a professor of mathematical physics, who went on to assume the presidency of the Rockefeller Foundation.

Then in 1929 came Robert Maynard Hutchins, aged thirty, from Yale, where he had become the "boy wonder" Dean of the Law School at twenty-eight. The university will never forget Robert Hutchins, and discussion of his regime still provokes lively controversy. Hutchins was a brilliantly inspired innovator, lucid, packed with principle, and possessed of enormous charm. He kept the faculty under merciless pressure, and had as little tolerance of opposition as Woodrow Wilson, whom he startlingly resembles in some respects. But he had—and has—a lively sense of humor. Laird Bell, a former chairman of the Chicago Board of Trustees, once offered him $25 for every joke he did *not* make when he was about to appear before the State Legislature.

But on things that counted Hutchins could be magnificently serious, as well as sound. Once, during a local "red" hunt when Professor Robert Morss Lovett

"He's a common North American Anglo-Saxon—and I wouldn't hesitate to identify her as Eastern Mediterranean."

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was under attack by reactionary plutocrats, a fellow professor told him, "Bob, if the trustees fire Robert Lovett, you'll get twenty resignations from the faculty in twenty-four hours." Hutchins replied, "No, I won't. My successor will."

Hutchins's central belief was that "Every student should obtain a liberal education before being permitted to specialize." At the same time he wanted to speed up education so that work in the professions could get under way more quickly. What he sought was "more educated A.B.'s and fewer uneducated Ph.D.'s." He even looked forward, as somebody put it, to the time when Ph.D.'s would really be Doctors of Philosophy. What interested him was ideas, and he stood for culture and the human tradition. Some of his innovations were remarkable—also unworkable. He wanted to do away with rank among professors, forbid them to earn money by their publications, and abolish examinations and required class attendance for students. He felt that education should be something bigger than a mere piling up of credits, and he let more air into American higher education than any university president in fifty years. Brave man, he even abolished football.

The two men who have followed Hutchins as heads of state at Chicago came from different molds and have shown quite different styles.

Lawrence A. Kimpton, an energetic professor of philosophy and a practical man as well, who had become vice president of the university, took over when Hutchins resigned in 1951 and served as chief executive until 1960.

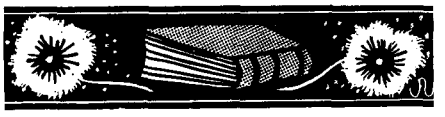
George Beadle, who succeeded Kimpton in 1961 to become the seventh president of the Chicago principality, is a biologist, a specialist in genetics. Beadle, together with Joshua Lederberg and Edward L. Tatum, received the Nobel Prize in physiology and medicine in 1958.

Behind Beadle in the power structure are three major elements: trustees, faculty, and alumni. There have been only seven chairmen of the Chicago Board of Trustees in the entire history of the university, the same number as presidents. The board has always represented the cream of Chicago civic leadership, and never has this been truer than today.

The faculty has considerable autonomous power at Chicago, probably more than in any comparable American university. Beadle is faculty-minded, and so is Provost Edward H. Levi, the former Law School dean. (Provosts of universities are by no means always faculty-minded.) Harper laid it down back in the 1890s that educational jurisdiction is the exclusive domain of the faculty, and this tradition has been pretty well kept up to this day. The trustees do not supervise on the academic level. Money follows policy, not the reverse. The faculty is unshakable. Even Hutchins had to bow to it, although his bow was angular. Mr. Beadle is fond of saying that he, as president, does not even have tenure, which every senior faculty member has, and one of his favorite anecdotes concerns the newly appointed president of another university who, on arrival, summoned the senior professors and addressed them as "my faculty." The reply came quickly, "Mr. President, faculties have presidents, but presidents do not have faculties."

In terms of endowment Chicago is the fourth richest among private universities in the country; the total endowment is around $275,000,000, which produces a revenue of something between $8,000,000 and $9,000,000 a year. But this is a drop in the bucket, since annual expenditures amount to $75,000,000, 68 per cent of which goes for instruction and research. Another $75,000,000 is required to operate the Argonne National Laboratory, and this sum is contributed by the Atomic Energy Commission. These are large sums and the University, like most other universities, is hard put to it these days to make ends meet, let alone find money for new purposes. And, as its fiscal authorities say, "The last million dollars in the budget is often the difference that makes possible exciting new developments."

AFTER ten days in the remarkable Chicago principality I said good-bye to its towers and meadows and tried to analyze my dominating thoughts. Perhaps the single element that best characterizes the university is its incessant search for quality, which goes back all the way to Harper. Between the Atlantic and the Pacific it towers like a lonely colossus, symbolizing the aspirations and achievements of one of the most fruitful areas of our country, the Middle West. Quality aside, this is a school that stands for freedom of expression, freedom to speculate and experiment, freedom for spacious inquiry, freedom to be a gadfly if necessary, and freedom not only to be right but to take a chance on being wrong. It has unlimited reserves of energy and creative talent for dealing with the true business of a university, the pursuit and communication of knowledge, and, having survived a passionate ordeal, it has risen again to become newly typical of what a university should be, an unfrightened and pertinacious community of scholars. It still has its unique atmosphere of vitality and gives forth a sense of endurance as well as youth. My own feeling is that it is still the most exciting university in the world.



Why Teachers Fail

Continued from page 81

attack. If the teacher is weak, the student may attack openly. Physical attacks on teachers are now common. Verbal attacks in the teacher's absence are legendary. When the teacher is present, attacks may take the form of annoyance, and students escape punishment by annoying surreptitiously – by groaning, shuffling the feet, or snapping the fingers. A "tormenter" was a surreptitious noise maker especially designed for classroom use.

Counter-attack escalates. Slightly aversive action by the teacher evokes reactions that demand severer measures, to which in turn the student reacts still more violently. Escalation may continue until one party withdraws (the student leaves school or the teacher resigns) or dominates completely (the students establish anarchy or the teacher imposes a despotic discipline.)

Vandalism is another form of counter-attack that is growing steadily more serious. Many cities maintain special police forces to guard school buildings on weekends. Schools are now being designed so that windows cannot be easily broken from the street. A more sweeping counter-attack comes later when, as taxpayers or alumni, former students refuse to support educational institutions. Anti-intellectualism is often a general attack on all that education represents.

A much less obvious but equally serious effect of aversive control is plain inaction. The student is sullen and unresponsive. He "blocks." Inaction is sometimes a form of escape. Rather than carry out an assignment, the student simply takes punishment as the lesser evil. It is sometimes a form of attack, the object of which is to enrage the teacher. But it is also in its own right a predictable effect of aversive control.

All these reactions have emotional accompaniments. Fear and anxiety are characteristic of escape and avoidance, anger of counter-attack, and resentment of sullen inaction. These are the classical features of juvenile delinquency, of psychosomatic illness, and of other maladjustments familiar to the administrations and health services of educational institutions.

In college and graduate schools the aversive pattern survives in the now almost universal system of "assign and test." The teacher does not teach, he simply holds the student responsible for learning. The student must read books, study texts, perform experiments, and attend lectures, and he is responsible for doing so in the sense that, if he does not correctly report what he has seen, heard, or read, he will suffer aversive

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consequences. Questions and answers are so staple a feature of education that their connection with teaching almost never occasions surprise. As a demand for a response that will meet certain specifications, a question is almost always slightly aversive. An examination, as a collection of questions, characteristically generates the anxiety and panic appropriate to avoidance and escape. Reading a student's paper is still likely to be called "correcting" it. Examinations are designed to show principally what the student does *not* know. A test that proves to be too easy is made harder before being given again, ostensibly because an easy test does not discriminate, but more probably because the teacher is afraid of weakening the threat under which his students are working. A teacher is judged by his employers and colleagues by the severity of the threat he imposes: he is a good teacher if he makes his students work hard, regardless of how he does so or of how much he teaches them by doing so. He eventually evaluates himself in the same way; if he tries to shift to nonaversive methods, he may discover that he resists making things easy as if this necessarily meant teaching less.

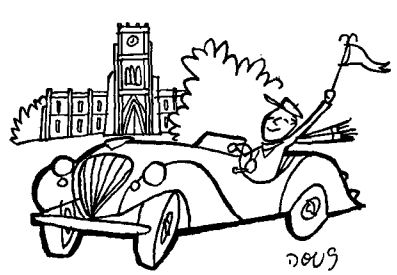
Proposals to add requirements and raise standards are usually part of an aversive pattern. A well known educator has written: "We must stiffen the work of our schools . . . we have every reason to concentrate on [certain subjects] and be unflagging in our insistence that they be really learned . . . Senior year [in high school] ought to be the hardest . . . [We should give] students work that is both difficult and important, and [insist] that it be well done. . . . We should demand more of our students." These expressions were probably intended to be synonymous with "students should learn more" or possibly "teachers should teach more." There may be good reasons why students should take more mathematics or learn a modern language more thoroughly or be better prepared for college or graduate school, but they are not reasons for intensifying aversive pressures. A standard is a level of achievement; only under a particular philosophy of education is it a criterion upon which some form of punishment is contingent.

Most teachers are humane and well disposed. They do not want to threaten their students, yet they find themselves doing so. They want to help, but their offers to help are often declined. Most students are well-disposed. They want an education, yet they cannot force themselves to study, and they know they are wasting time. For reasons which they have probably not correctly identified, many are in revolt. Why should education continue to use the aversive techniques to which all this is so obviously due? Evidently because effective alternatives have not been found. It is not enough simply to abandon aversive measures. A Summerhill is therapeutic not educational. By withholding punishment teachers may help students who have been badly treated elsewhere and prepare them to be taught, but something else is needed if they are to teach. What is that something else, and why has it not yet solved the problem?

A child sees things and talks about them accurately afterward. He listens to news and gossip and passes it along. He recounts in great detail the plot of a movie he has seen or a book he has read. He seems to have a "natural curiosity," a "love of knowledge," an "inherent wish to learn." Why not take advantage of these natural endowments and simply bring the student into contact with the world he is to learn about? There are practical problems, of course. Only a small part of the real world can be brought into the classroom even with the aid of films, tape recorders, and television, and only a small part of what remains can be visited outside. Words are easily imported, but the verbal excesses of classical education have shown how easily this fact may lead to a dangerous overemphasis. Within reasonable limits, however, is it not possible to teach simply by giving the student an opportunity to learn in a natural way?

Unfortunately, a student does not learn simply when he is shown or told. Something essential to his natural curiosity or wish to learn is missing from the classroom. What is missing, technically speaking, is "positive reinforcement." In daily life the student looks, listens, and remembers because certain consequences then follow. He learns to look and listen in those special ways that encourage remembering because he is reinforced for recalling what he has seen and heard, just as a newspaper reporter notes and remembers things he sees because he is paid for reporting them. Consequences of this sort are lacking when a teacher simply shows a student something or tells him something.

Rousseau was the great advocate of natural learning. Emile was to be taught by the world of things. His teacher was to draw his attention to that world; but otherwise his education was to be negative. There were to be no arranged consequences. But Emile was an imaginary student with imaginary learning processes. When Rousseau's disciple, Pestalozzi, tried the methods on his own flesh-and-blood son, he ran into trouble. His diary is one of the most pathetic documents in the history of education. As he walked with his young son beside a stream, Pestalozzi would repeat several times, "Water flows downhill." He would show the boy that "wood swims in water and . . . stones sink." Whether the child was learning anything or not, he was not unhappy, and Pestalozzi could believe that at least he was using the right method. But when the world of things had to be left behind, failure could no longer be concealed. "I could only get him to read with difficulty; he has a thousand ways of getting out of it, and never loses an opportunity of doing something else." He could make the boy sit still at his lessons by first making him "run and play out of doors in the cold," but Pestalozzi himself was then exhausted. Inevitably, of course, he returned to aversive measures: "He was soon tired of learning to read, but as I had decided that he should work at it regularly every day, whether he liked it or not, I determined to make him feel the necessity of doing so, from the very first, by showing him there was no choice between this work and my displeasure, which I made him feel by keeping him in."



The failure of "showing and telling" is sometimes attributed to lack of attention. We are often aware that we ourselves are not listening or looking carefully. If we are not to punish the student for not looking and not listening, how can we make him concentrate? One possibility is to make sure that there is nothing else to be seen or heard. The schoolroom is isolated and freed of distractions. Silence is often the rule. Physical constraints are helpful. Earphones reassure the teacher that only what is to be heard is going into the student's ears. The TV screen is praised for its isolation and hypnotic effect. A piece of equipment has been proposed that achieves concentration in the following desperate way: the student faces a brightly lighted text, framed by walls which operate on the principle of the blinders once worn by carriage horses. His ears are between earphones. He reads part of the text aloud and then listens to his recorded voice as he reads it again. If he does not learn what he reads, it is certainly not because he has not seen it!

A less coercive practice is to make what is to be seen or heard attractive and attention-compelling. The advertiser faces the same problem as the teacher, and his techniques have been widely copied in the design of textbooks, films, and classroom practices. Bright colors, variety, sudden change, big type, animated sequences—all these have at

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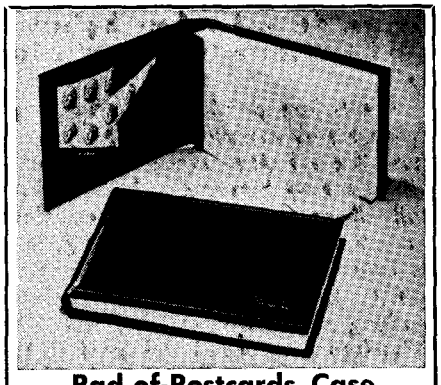

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least a temporary effect in inducing the student to look and listen. They do not, however, *teach* the student to look and listen, because they occur at the wrong time. A similar weakness is seen in making school itself pleasant. Attractive architecture, colorful interiors, comfortable furniture, congenial social arrangements, naturally interesting subjects—these are all reinforcing, but they reinforce only the behaviors they are contingent upon. An attractive school building reinforces the behavior of coming in sight of it. A colorful and comfortable classroom reinforces the behavior of entering it. Roughly speaking, these things could be said to strengthen a positive attitude toward school. But they provide merely the setting for instruction. They do not teach what students are in school to learn.

In the same way audiovisual aids usually come at the wrong time to strengthen the forms of behavior that are the principal concern of the teacher. An interesting page printed in four colors reinforces the student simply for opening the book and looking at it. It does not reinforce reading the page or even examining it closely; certainly it does not reinforce those activities that result in effective recall of what is seen. An interesting lecturer holds his listeners in the sense that they look at and listen to him, just as an interesting demonstration film reinforces the behavior of watching it, but neither the lecture nor the film necessarily reinforces listening or listening in those special ways that further recall. In good instruction interesting things should happen *after* the student has read a page or listened or looked with care. The four-color picture should *become* interesting when the text that accompanies it has been read. One stage in a lecture or film should be interesting only if earlier stages have been carefully examined and remembered. In general, naturally attractive and interesting things further the primary goals of education only when they enter into much more subtle contingencies of reinforcement than are usually represented by audiovisual aids.

It is possible that students may be induced to learn by making material not only attractive but memorable. An obvious example is making material easy. The child first learns to write in manuscript because it resembles the text he is learning to read; he may learn to read material printed in a phonetic alphabet; he may learn to spell only words he will actually use; and so on. This sort of simplification shows a lack of confidence in methods of teaching and often merely postpones the teacher's task, but it is sometimes a useful strategy. Material which is well organized is also, of course, easier to learn.

Some current psychological theories suggest that material may be made memorable in another way. Various laws of perception imply that an observer "cannot help" seeing things in certain ways. The stimulus seems to force itself upon the organism. Optical illusions are often cited as examples. These laws suggest the possibility that material may be presented in the form in which it is irresistibly learned. Material is to be so "structured" that it is readily—and almost necessarily—"grasped." Instructional examples are, however, far less persuasive than the demonstration offered in support of them. In trying to assign an important function to the material to be learned, it is particularly easy to overlook other conditions under which learning actually occurs.

No matter how attractive, interesting, and well structured material may be, the discouraging fact is that it is often not learned. Rather than continue to ask why, many educational theorists have concluded that the teacher cannot really teach at all but can only help the student learn. The dominant metaphor goes back to Plato. As Emile Bréhier states it in *The Hellenic Age*, "Socrates . . . possessed no other art but maieutics, his mother Phaenarete's art of delivering; he drew out from souls what they have in them . . ." The student already knows the truth; the teacher simply shows him that he knows. The archetype is the famous episode in the *Meno* in which Socrates takes an uneducated slave boy through Pythagoras's theorem for doubling the square. In spite of the fact that this scene is still widely regarded as an educational triumph, there is no evidence that the child learned anything. He timidly agrees with various suggestions, and he answers leading questions, but it is inconceivable that he could have reconstructed the theorem by himself when Socrates had finished. Socrates says as much later in the dialogue: "If someone will keep asking him these same questions often and in various forms, you can be sure that in the end he will know about them as accurately as anybody." (Socrates was a frequency theorist!)

It must be admitted that the assignment was difficult. The boy was starting from scratch. In his little book, *How to Solve It*, Polya uses the same technique in presiding at the birth of the formula for the diagonal of a parallelepiped. His students make a more positive contribution because they have already had some geometry. But any success due to previous teaching weakens the claim for maieutics. And Polya's promptings and questionings give more help than he wants to admit.

It is only because mathematical proofs seem to arise from the nature of things that they can be said in some sense to be "known by everyone" and simply

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waiting to be drawn out. Even Socrates could not argue that the soul knows the facts of history or a second language. Impregnation must precede parturition. But is it not possible that a presentation that has not seemed to be learned is the seed from which knowledge grows to be delivered by the teacher? Perhaps the intellectual midwife is to show the student that he remembers what he has already been shown or told. In *The Idea of a University* Cardinal Newman gave an example of the maieutic method applied to acquired knowledge. It will stir painful memories in many teachers. A tutor is talking with a candidate about a bit of history—a bit of history, in fact, in which Plato's Menon lost his life.

"What is the meaning of the word *Anabasis*?" says the Tutor. The Candidate is silent. "You know very well; take your time, and don't be alarmed, *Anabasis* means . . ."

"An assent," says the Candidate.

"*Who* ascended?"

"The Greeks, Xenophon."

"Very well: Xenophon and the Greeks ascended. To what did they ascend?"

"Against the Persian king: they ascended to fight the Persian king."

"That is right . . . an ascent; but I thought we called it a *des*cent when a foreign army carried war into a country? . . . "Don't we talk of a descent of barbarians?"

"Yes."

"Why then are the Greeks said to go up?"

"They went up to fight the Persian king."

"Yes; but why *up* . . . why not *down*?"

"They came down afterwards, when they retreated back to Greece."

"Perfectly right; they did . . . but could you give no reason why they are said to go *up* to Persia, not *down*?"

"They went *up* to Persia."

"Why do you not say they went *down*?"

"They went *down* to Persia."

"You have misunderstood me. . . ."

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Newman warned his reader that the Candidate is "deficient to a great extent . . . not such as it is likely that a respectable school would turn out." He recognized a poor student, but not a poor method. Thousands of teachers have wasted years of their lives in exchanges which have been no more profitable—and all to the greater glory of maieutics and out of a conviction that telling and showing are not only inadequate but wrong.

Although the soul has perhaps not always known the truth nor ever been confronted with it in a half-forgotten experience, it may still *seek* it. If the student can be taught to learn from the world of things, nothing else will ever have to be taught. This is the method of discovery. It is designed to absolve the teacher from a sense of failure by making instruction unnecessary. The teacher arranges the environment in which discovery is to take place, he suggests lines of inquiry, he keeps the student within bounds, and so on. The important thing is that he should tell him nothing.

The human organism does, of course, learn without being taught. It is a good thing that this is so, and it would no doubt be a good thing if more could be learned in that way. Students are naturally interested in what they learn by themselves because they would not learn if they were not, and for the same reason they are more likely to remember what they learn in that way. There are reinforcing elements of surprise and accomplishment in personal discovery that are welcome alternatives to traditional aversive consequences. But discovery is no solution to the problems of education. The individual cannot be expected to rediscover more than a very small part of the facts and principles that have already been discovered by others. To stop teaching in order that the student may learn for himself is to abandon education as a medium for the transmission of the accumulated knowledge and wisdom of a culture.

There are other difficulties. The position of the teacher who encourages discovery is ambiguous. Is he to pretend that he himself does not know? (Socrates said Yes. In Socratic irony those who know enjoy a laugh at the expense of those who do not.) Or, for the sake of encouraging a joint venture in discovery, is the teacher to choose to teach only those things that he himself has not yet learned? Or is he frankly to say, "I know, but you must find out" and accept the consequences for his relations with his students?

Still another difficulty arises when it is necessary to teach a whole class. How are a few good students to be prevented from making all the discoveries? When that happens, other members of the class not only miss the excitement of discovery

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1. Date of filing: October 1, 1965.

2. Title of Publication: Saturday Review.

3. Frequency of Issue: Weekly.

4. Location of known office of publication: 380 Madison Avenue, New York, New York 10017.

5. Location of the headquarters or general business offices of the publishers: 380 Madison Avenue, New York, New York 10017.

6. Names and addresses of publisher, editor, and managing editor: Publisher, J. R. Cominsky, 380 Madison Avenue, New York, New York 10017; Editor, Norman Cousins, 380 Madison Avenue, New York, New York 10017; Managing Editor, Richard L. Tobin, 380 Madison Avenue, New York, New York 10017.

7. Owner: Saturday Review, Inc, 380 Madison Avenue, New York New York 10017; McCall Corporation, Wilmington, Delaware 19801; J. R. Cominsky, c/o Saturday Review, 380 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017; Norman Cousins, c/o Irving Trust Company, Personal Trust Division, One Wall Street, New York, N.Y.; Douglass & Company, P.O. Box 2010, Church Street Station, New York, N.Y. 10008; French & Company, c/o State St. Bank & Trust Co., P.O. Box 351, Boston 1, Mass.; Hunt Foods & Industries, Inc., 1645 West Valencia Drive, Fullerton, Cal.; Merrill, Lynch, Pierce, Fenner & Smith Inc., 70 Pine Street, New York 5, N.Y.; Var & Company, c/o First National Bank of Minneapolis, Trust Department, Minneapolis, Minn. 55402.

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B. Paid Circulation		
1. Sales through dealers and carriers, street vendors and counter sales	30,147	25,089
2. Mail subscriptions	356,893	366,422
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E. Total distribution	397,945	402,110
F. Office use, left-over, unaccounted, spoiled after printing	38,474	37,265
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I certify that the statements made by me above are correct and complete.

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LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

Column Two should read: 5 (Fair Annie), 2 (Song of Songs), 7 (Holy Sonnets, x), 8 (Non Sum Qualis Eram . . .), 1 (Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam), 3 (Battle Hymn of the Republic), 6 (Modern Love), 4 (Essay on Criticism), 9 (Ode to the West Wind). Column Three should read: 2, 5, 6, 7, 9, 8, 3, 4, 1.

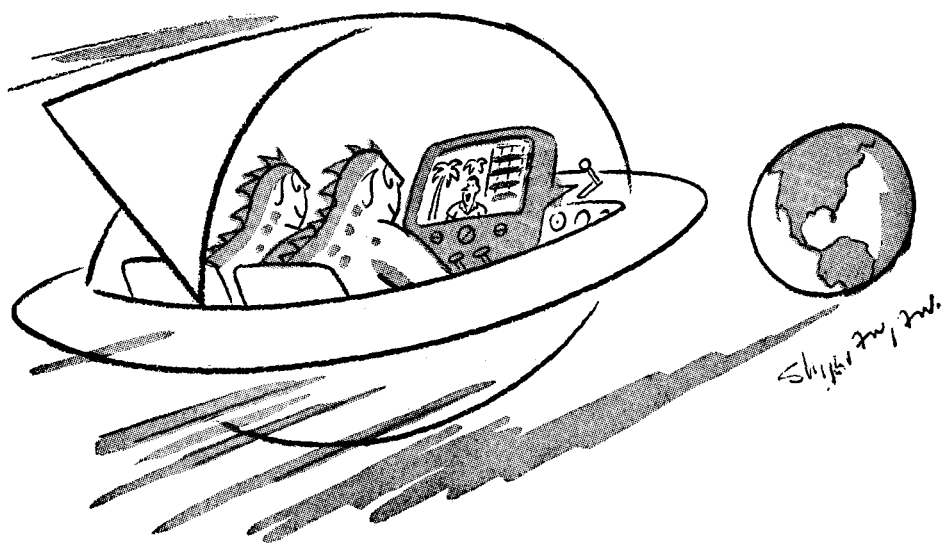
but are left to learn material presented in a slow and particularly confusing way. Students should, of course, be encouraged to explore, to ask questions, to study by themselves, to be "creative." When properly analyzed, the kinds of behavior referred to in such expressions can be taught. It does not follow, however, that they must be taught by the method of discovery.

Effective instructional practices threaten the conception of teaching as a form of maieutics. If we suppose that the student is to "exercise his rational powers," to "develop his mind," to learn through "intuition or insight," and so on, then it may indeed be true that the teacher cannot teach but can only help the student learn. But these goals can be restated in terms of explicit changes in behavior, and effective methods of instruction can then be designed.

In his famous four idols, Francis Bacon formulated some of the reasons why men arrive at false ideas. He might have added two special Idols of the School that affect those who want to improve teaching. The Idol of the Good Teacher is the belief that what a good teacher can do, any teacher can do. Some teachers are, of course, unusually effective. They are naturally interesting people, who make things interesting to their students. They are skilful in handling students, as they are skilful in handling people in general. They can formulate facts and principles and communicate them to others in effective ways. Possibly their skills and talents will someday be better understood and successfully imparted to new teachers. At the moment, however, they are true exceptions. The fact that a method proves successful in their hands does not mean that it will solve important problems in education.

The Idol of the Good Student is the belief that what a good student can learn, any student can learn. Because they have superior ability or have been exposed to fortunate early environments, some students learn without being taught. It is quite possible that they learn more effectively when they are not taught. Possibly we shall someday produce more of them. At the moment, however, the fact that a method works with good students does not mean that it will work with all. It is possible that we shall progress more rapidly toward effective education by leaving the good teacher and the good student out of account altogether. They will not suffer, because they do not need our help. We may then devote ourselves to the discovery of practices which are appropriate to the remaining—what?—ninety-five percent of teachers and students.

The Idols of the School explain some of the breathless excitement with which educational theorists return again and again to a few standard solutions. Perhaps we should regard them as merely two special cases of a more general source of error, the belief that personal experience in the classroom is the primary source of pedagogical wisdom. It is actually very difficult for teachers to profit from experience. They almost never learn about their long-term successes or failures, and their short-term effects are not easily traced to the practices from which they presumably arose. Few teachers have time to reflect on such matters, and traditional educational research has given them little help. A much more effective kind of research is now becoming possible. Teaching may be defined as an arrangement of contingencies of reinforcement under which behavior changes. Relevant contingencies can be most successfully analyzed in studying the behavior of one student at a time under carefully controlled conditions. Few educators are aware of the extent to which human behavior is being examined in arrangements of this sort, but a true technology of teaching is imminent. It is beginning to suggest effective alternatives to the average practices that have caused so much trouble.



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School Boards

Continued from page 90

tional establishment and the citizenry in philosophical discussion concerning the nature, value, and direction of contemporary education in our society. Rather than concentrating upon the feeding, transporting, and housing of students, this vital dialogue should center about the learning of children. The school trustee must inquire into what is being taught to children, how it is being taught, and why it is being taught. This in no way implies that the school board member must strive to be an educational specialist nor does it imply that he should issue directives about educational policy to the school superintendent. However, it most certainly implies that the school board member must constantly re-examine his own assumptions as well as those of others concerning the educational enterprise and invite others to join him in this endeavor. A properly functioning school board should at all times be devoting some portion of its resources to study of a matter of genuine educational significance.

In all likelihood, this proposed reconstruction of the role of the school board members, will appear naïve to some, "wooly-headed" to others, and even dangerous to a few. School superintendents may resent the intrusion of laymen into such technical matters as curriculum and instruction. Board members may demand to know who will assume responsibility for what we have termed the accouterments of education. Parents may object that philosophical debate has its proper place on the university campus.

Let us try to answer these probable objections. First, learning is not such a mysterious thing that an informed, interested, and intelligent layman cannot grasp some understanding of the factors thought to facilitate or impede it. Moreover, our conception of the role of the school trustee does not assign him the responsibility for determining the content of instruction. Rather, the school trustee invites the superintendent to participate in the re-examination of assumptions concerning the nature of knowledge and the nature of instruction. Secondly, with regard to who will take care of the necessary accouterments of education, the answer is simple enough. The vast majority of such things can be handled quite nicely (as they in fact are) by the staff of the superintendent. A moment's reflection reveals that many of the matters that occupy the valuable time of board members require nothing more than perfunctory approval. Unfortunately, we fail to discriminate between what requires little more than perfunctory approval and what requires careful discussion. As a consequence, little time and energy remain for searching examination of crucial matters.

Finally, with regard to the possible objection that debate has its proper place on the university campus, one must point to conditions that threaten our entire society. Education must not allow itself to become imbedded in the enveloping fabric of absurdity in our lives but, through example, must demonstrate that meaningfulness is possible. Through insisting that learning and discovery be vital forces in our lives, the school board member can make a desperately needed contribution to his society. He can make this contribution only by insisting that his role in the educational enterprise be a meaningful one. To the extent that he succeeds, he will be taking education seriously and perhaps encouraging others to do so.

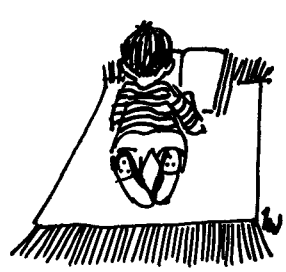
Students Speak

Continued from page 83

students regard liberalism with something less than satisfaction. They believe it to be somehow implicated, if only by default, in the heritage of nightmares that compose modern history—Auschwitz, Hiroshima, the Cold War, McCarthyism."

But student radicals do not look to bureaucratic, puritanical Russia or to unindustrialized, overpopulated, and poverty-ridden China as models. Not Marx, but Gandhi and Thoreau are their mentors. Their goal is to eliminate the divorce between the political and the personal; no definite programs, no slogans, only a direct emotional response to hypocrisy and injustice.

This graduating class joins with others throughout the country in facing tasks that require a radical and experimental frame of mind, guided by generous social impulses. We must find workable ideas to replace the myths that have been outrun by technology and social upheaval; we must develop a social vision less shallow than the duty to spend money to keep the economy going; and we must emphasize that although education might *sometimes* produce practical innovations beneficial to our health and material comfort, it should *always* produce greater understanding of the human condition and promise.



The Vagabond Muse

Continued from page 51

was scarcely noticed in the press; there were no buyers. In desperation Davies mailed the unsold books to names in *Who's Who,* asked for half a crown if the recipient thought the book was worth the price, and managed to dispose of sixty copies. Suddenly Davies was a "story." The beggar who could write poetry was taken up by the newspapers and became the novelty of the moment. He was praised by Arthur Symons, by Edward Thomas, who befriended him, and by G. B. Shaw, who wrote a typically Shavian introduction to his autobiography. All this and much more—the times "when wine and women ruled his mind," Davies's belated marriage, his emotional disturbances, his later years—are skillfully drawn and detailed by Stonesifer, who offers a balanced estimate of the poet's work.

What of the poetry? Davies wrote much too much and did not scruple to repeat himself. He had a talent for spontaneity, a quickly summoned immediacy which, at the best, was artless but, at the too frequent worst, witless. Usually classed as "a nature poet," Davies was not really a student of nature as was, say, Clare or, with a more intense awareness, Hopkins. He was a random onlooker, an interested but not discriminating observer—he thought of himself as a "starer"—one who regarded all natural things with a careless acceptance. His transcripts of low life and the suffering poor, the so-called "humanitarian" poems, are sententious and prosy; worse, they tend to degenerate into bathos. His was a light and lyrical gift, and he abused it. He wrote not only too rapidly but too glibly; he did not seem able to stop his verse from falling into doggerel, scarcely better than the rhymed prattle of a compulsively talkative child. Many of his beginnings are delightful. For example: "A bee goes mumbling homeward pleased," "A summer's morning that has but one voice," "Forgive me, world, if I outlive my welcome," "When April scatters coins of primrose gold."

Davies is constantly being compared to better poets. This is a proof of his limitations. But it is also a compliment, since the names of Herrick and Blake are those most often mentioned. Like Herrick, Davies is facile, carefree, "cleanly wanton"; unlike Herrick, he misses real grace and elegance; he is charming rather than enchanting. Like Blake he regards all creation with wide-eyed wonder, but he completely lacks Blake's richly unfolding simplicities. Most of Davies's poems are naïve, bland, primerlike, yet the best of them are true songs of innocence.

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CHILDREN LEFT NEST. Writer selling home, 9 acres, beautiful trees, guest cottage. Putnam County, N.Y. $35,000. Box 0-821.

(Continued on page 106)

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HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Sale

(Continued from page 105)

STOCKBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS. Elegant pre-Civil War home on beautiful Main Street. High ceilings, spacious. 12 rooms plus large artist's studio with skylight. Completely modernized. All-electric, walnut kitchen. Baseboard heat. Near golf course, Tanglewood, ski areas. $28,500. Call or write Dr. Arthur Deikman, Stockbridge, Massachusetts.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1645

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Maiden name of author of *Comin' Through the Rye*, a novel of 1875.	94 45 89 31 58 27 1
B. Marry somebody of inferior rank.	64 92 73 182 185 162 43 124 75 4
C. Rebuke.	70 128 66 99 153 157 188
D. How *Great-grandma* put away woolens from moths (2 wds.)	144 10 47 136 68 36 33 32 141
E. Australian delegate to U.N. from 1946.	95 130 5 166 139
F. City of Czechoslovakia destroyed by Nazis, 1942, but promptly commemorated by renaming an Illinois city a month later.	112 98 129 80 184 180
G. Prompts, inspires, puts (something) into one's mind.	148 87 82 121 52 101 132 154
H. Adult sardines.	145 60 174 133 51 93 158 100 117
I. Lucerne; *Medicago sativa*.	34 14 176 38 152 109 140
J. Any of several American hawthorns, esp. *Crataegus coccinea* and its allies (2 wds.)	53 3 57 24 135 110 123 164
K. Belonging to the same race; congenial.	71 137 59 183 29 122 6
L. Colloq. for very depressed in spirits or health (2 wds.)	172 13 170 48 127 116 37 103 187
M. Former name of present capital of Turkey (prior to 1930).	11 169 22 77 56 114
N. How *Augustus Moddle* signed himself to the girl who threw him over as, "Unalterably" hers (*Martin Chuzzlewit*).	88 28 143 20 107
O. Describing certain fine, sheer muslin originally made in Switzerland.	35 190 46 106 131 15
P. Author of *Castle Rackrent*, publ. 1800.	142 79 151 26 19 104 90 191 134
Q. Omitted to wear; ceased (2 wds.)	167 108 50 40 189 16 156
R. Large hoglike creature of the East Indies, with tusks curving up and backward, sometimes domesticated.	7 69 97 111 147 150 171 74
S. *Last king of Spain to* date.	55 113 102 84 81 155 18
T. Extirpated.	125 44 181 186 86 161 146 42
U. *Going wrong; misadventure*; disaster.	65 119 96 85 25 173 39 76 160
V. Act of grumbling aloud; a place to do that.	54 78 165 179 17 72 138 91
W. Cowper's judgment on the direction of Man, even though some went eastward and some westward (2 wds.; *Hope*).	23 63 177 30 21 49 120 159
X. Roadstead in the North Sea, famous rendezvous for ships near Deal (2 wds.)	83 2 9 115 178 12 61 67
Y. Capable of being done.	41 118 126 8 62 105 168 149 175 163

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second and Third Editions.

				1 A	2 X	3 J		4 B	5 E	6 K		7 R	8 Y	9 X	10 D	
11 M		12 X	13 L	14 I	15 O	_	16 Q	17 V	18 S	19 P	20 N	21 W		22 M	23 W	24 J
25 U	26 P	27 A	28 N	29 K		30 W	31 A	32 D		33 D	34 I	35 O		36 D	37 L	38 I
39 U	40 Q	41 Y	42 T		43 B		44 T	45 A	46 O	47 D	48 L		49 W	50 Q		51 H
52 G	53 J		54 V	55 S	56 M	57 J	58 A	59 K		60 H	61 X		62 Y	63 W	64 B	65 U
66 C	67 X		68 D	69 R	70 C	71 K	72 V	73 B		74 R	75 B	76 U	77 M	78 V	79 P	80 F
81 S	82 G		83 X	84 S		85 U	86 T	87 G	88 N	89 A	90 P	91 V		92 B	93 H	94 A
95 E	96 U		97 R	98 F	99 C	100 H	101 G	_	102 S	103 L	104 P	105 Y		106 O	107 N	108 Q
109 I	110 J	111 R	112 F		113 S	114 M	115 X	116 L	117 H	_	118 Y	119 U	120 W	121 G	122 K	123 J
	124 B	125 T	126 Y	127 L	128 C	129 F		130 E	131 O	132 G	133 H	134 P		135 J	136 D	137 K
138 V		139 E	140 I	141 D	142 P		143 N	144 D	145 H	146 T	147 R	148 G		149 Y	150 R	151 P
152 I	153 C	154 G	155 S		156 Q	157 C	158 H	159 W	160 U	161 T	_	162 B	163 Y	_	164 J	165 V
166 E		167 Q	168 Y	169 M	170 L		171 R	172 L	173 U	174 H	175 Y	_	176 I	177 W	178 X	179 V
180 F	181 T	182 B	183 K		184 F	185 B	186 T	187 L	188 C	189 Q	190 O	191 P				

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 20 of this issue.

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Introducing the tuned car. 1966 Buick.

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